The Saturday Evening
POST
January 7, 1956 — 15¢

One of Hollywood's All-Time Great Stars Tells His Own Story

JAN 3 '56

HOW I GOT THIS WAY by JAMES CAGNEY

Also in this Issue: **Oh, Where Did My Money Go? by JOE LOUIS**

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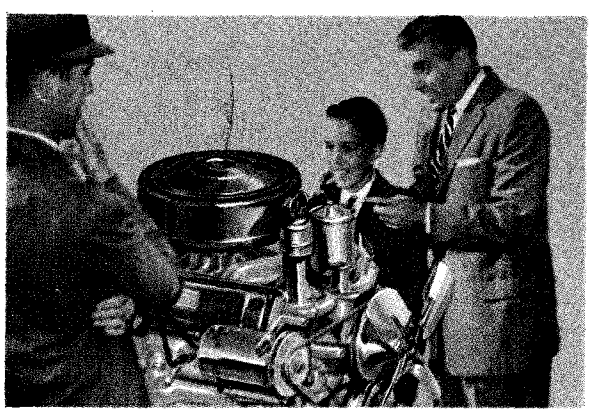
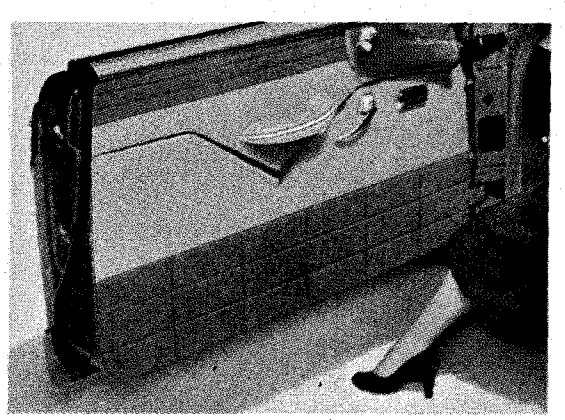
THE BIG CAR WITH BIG CHANGES IS THE STYLE SENSATION OF '56

Hudson Hornet V-8 Hollywood Hardtop

1956 Hornet has new Safety-Torque V-8 power . . . smart, new V-Line styling . . . 3 times softer, smoother ride

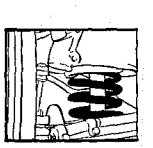


New Safety-Torque V-8 Engine. At a touch of your toe, you unleash a rich reserve of pent-up power that makes passing other cars easier and safer, at any speed in the driving range. And you hit 60 from a standing start in just a fifth of a minute.



Smart, New V-Line Styling . . . front, sides, rear . . , inside and out . . . is another Hornet mark of distinction. You also have a choice of 14 solid and 21 stunning, new two- and three-tone exteriors . . . with 17 smart color-keyed interiors to match.

Three Times Smoother, Steadier Ride than other cars. The secret is its Deep Coil Spring suspension. It's safer, too, because it combats uncomfortable car sway on turns and curves.



OTHER CARS

Tune in "Disneyland" — ABC-TV
Hudson Hornets • Wasps • Ramblers • Metropolitans
Built the Better Way — the American Way
Products of American Motors

Hudson Hornet V-8

The most beautiful performer of them all!

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More children have been started off to school by Westclox time than by any other

BABY BEN Alarm (Spring)—little brother of Big Ben, has a personality all his own. Ticks very quietly; has a pleasant steady call which you can adjust to loud or soft. Black or Ivory, he's $6.95 plus tax. Luminous, a dollar more.

BIG BEN Loud Alarm (Spring), world's most popular alarm clock—keeps youngsters punctual today just as he has for more than three generations. His deep, intermittent "fire-alarm" gong wakes up the sleepiest sleepy-heads. His tick has authority. You can trust him to keep *all* the family on time. In Black or Ivory finish, $6.95 plus tax. With luminous dial, a dollar more.

Electric or Spring

WESTCLOX*

. . . dependable as the day is long

PRODUCTS OF GT GENERAL TIME CORPORATION

WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Illinois • In Canada: Western Clock Company, Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario. *Prices quoted for U. S. A. only, do not include tax and are subject to change.* *Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Patent Office.

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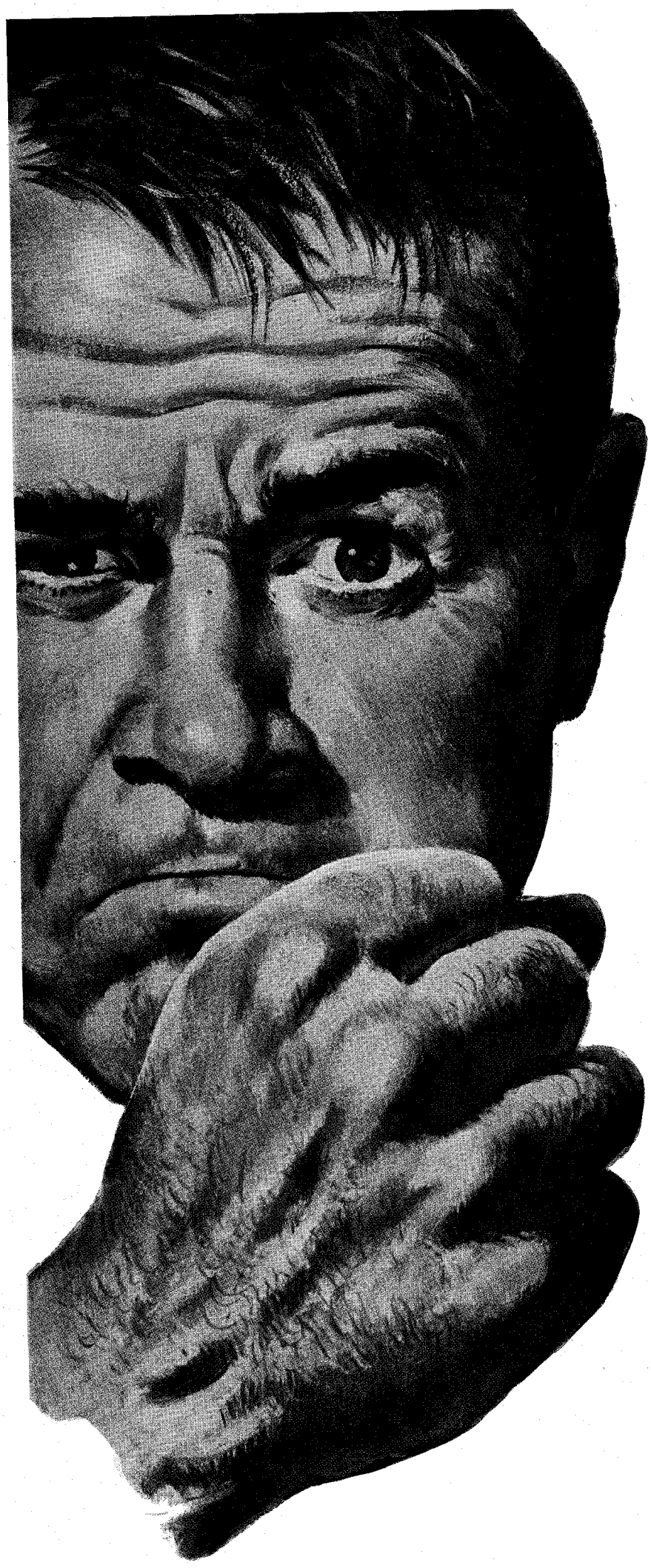

If he has you dead to rights...

you'll be glad you bought *the policy with the* P.S.*

* Personal Service

An icy hill . . . a sickening skid . . . at any time, in any weather, you may find yourself faced with trouble.

That's when you learn the full value of the important P.S. you get with every policy in the Ætna Casualty and Surety Company.

P.S. means the *personal service* of your Ætna Casualty agent. He starts by making sure you have the right kinds and amounts of insurance in the first place. He keeps your program up to date, and when an accident or loss occurs, you can call on him for prompt, efficient help. Or, if you are away from home, you can count on quick, competent *personal service* from thousands of *other* Ætna agents and from Ætna claim offices coast-to-coast.

Until you're in trouble you may never know the full value of Ætna *personal service*. But to have it when you need it most, take no chances with less than the best—buy an Ætna Casualty policy today . . . *the policy with the P.S.*

P.S. See your Ætna Casualty agent, too, for the same valuable Personal Service on practically every *form of insurance protection—for yourself, your family, your home, your car and your business.*

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THE COVER

It is educational for a boy to squire a lady gourmet to a smart eatery and have the experience of surviving the bad news eventually imparted by the waiter. Thus he is taught, when his muscles are young and adaptable, to use split vision in a restaurant, one eye checking the fodder on the menu, the other the mathematics relating thereto. If this lad should say, "Mom, how about I divide by two and we each pay our own?" it will indicate a smart boy, but probably will be the last time he'll get away with that with a woman. George Hughes illustrates here a rite performed by waiters: when in doubt about the adequacy of a forthcoming tip, they cross two fingers to exert a favorable whammy on their victims. Maybe this restaurant's hat-check girl better cross all her fingers.

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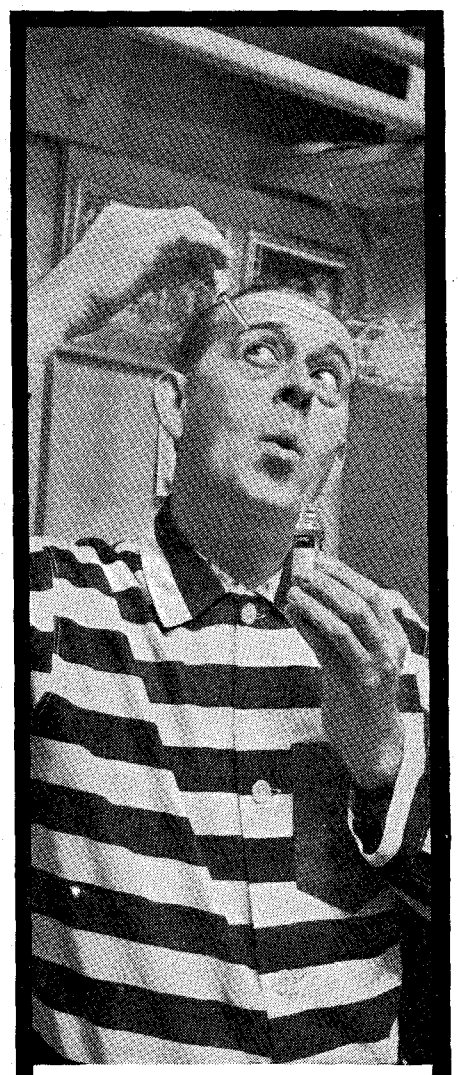

"How I use Murine for tired eyes"

Eddie Foy Jr

Comedy star of the Broadway hit, "Pajama Game"

Do you believe, like Murine user Eddie Foy, Jr., that the *easy way* is the *best* way? As Eddie shows you, there's nothing easier than using Murine for tired eyes! Just two drops of this gentle formula—and quick as a wink, your eyes feel soothed, refreshed. Use Murine every day—to help you wake up in the morning, and *any time* your eyes feel tired.

MURINE *for your eyes**

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"We're looking for people who like to draw"

by Norman Rockwell

America's Most Famous Artist

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW? If you do—America's 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We want you to test your art talent!

Too many people miss a wonderful career in art—simply because they don't think they have talent. But my colleagues and I have helped thousands of people get started. Like these—

Don Smith lives in New Orleans. Three years ago Don knew nothing about art—even doubted he had talent. Now he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency—and has a future as big as he wants to make it.

Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an "ordinary" job when she sent for our talent test. Once convinced that she had the makings of an artist—she started to study nights, at home. Soon she was offered a job as a fashion artist. A year later, she became assistant art director of an important studio creating glamorous fashion illustrations.

Pipe-fitter to Artist

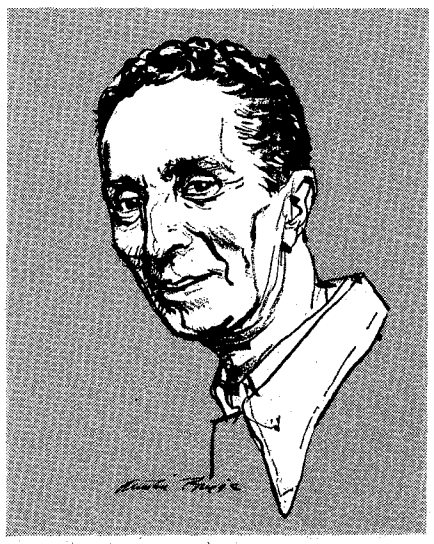
John Busketta is another. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company—until he decided to do something about his urge to draw. He still works for the same company—but as an artist in the advertising department. At a big increase in pay!

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from laborer to the styling department of a major auto company. Now he helps design new car models!

Profitable Hobby—at 72

A great-grandmother in Newark, Ohio, decided to use her spare time to study painting. Recently, she had her first local "one man" show—where she sold thirty-two water colors and five oil paintings. Now she happily looks forward to many vigorous, money-making years an an artist.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she started studying with us. Now a swank New York



NORMAN ROCKWELL...*a sketch of this beloved artist by his colleague, Austin Briggs.*

gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

A salesgirl in West Virginia who liked to draw got a job as an artist, later became advertising manager of the best store in Charleston. A married man with three children—unhappy in a dead-end job—switched to a great new career in art. Now he's one of the happiest men you'll ever meet!

Cowboy Starts Art Business

A cowboy from Miles City, Montana, yearned to be an artist. With our help—he began to draw for local fairs. To his amazement, he won two first ribbons and two other prizes. Today, he paints portraits for $250 each. And gets all the business he can handle.

How about you? Wouldn't you like to trade places with a happy artist?

Free Art Talent Test

We want to help you find out if you have the talent for a fascinating money-making art career (part time or full time). We'll be glad to send you our remarkably revealing 8-page talent test. Thousands of people formerly paid $1 for this test. But now we'll send it to you *free*—if you sincerely like to draw. No obligation. But act at once. Simply mail the coupon provided below to Famous Artists Schools, Studio 19-A, Westport, Conn.

America's 12 Most Famous Artists

NORMAN ROCKWELL
JON WHITCOMB
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PETER HELCK
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BEN STAHL
ROBERT FAWCETT
AUSTIN BRIGGS
DONG KINGMAN
ALBERT DORNE

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS
Studio 19-A, Westport, Conn.

Send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr.
Mrs. _____ Age____
Miss (Please Print)

Address _____

City, Zone, State _____

Letters

Locked In

Dear Sirs:

The unidentified lady in the rear . . . [cover by John Falter, Dec. 3] is obviously the well-seasoned mother of at least three youngsters. She is wondering how long to let the young couple stew before taking charge of the situation. Then she will send them out . . . [and tell Junior]

his parents had to go to town and couldn't wait any longer for him. Whereupon he will hop down off his stool, calmly flip the lock, and race out. . . . At least that's how it happened in our family. . . .

MRS. KATHLEEN JACOBSEN
Pomeroy, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

. . . It's the cover of the year. . . .

WALT C. TOSTEVIN
Mandan, N. Dak.

Dear Sirs:

On which side of the door is the brains?

CARL PORTZ
Newcomerstown, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

. . . I believe you must have a sadistical sense of humor. . . .

MRS. CARL L. ADELSHEIM
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

. . . If the gentleman with the harried expression and the loud tie will drop the knife and listen for a second I will get him out of his jack pot. . . .

Get a thin, slim screw driver. Then look the doorknob right in the face. In the center thereof you will see a small hole, either round or flat. In either case insert the screw driver therein and turn gently, either to the right or left, and the door will open. . . .

LEE GOTCHER
Watsonville, Cal.

Security Risk

Dear Sirs:

. . . As an attorney who has been a prosecuting attorney, Porter B. Williamson [THEY CALLED ME A SECURITY RISK! Dec. 10] knows full well what he would have said in court if a defendant's counsel tried to use family or war record in presenting a case to a jury. Mr. Williamson knows that family background is no guarantee of loyalty. Neither is one's war record. . . .

Mr. Williamson, in writing this article, and you, in publishing it, furnish welcome ammunition to the anti-anticommunists and thereby furnish "aid and comfort to the enemy."

JOHN H. SCHAEFER
Colonel, A.U.S., Ret.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Governor Lausche

Dear Sirs:

Your splendid article WHO IS FRANK LAUSCHE? [by Joe Alex Morris, Dec. 10] is a very nice political question.

To many Republicans, including the writer, the answer is, "Governor Frank Lausche would be the toughest Democratic presidential candidate we can think of." . . .

Perhaps the Republican Party is fortunate in that the Democratic high command is apparently not quite smart enough to get behind Frank Lausche for President.

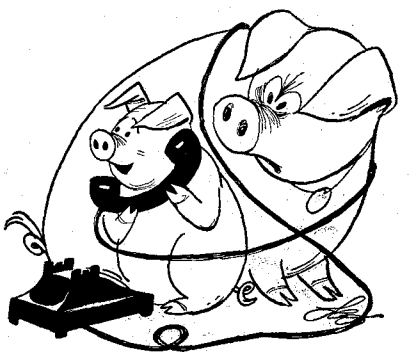
HENRY W. MILLER, JR.
Paw Paw, W. Va.

Telephone Hogs

Dear Sirs:

. . . I have never been as stung by any editorial as I was by ALGEBRA IS NOW DONE BY TELEPHONE! (Dec. 3, 1955).

I will be the first to admit that some of us teen-agers are not very respectful of our telephone privileges, but why should we alone be singled out for such an unfair



attack? Your writer admitted that such state legislation as has been passed on "line hogs" has not been directed specifically at teen-agers, yet he has the audacity to brand the few thoughtless teen-age telephone users as "juvenile delinquents"! Are adult "line hogs," then, "*criminals*"? . . .

KERRY TALIAFERRO
Loveland, Colo.

Ex-Communist

Dear Sirs:

It was revolting to read that Professor Herbert Fuchs was dismissed for co-operating with those who are trying to keep America free. [Editorial WHY NO FUSS WHEN A HELPFUL EX-RED PROFESSOR IS FIRED?, Dec. 10] How anti-anticommunist can some "educators" get?

PHILIP E. CLARKE
Bronx, N. Y.

Water Wheels

Dear Sirs:

Your article THERE'LL ALWAYS BE WATER WHEELS [by Neil M. Clark, Dec. 3] was greatly enjoyed by us, because we know the charm of an old mill.

Ours was built in 1768 on the west branch of the Brandywine Creek at Mortonville. . . .

The power heats and lights our home and supplies the (Continued on Page 6)

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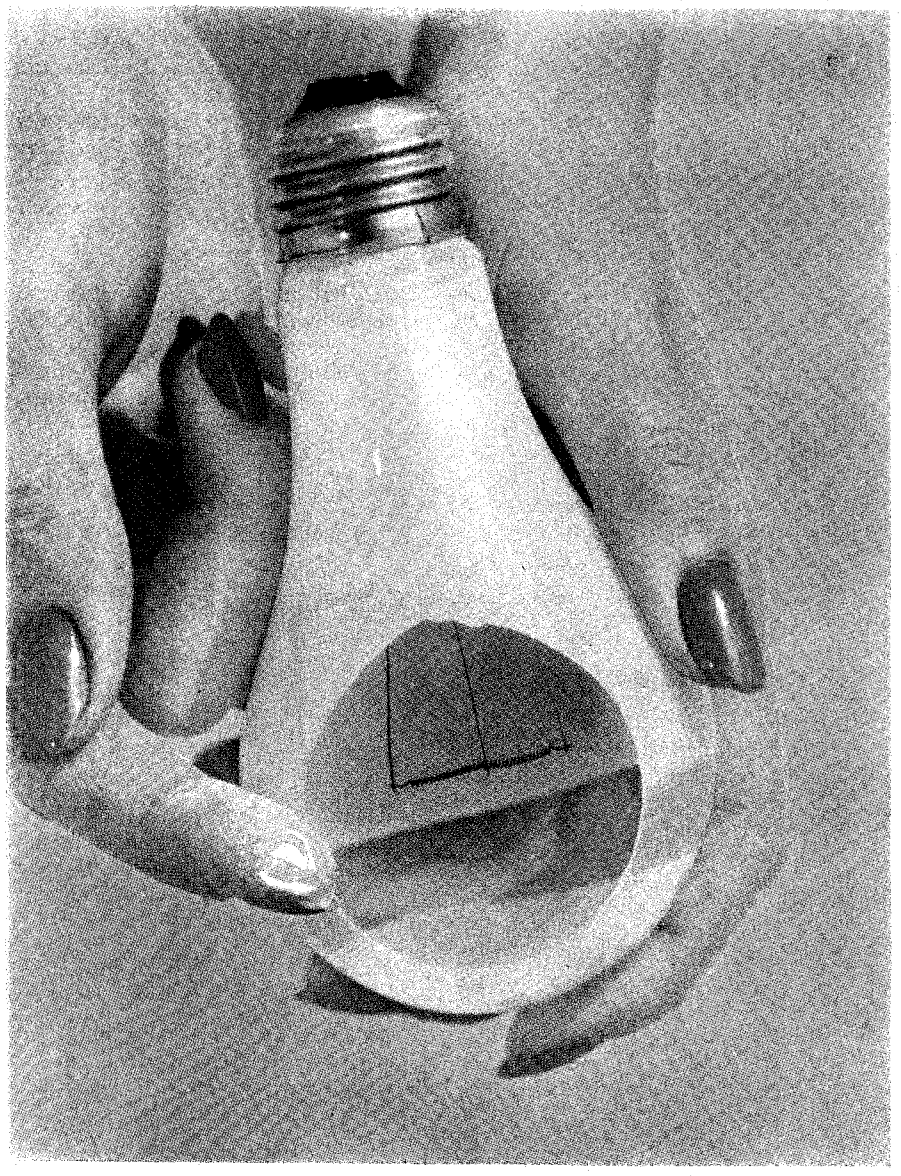
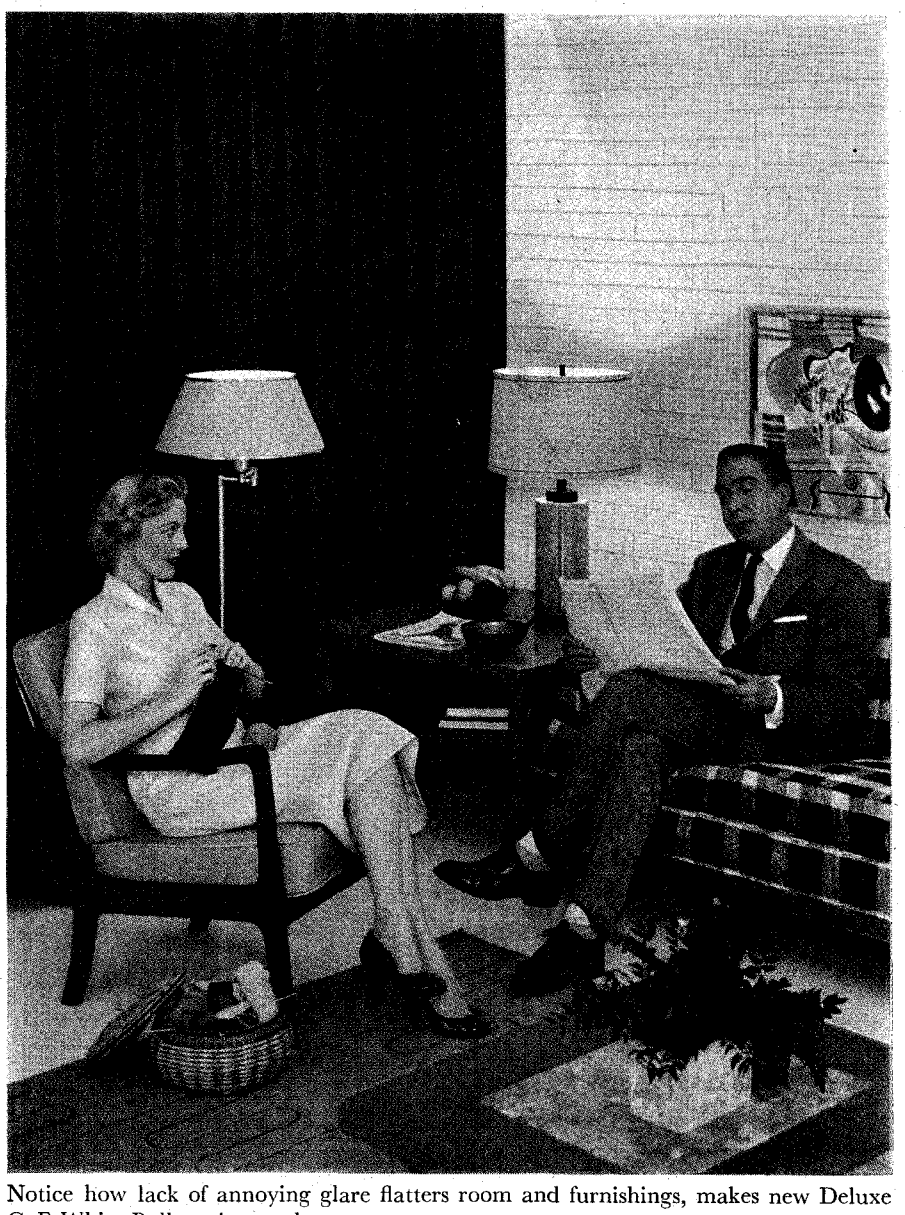


"Q" coat inside G-E Deluxe White Bulb is a powder-like silica which gives near-perfect light diffusion, makes bulb evenly bright all over.

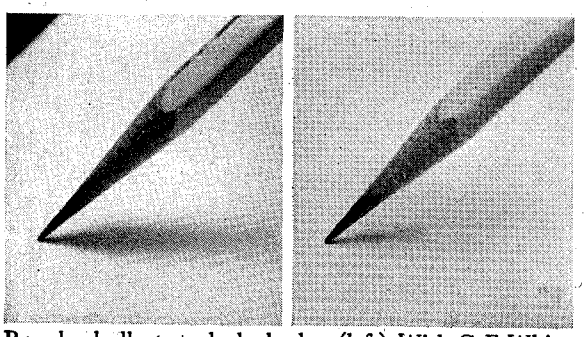


Notice how lack of annoying glare flatters room and furnishings, makes new Deluxe G-E White Bulb easier on the eyes.

New G-E Deluxe White bulbs soften shadows, flatter rooms and furnishings with no loss of light

Inside "Q" coat of powder-like silica, developed by General Electric, also reduces glare without holding back the light, or changing its color.

NOW—because of a G-E development known as "Q" coat—shadows are softened, giving rooms and furnishings a luxurious, flattering effect.



Regular bulb casts dark shadow (left). With G-E White Bulb, shadow is hardly visible.

This new G-E invention is a powder-like silica spread over the standard inside frosted finish. It breaks up light from the filament so it's easier on your eyes. Yet *all the light comes through* evenly diffused. Harsh light shafts usually thrown up against walls disappear. Glare is softened. So are shadows. And all seeing seems easier under this soft, even light.

Before General Electric developed "Q" coat, bulbs were frosted on the inside (another earlier G-E development to reduce glare). With "Q" coat added to the inside-frost, new Deluxe G-E White Bulbs achieve near-perfect light diffusion.

You can now get these Deluxe White bulbs in the popular 60-watt, 100-watt, and 3-Lite sizes.

OTHER G-E BULBS FOR YOUR HOME

General Electric makes many other types of bulbs which help to create different decorative effects in your home.

Flame shaped bulbs are ideal for wall fixtures, and come in a wide range of colors.

For childrens' rooms and dark hallways, there are 7 and 7½-watt G-E Nite Lites.

And for bare bulb ceiling fixtures, there is the G-E 50-watt GA, available in standard ivory. Remember, look to General Electric to brighten your life. Large Lamp Dept., General Electric, Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Smart Set
in
STEVENS TWIST TWILL
the modern fabric for work and play
Whether you're on the job or doing chores around the house, Stevens Twist Twill is the fabric for good looking, dependable work clothes . . . designed for comfort, smartness, rugged strength.
For youngsters, too, Twist Twill is the perfect washable cotton for shirts, slacks, caps, jackets, for school and play.
The Stevens Delta Finish gives Twist Twill its clear, rich colors . . . its smooth comfortable-to-wear texture. Twist Twill is Sanforized for permanent fit . . . vat dyed for color fastness.
Delta Finished
J. P. Stevens & Co. Inc.
Stevens TWIST TWILL
DELTA FINISHED
Look for the Twist Twill label as your guide to quality whenever you buy men's or boys' work or sports clothes.
J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc., NEW YORK, N.Y.
Fine Fabrics Since 1813

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

power for our machinery with a minimum of effort. Our radiant floor heat in winter and air conditioner in summer make life most enjoyable.

I know of only two mills which are using the Brandywine for power—ours and one at Embreeville, owned and operated by Earl Good, who is a miller. . . .

WESLEY G. ARMSTRONG
Mortonville, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

. . . We wondered if you knew that the Wayside Gristmill at Sudbury, Mass., is leased by Pepperidge Farm Bakery. It supplies stone-ground whole wheat for the old-fashioned whole-wheat bread made at our plant at Norwalk, Conn.

FRANK O'CONNOR
Norwalk, Conn.

Undecorous Eatery

Dear Sirs:

Re: UNINHIBITED RESTAURANT by John Kobler, December 10th issue.

Uninhibited? Rather lecherous, I would say!

A look-see into this so-called restaurant may jolly well find its proprietor to be the long-overdue missing link.

For a really uninhibited entree the wenches might try a right hook on the snout.

SIMONE LEMARQUAND
Respectable Waitress
Highland Park, Pa.

Salty Heroes

Dear Sirs:

Not since Marley's ghost walked, in Dickens' immortal Christmas Carol, have two fictional characters given me such enjoyment as Mr. Gallup, by Norman Reilly Raine [THE MYSTERIOUS CARGO, Dec. 3] and Muster Glencannon, by the late Guy Gilpatric.

Mr. Gallup might almost have been a waterfront pal of Muster Glencannon's, so closely does his wit and philosophy resemble that of the canny Scotsman, devoted reader of The Presbyterian Churchman and connoisseur of Duggan's Dew o' Kirkintilloch.

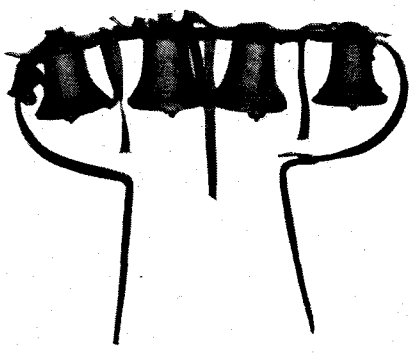
MRS. R. SAXTON BROWN
Flemington, New Jersey

Jingle, Jingle

Dear Sirs:

"Conestoga Bells" . . . may sound cheerful—but, more important, they were a safety device.

Drivers listened for bells before entering steep and narrow mountain passes,



and found a place to "pull out" and wait. This saved wear on brakes and dumping of loads—to say nothing of that tragedy of a "run-a-way" of frightened teams, so dreaded by our pioneers. . . .

FLORENCE DILLARD OGLE
Klamath Falls, Ore.

● *In* HOW'S YOUR PIONEER INSTINCT?, *Dec. 3, we said that Conestoga bells were used on Conestoga-wagon horses to cheer up the long treks West.* *ED.*

Mexican Murals

Dear Sirs:

The article on Mexico in your Dec. 3 issue [DOWN IN OLD MEXICO, by Joe Alex Morris] was most interesting. . . .

I was chagrined to see that you gave credit [in a caption] to Diego Rivera for the work on the library at University City. This ten story building is not painted but is a mosaic and is the work of one of Mexico's outstanding and accomplished artists, the architect, Juan O'Gorman. . . . It is considered the most outstanding and original building in the new university group. Seven and a half million stones were used to cover the surface and the colors are becoming more brilliant yearly. . . .

The modern airport at Mexico City has a beautiful mural by this artist as has the public library in Patzcuaro, Michoacan. He also did the huge mosaic murals on the exterior of the Ministry of Communications building in Mexico City.

The Mexicans are very proud of him and affectionately call him "Our Mexican Irishman artist."

MARGARET J. RAMSEY
Philadelphia, Pa.

● *Reader Ramsey is right. Our apologies to Architect-Artist Juan O'Gorman.* *ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–John R. Wells, Eugene Kammerman. • 17–Slim Aarons, Penguin. • 18–Gene Lester. 19–De Youngs', Broomingdale Bros., six anonymous, Penguin. • 20, 21–Arthur Lidov. 22–Jim Burns, two from Wide World. • 23–Wide World, United Press, European, two from Wide World. • 24–Ray Prohaska. • 25–Wide World, Frank Ross. • 26–Sovfoto, A.E. Anderson, Telephoto (Gamma), Sovfoto. • 27–Sovfoto. • 28, 29–Fred Ludekens. 30, 31–Ollie Atkins. • 32, 33–Ernest Chiriaka. • 34, 35–George Tichenor. • 36, 37–Robert Meyers. • 40, 41–Bill Shrout. • 43–Maynard Reece. • 47–James R. Bingham. • 59–Larry Keighley. • 69–Jim Burns. • 88–U.S. Signal Corps, three anonymous, Margery Lewis.

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THE MAN WHO DRIVES THE IMPERIAL

He sees the future taking shape

Some men have the vision to look beyond immediate boundaries, and to foresee new developments. And so, what others will do tomorrow, these leaders are doing today.

This year, in the field of fine motor cars, it is men like these who are setting the trend to Imperial. For, in every sense, the Imperial for 1956 has about it "the new look of leadership."

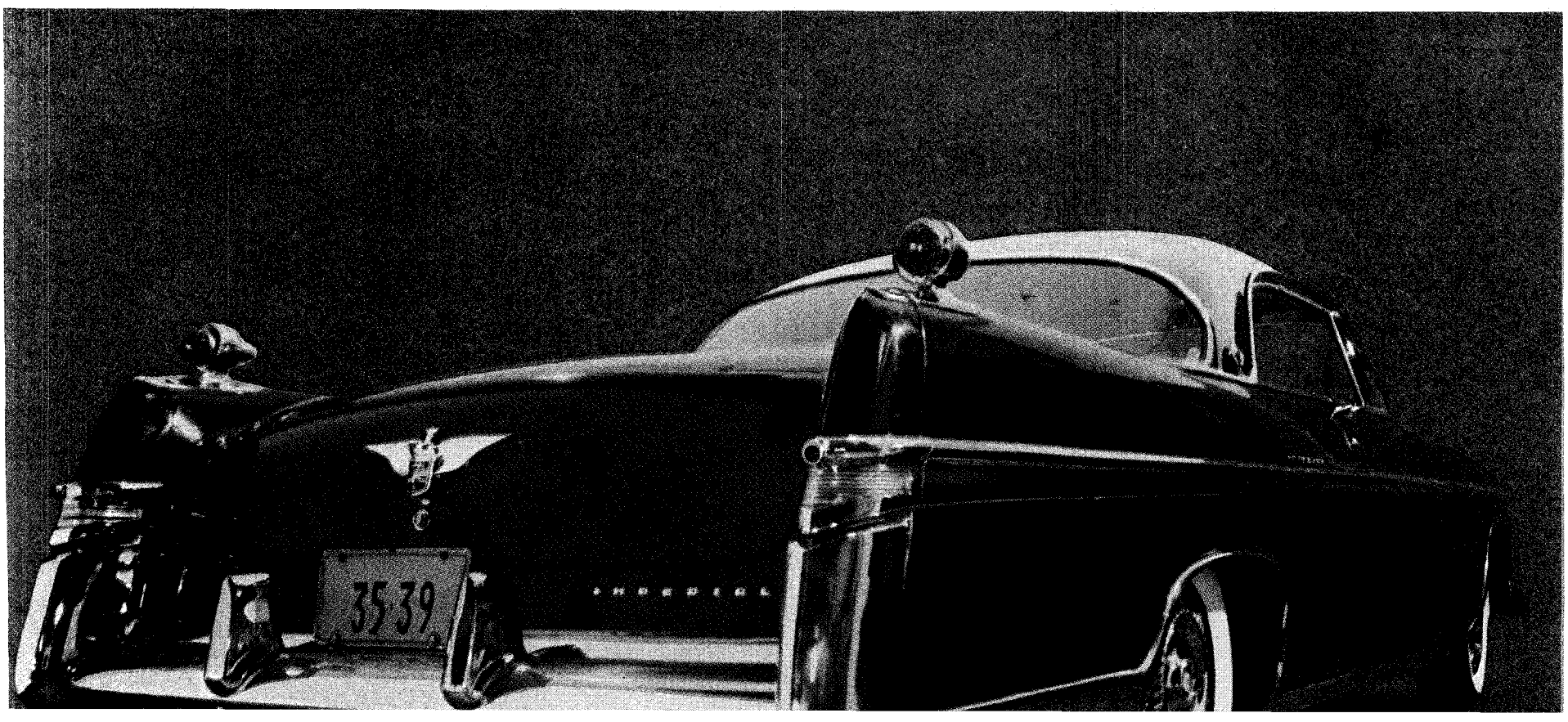
More and more you will notice the regal crown, emblem of the Imperial, in parts of town where fine cars naturally congregate. More and more you will catch a glimpse of Imperial's distinguished gun-sight tail lights out on the open highway.

The 1956 Imperial will be produced in limited numbers. It is for the man who steadfastly refuses to accept the commonplace. For Imperial's look of fine breeding, its rich and tastefully chosen appointments, its superb engineering and elegant lines truly reflect the owner it serves.

The preference for the Imperial is not taking place overnight. Many men are not fully aware of it. But the trend is here. That is why we suggest that today, you look twice in the fine car field. The Imperial for 1956 is awaiting your inspection now at your Chrysler and Imperial dealer's.

IMPERIAL FOR 1956

finest expression of The Forward Look



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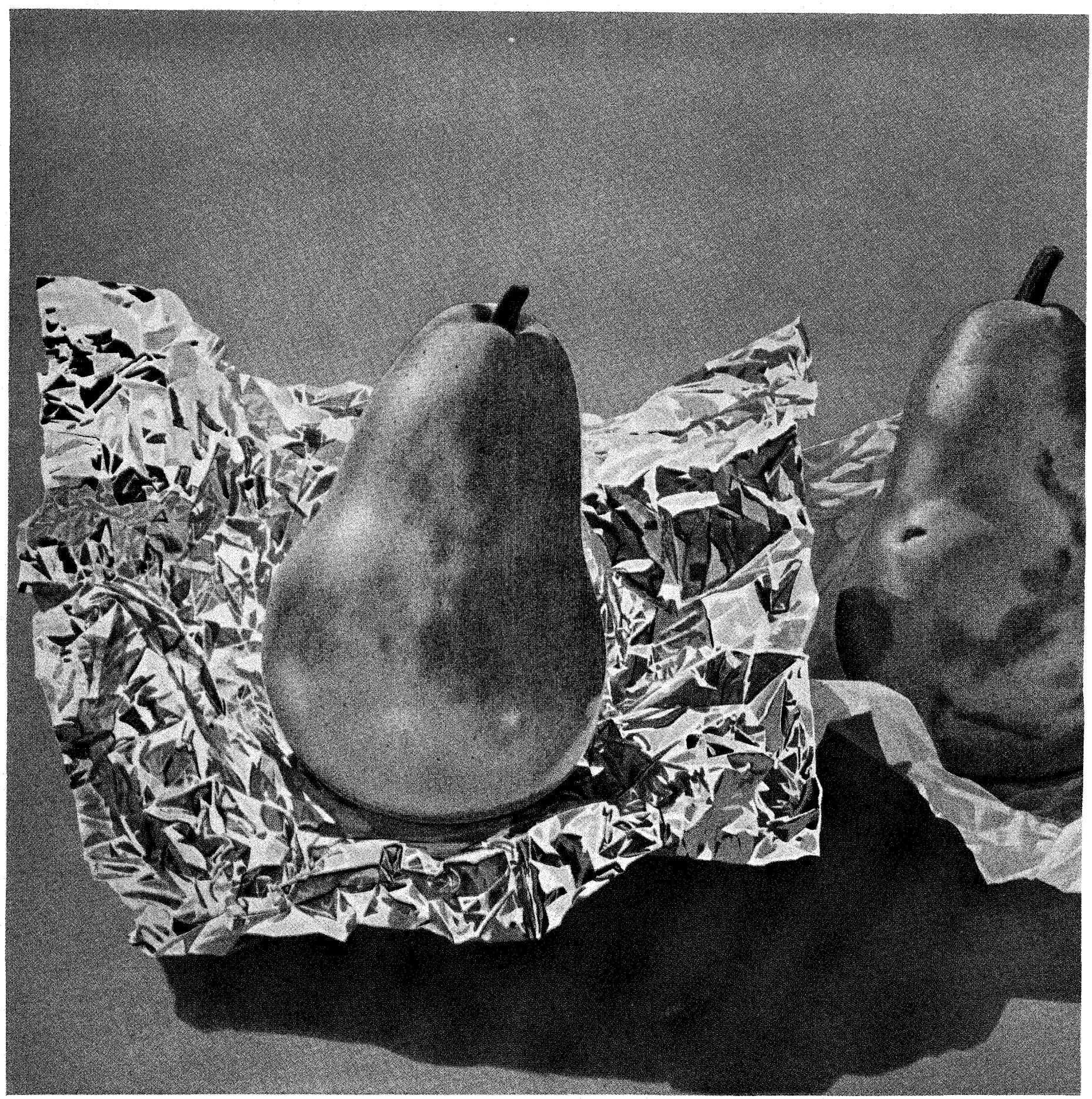

For complete product protection

BRIGHT, sparkling Kaiser Aluminum Foil *protects the quality* of products you buy as no other packaging material does!

It blocks heat and light rays, keeps out air, seals in moisture . . . in many other ways preserves original freshness and flavor.

Because it combines so many advantages, aluminum foil is revolutionizing packaging . . . just as aluminum in other forms is revolutionizing countless products . . . improving them with its lightness and strength, corrosion resistance, heat and light reflectivity, electrical conductivity, economy.

Today, more and more manufacturers think of Kaiser Aluminum—the nation's fastest growing major producer—for unsurpassed quality and customer service.

We now produce close to 30% of all the primary aluminum made in this

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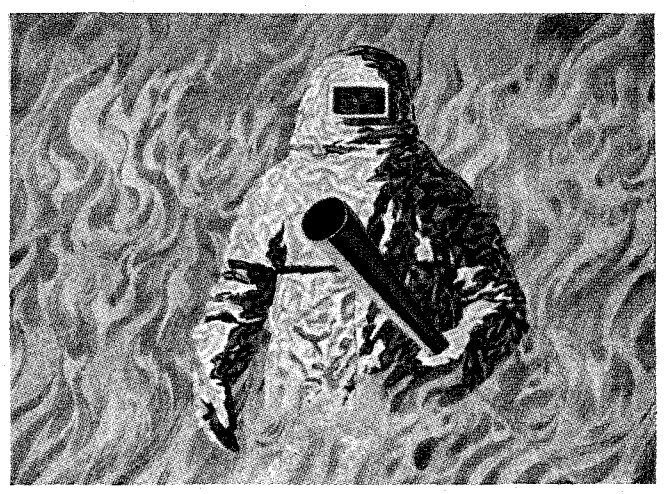
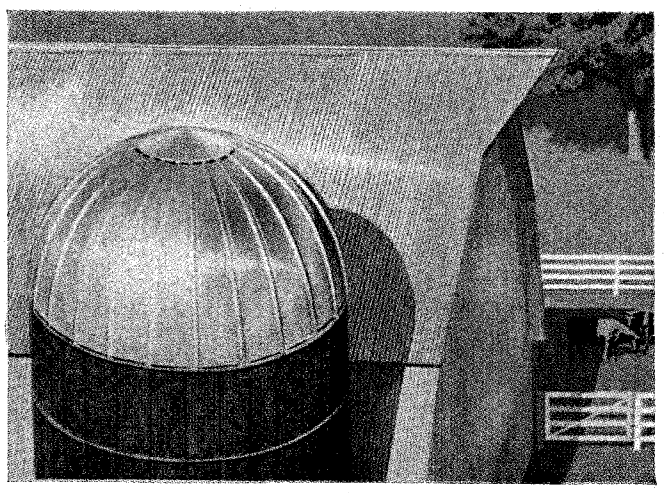
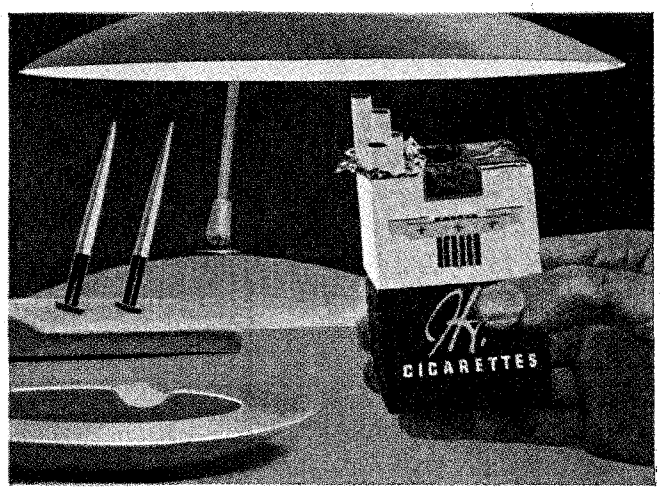
Aluminum screw caps resist corrosion, provide airtight seal to protect original flavor of catsup and other sauces. Impart no flavor to food.



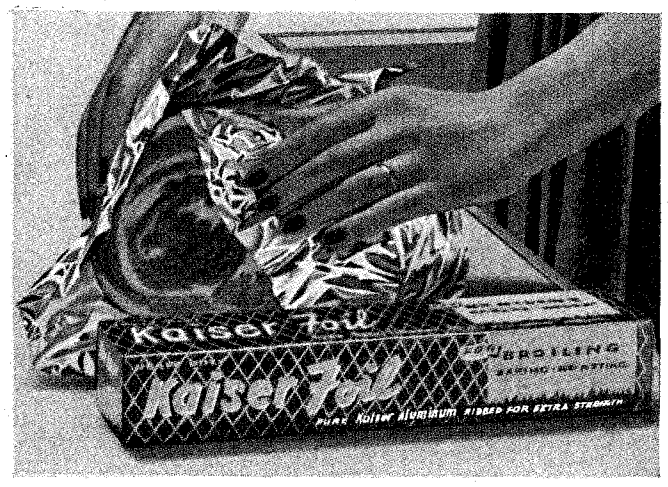
Firefighter suits made with reflective Kaiser Aluminum Foil over a treated cloth keep firemen safely cool because intense heat "bounces off."



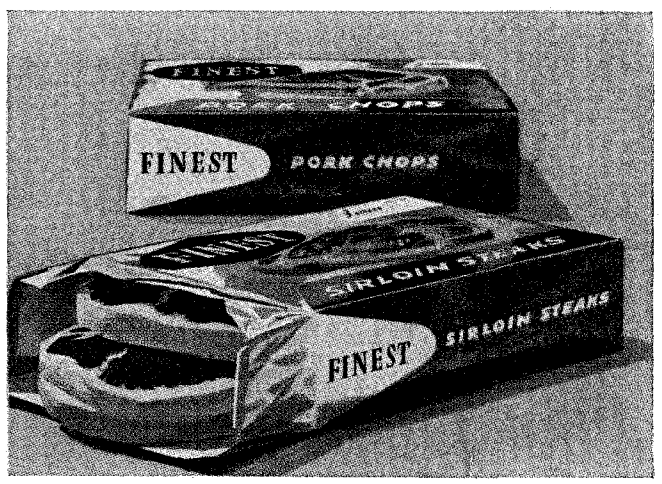
Silo covers made with Kaiser Aluminum reflect sun's heat, keep interiors cooler in summer, assuring year-round protection for silage.



Cigarette packages made with an inner wrap of Kaiser Aluminum Foil keep air out, seal in the tobacco's original flavor and aroma.



Cooked food stored in extra strong Kaiser Aluminum Foil stays juicy. Use the same Kaiser Foil to cook and reheat meat—prevents drying out.



Quick-frozen meats, direct from the packer, are now wrapped in Kaiser Aluminum Foil to retain fresh flavor of selected quality cuts.

hink of Kaiser Aluminum

country . . . and we are continuing to expand. For we believe that the future uses for this modern metal are almost unlimited.

We are eager to work closely with any manufacturer who wishes to hitch his wagon to aluminum, "the brightest star in the world of metals." Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation, 196 Kaiser Building, Oakland 12, California.

FOR AN EXCITING PEEK INTO YOUR FUTURE WITH ALUMINUM—VISIT OUR EXHIBIT AT Disneyland IN ANAHEIM, CALIF.

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Editorials

We'd Better Hang on to That Bomb!

During the Bulganin-Khrushchev good-will tour of India, during which they displayed as much ill will as possible toward the Western democracies, the Soviet Union exploded its largest H-bomb to date.

This off-stage noise was accompanied, as usual, by pious professions on disarmament and the need to internationalize atomic energy. How much faith may be put in such fair words? None whatever, if we take the plain record of the past ten years.

In 1948, Churchill, then in opposition, addressed the annual conference of the Conservative Party at Llandudno, in Wales. In that speech he laid down a list of certain positive steps which the Reds could take, if they wished people to believe in their peaceful intentions. "Let them," he said, "release their grip upon the satellite states of Europe. Let them retire to their own country, which is one sixth of the land surface of the globe. Let them liberate by their departure the eleven ancient capitals of Eastern Europe which they now hold in their claws. . . .

"Let them liberate the communist-held portion of Korea. Let them cease to distract Malaya and Indonesia. Let them cease to foment the hideous civil war in China.

"Above all let them throw open their vast regions on equal terms to the ordinary travel and traffic of mankind. Let them give others the chance to breathe freely and let them breathe freely themselves."

Seven years have passed since that telling indictment. Exactly what have the Soviets done in that time to show good faith? They have sent back some German and Japanese prisoners, but no one believes they made any serious effort to find and free them all. They have moved out of Vienna, in exchange for a heavy ten-year mortgage on Austrian resources and a neutralization treaty which leaves a disarmed Austria at their mercy.

And that is all. On the debit side, they fomented a war in Korea, defied the United Nations, and are now in collusion with Red China to violate the armistice terms and strengthen the communist hold on North Korea. The vast area and population of mainland China are now within their orbit and they are doing all they can to increase tensions in the Formosa region. They have added North Vietnam to their collection of satrapies. They have not relaxed their grip on a single satellite. Far from ceasing "to distract Malaya and Indonesia," they have stepped up the tempo of subversion in those states.

In the face of this record, only the incurably naïve can believe that the "cold war" is anything but Hitler's "war of nerves," not even thinly disguised.

It is this glaring contrast between talk and action that blocks any serious approach to disarmament. Here again the Churchill of 1948 was prophetic. "Of one thing I am quite sure," he said, "that if the United States were to consent, in reliance upon any paper agreement, to destroy the stocks of atomic bombs which they have accumulated, they would be guilty of murdering human freedom and committing suicide themselves."

DUFFY'S CARTOON

The Washington Bowl Game.

Can a Prosperous Coal Miner be Crooned to Death?

A recent skyrocketing success in ballads is the story of an unhappy coal miner. It is entitled Sixteen Tons, written by Merle Travis and copyrighted in 1947 by a Hollywood music publisher. Its popularity is due to a Capitol recording by Tennessee Ernie Ford, who offers a tuneful, but very pathetic portrayal of an exploited fellow man. The lugubrious facts are detailed in the chorus. Our miner asks what he can get for sixteen tons. The answer is that he becomes a day older and goes deeper in debt. He begs Saint Peter not to call him, because he owes his soul to the company store.

According to this heart-rending number, the bosses are wringing sixteen tons of coal out of our man's "muscle and blood and skin and bones," which they have inhumanly mistaken for mud. Our miner has "one fist of iron and the other of steel," so obviously he is a veritable Stakhanovite for output.

What we would like to know is where he works. If he is working at the face of the seam as part of a ten-man gang using the almost universal mechanical cutters, loaders and motorized buggies, sixteen tons is way below average output. Considered as just one mine employee, together with supervisors, timekeepers, tipple operators as well as miners, he is a little above average with sixteen tons.

But it doesn't matter. He will be working by the hour at not less than $2.43 an hour, and not by the ton. If he works seven and a half hours in the mine, plus an hour from portal to work and work to portal, he makes twenty dollars a day, and right now he is probably working 200 days a year. Is this killing him, as the song implies, or driving him further and further into debt at the company store?

In any event, the miner, on every one of his sixteen-ton days is adding $6.40—at forty cents per ton—to a welfare fund which will provide for his old age, toward which he is advancing at the rate of twenty-four hours a day.

Britain Learned About Security From Her Missing Diplomats

One of the oddest things in connection with the very odd case of the missing British diplomats, Donald Duart Maclean and Guy Francis de Moncy Burgess, is that there are so many eloquent Americans who insist that we scrap our security system and imitate the slackness of British officialdom in such matters. After four years of covering up, the Foreign Office has been compelled to admit, under heavy bombardment in the press and in Parliament, that Maclean, the head of its American Section, and Burgess were Soviet spies for many years, with access to important secrets.

The Maclean-Burgess treason was made easy by the general British softness toward communists and failure to understand (Continued on Page 12)

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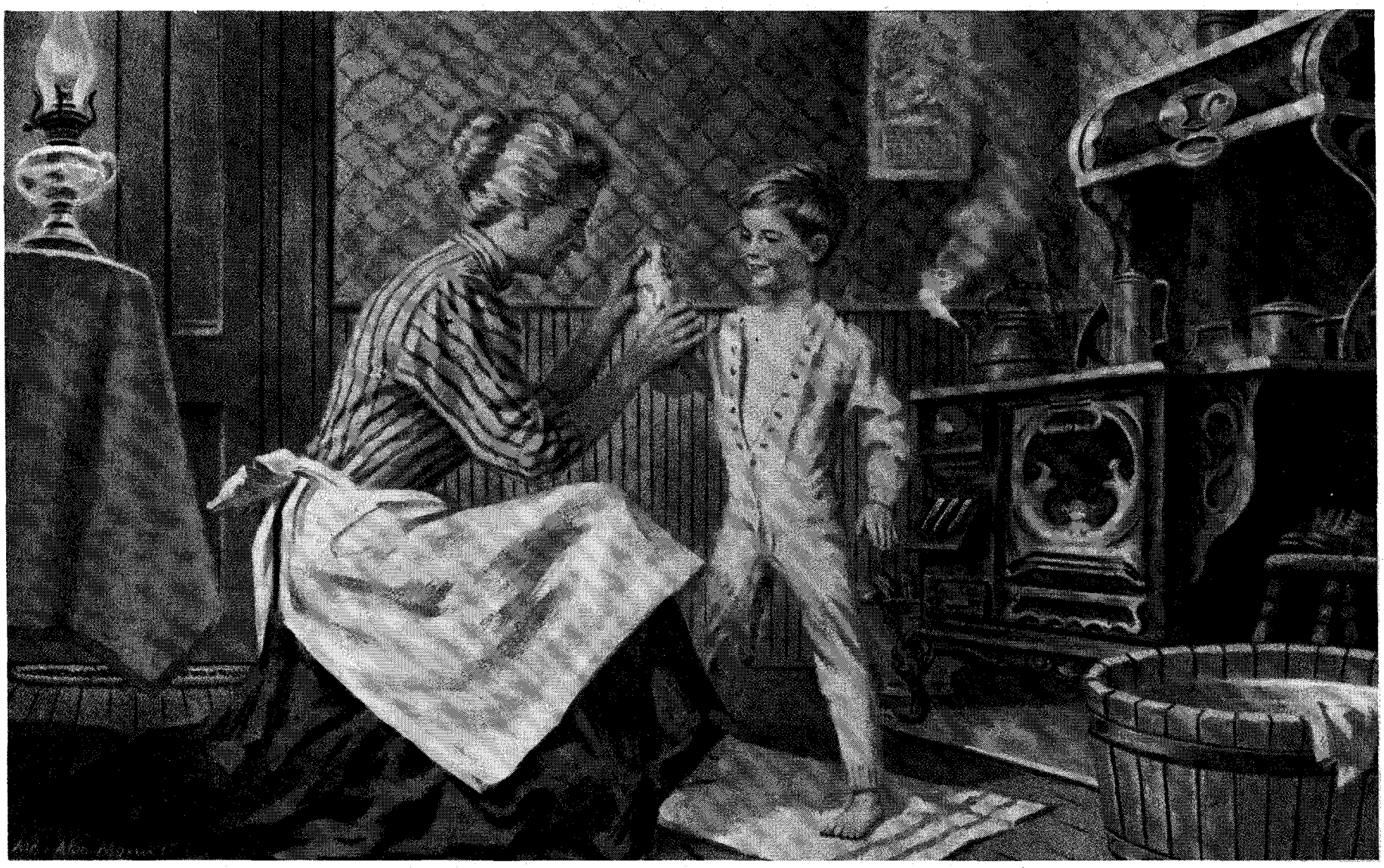

An old-time reminder for today's winter health . . .

'Way back in grandma's time . . . the first cold breath of winter was the signal for scenes like the one you see here.

Without modern heating systems, the change to long, fleecy underwear was a wise precaution against winter ills. If a cold did start coming on, grandma insisted on another ritual . . . a hot bath before the roaring fire in the kitchen stove, a daub of ointment rubbed on the chest and a quick retreat to a warm feather bed.

Today, as in grandma's time, it is not wise to make too light of a cold. What seems to be only a slight cold may actually be the beginning of pneumonia and other respiratory ailments. So, even if you don't feel "really sick" with a cold, authorities urge you to do these things:

1. Rest more than usual . . . eat lightly . . . drink plenty of water and fruit juices.

2. Be sure to check your temperature . . . and if you have even a degree or so of fever, go to bed. If fever persists, call your doctor.

Fever is important because it may indicate trouble of a more serious nature . . . sinusitis, ear infections, bronchitis and pneumonia . . . to mention a few. When these and other common winter ailments are promptly treated, the chances for rapid recovery are good—thanks largely to the antibiotic drugs.

The effectiveness of these drugs is perhaps most strikingly illustrated in the treatment of pneumonia. This disease used to claim one fourth to one third of the patients who had it. Today, all but a very small proportion of pneumonia patients are saved.

Even though medical science can now bring about more and quicker recoveries from the major winter ailments, it is wise to take every precaution against catching a cold. Here are some measures which may help:

1. Guard against drafts and chilling . . . and always wear clothing suited to weather conditions.

2. Get enough sleep and rest . . . and eat well-balanced meals to help keep resistance built up during the cold months.

3. Whenever possible avoid exposure to those who have respiratory illnesses.

4. If you have frequent colds, or if you are generally "run down," ask your doctor about preventive measures against respiratory infections.

REMEMBER, too, what seems to be a cold in a child often turns out to be the beginning of measles, whooping cough or some other communicable disease. So, it is always wise to keep a child with a cold at home to protect others as well as himself. The communicable diseases are most contagious in this early stage.

Metropolitan's new booklet called *Respiratory Diseases* gives additional information to help improve winter health. Simply clip and mail the coupon below for your free copy.

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Here's How Bayer Aspirin Helps Millions

FEEL BETTER FAST!

COLDS ARE A FAMILY PROBLEM—Winter time means fun for the whole family. It also means adults and youngsters alike will be catching more colds. That's why on winter days it's wise to have both regular size and *flavored* Children's Size Bayer Aspirin handy. Whenever one of you feels a cold coming on, let Bayer Aspirin come to the rescue. It relieves cold discomforts . . . reduces fever . . . makes you feel better—*fast!*

FOR QUICK RELIEF, millions *more* people take Bayer Aspirin than any other pain reliever—***without stomach upset!*** You can take Bayer Aspirin with *full* confidence—because no one has ever discovered a safer, faster and more effective pain relieving agent. So, to feel better *fast*—get

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PEOPLE WHO GO FAR... GO WITH

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TRAVELERS CHEQUES

BUY THEM AT BANKS AND TRAVEL AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

Tortoise today... Hare tomorrow!

If your car feels like it's crawling along today, use Marvel Mystery Oil, and watch it leap out in front, tomorrow! Marvel cleans, cools, lubricates hydraulic lifter valves, rings and pistons . . . really wakes up your car to peak performance.

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New York 23, N.Y.

Editorials (Continued from Page 10)

that communism is not a mere body of political beliefs but a conspiracy against everything that is precious in a free society. This soft attitude is warmly commended by Prof. H. H. Wilson, of Princeton, and Harvey Glickman, a fellow at Harvard, in their book, The Problem of Internal Security in Great Britain (Doubleday), one of a series of college textbooks in political science.

In Britain, educators Wilson and Glickman say, there is "a rational approach to communism as a political doctrine with some claim to intellectual respectability." Ridiculing the American attitude, they tell their student readers: "Many Europeans recognize communism as a perfectly rational approach to the problem of organizing an urban, technological society. They are not accustomed, whatever their evaluation, to characterize it as 'total evil' or a 'satanic world-wide conspiracy,' or the vehicle of the anti-Christ." In England the newspapers have treated news about communism with polite reserve, in contrast to the United States, where the press "front-paged the distortions and innuendoes manufactured by congressional committees, their staffs and witnesses." Not any more though!

Although they concede the necessity for some security measures against actual espionage, Wilson and Glickman indicate approval of the now-discredited "British way" of leaving communists on the government payroll, communist professors at Oxford, Cambridge and other universities, communists as teachers and principals in schools, and as writers for the British Broadcasting Corporation. They assert that "Alan Nunn May, Bruno Pontecorvo, Klaus Fuchs, and 'the missing diplomats' Donald Maclean and Guy Burgess . . . were screened by the security service and their subsequent defection merely underscores the impossibility of attaining absolute security."

This is far from the facts. In not one of these cases was there a "subsequent defection." All five men had defected to communism long before they were "screened." Maclean and Burgess were openly procommunist in their student days at Cambridge, and the British Foreign Office now admits that they were never thoroughly investigated till after their flight. Maclean once knocked a man down for saying a good word for Whittaker Chambers, describing himself after the bout as "the English Hiss." This did not prevent his promotion in the "tolerant" British foreign service.

It should be no surprise that Messrs. Wilson and Glickman think little of the American attitude on communism, which they regard as a combination of "paranoia, hysteria and fantasy," sponsored by "that queer tribe of professional witnesses, paid informers and police spies who have won such status in the United States." All this indicates that the "hysterical fantasy" isn't all on one side. Apparently some cataclysmic event is needed to teach some Americans the lesson which Time and Tide (London) says the missing-diplomat scandal has taught the British: "Freedom does not last long if people are so frightened of witch-hunting that they allow the witches to assume control."

Seven Ages of Man Parade Through the Corner Drugstore

America's "corner drugstore" has changed, of course, from the old days when it featured nose-tingling "lemon phosphates" and big jars of horehound and rock candy in bulk. But the drugstore still occupies one of the busiest crossroads of ordinary American life. Air conditioning has replaced the big ceiling fan that used to turn as slowly and inexorably as time itself; and dozens of haunting drug smells, "compounded on the premises," have gone with the wind.

The modern druggist, however, perhaps even more than his old-fashioned predecessors, stands in a particularly advantageous position to observe the essential facts of everyday life: the common joys—and sorrows too—and all the tremendous trifles that are probably more vital in the long run than most of the headlines in the daily newspapers.

The druggist is still among the first to see the young father come trailing his own clouds of glory, bustin' out all over with such pride in his first child that you'd think he had done it all himself. He orders prodigally of dusting powders, oils and, of course, cigars. The young mother soon drops in for vitamins and such, and all kinds of invaluable advice. Then the baby makes its first personal appearance, to be admired and praised. Before it seems possible, the youngster is running around the store looking at picture books, and, suddenly, becomes a high-school boy or girl, showing off that special date. It would take only a few turns of that old-fashioned ceiling fan, and they're in for dusting powders, vitamins and cigars on their own account.

The drugstore is still a meeting place and clearinghouse for daily living. With all its "streamlining" and "wonder" products on the shelves, the modern "corner drugstore" adds proof to the old adage that "the more things change, the more they remain the same." It still occupies its old place on one of the busiest corners of American life.

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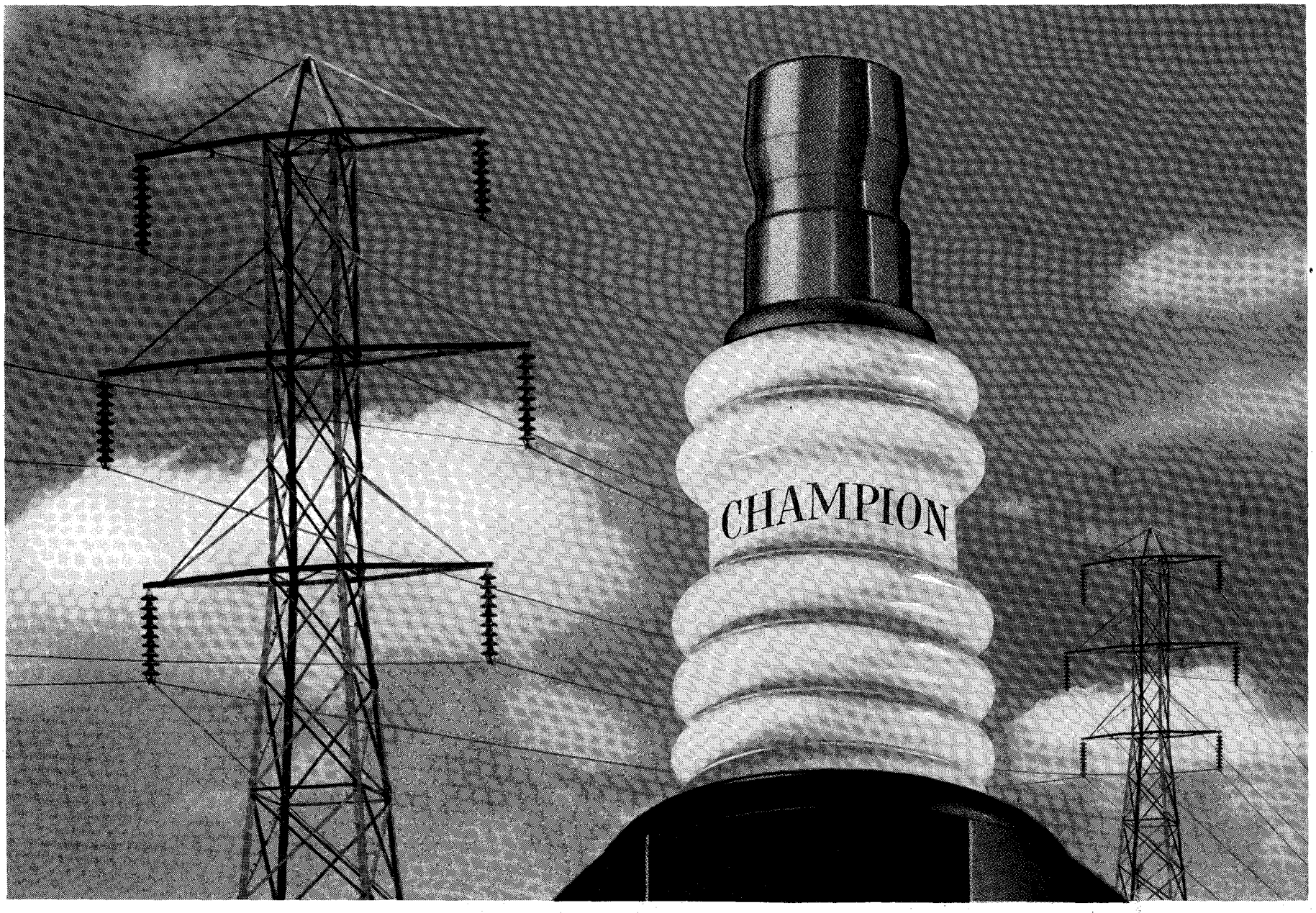
Champion Spark Plugs are ribbed like power line insulators to give you faster starting!



Don't be pushed around this winter—get a new set of full-firing, 5-rib Champions NOW

You can see at a glance one of the big differences between Champion Spark Plugs and all others.

It's the exclusive 5-rib construction which protects you against power losses in your engine.

Like the multi-ribbed insulators you see every day on high-tension power lines, these 5 ribs increase the insulator length by as much as 20% over straight line insulators.

This construction permits higher voltages to be put through the spark plug to the firing end—where it belongs—before "flashover" occurs. "Flashover" simply means an external shorting of the plug which causes hard starting, misfiring, wasted gasoline and crankcase dilution, to say nothing of excessive drain on your battery.

Only Champions have the 5-rib construction—an identifying feature to remember when you need new spark plugs.

Have your Champion dealer install a new set in your car now and enjoy the benefits of this and many other exclusive features which have made Champions the choice of experts everywhere—for any car, regardless of make or year.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

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Rexall DRUG STORES

January

KING-SIZE SAVINGS

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It actually costs us less to package Rexall products in large sizes—so you save, too! For example: 72 Rexall Anapac tablets cost 56¢ less than same quantity in smaller packages!
YOU SAVE 56¢ over the small size
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Mi 31 CONTAINS: Boric Acid, Benzoic Acid, Thymol, Eucalyptol, Menthol, Methyl Salicylate, Oil of Thyme and Alcohol.
Mi 31 Kills Germs on Contact when used full strength, or in 3 minutes when diluted with an equal quantity of water—as tested by United States Department of Agriculture laboratory method. An effective Gargle, Antiseptic First Aid Dressing and Antiseptic for Itching Scalp. Used as directed, Mi 31 is harmless to the skin and to the mucous membrane of the mouth.
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MORE KING-SIZE SAVINGS!

Rexall Glycerin Suppositories relieve constipation. Adult or infant. You save 7¢ over the small size. Jar of 24, only....**79¢**
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Rexall Germatine. Powerful but painless germicide and disinfectant. Big 6-oz. bottle saves you 38¢ over the small size.....**79¢**
Rexall Mineral Oil. You save 78¢ over the small size. Full quart, just.....**98¢**
Rexall Hydrogen Peroxide. For medicinal purposes. 3%, 10 vol. You save 27¢ over the small size. Full pint, only.....**45¢**
Rexall Rubbing Alcohol. You save 9¢ over the small size. Full pint, only.....**69¢**
Rexall Super Plenamins Jr. Multi-vitamins for children ages 6-11. Just one a day provides 11 vitamins—plus liver concentrate, folic acid and iron! You save $1.67 over the small size. 20-wk. supply, only..**$5.49**
Rexall Plastic Quik-Bands. Flexible adhesive bandages, plain or mercurochrome. You save 12¢ over the small size. 47...**59¢**
Rexall Milk of Magnesia Tablets. You save 65¢ over the small size. 250 for **95¢**
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Rexall Polymulsion for Children. Contains vitamins A, C, D, B_1 and B_2 — pleasantly flavored, mixes easily with liquid — children love it. You save $1.01 over the small size. Pint bottle, only.....**$3.59**

EVERYDAY VALUES

Rexall Liquid Saccharin Drops. Just two drops equal a teaspoonful of sugar. In 25 cc plastic squeeze-a-drop bottle, only....**65¢**
Rexall De Luxe Toothbrushes. 6 medically-approved styles with Hyzon bristles; 2 with natural bristles. Asstd. colors. Each only **59¢**
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Rexall Oxy-Biotic Nose Drops. With antibiotic Tyrothricin to inhibit growth of bacteria. Relieve congestion. 1 oz. .....**98¢**
Rexall Triple Action Cough Syrup. Quick-acting, penetrating, and soothing. For children, 3 oz., **79¢**; for adults, 4 oz. ....**98¢**
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Rexall Nasothricin Nasal Spray. Quickly relieves stuffed-up head, contains antibiotic to fight bacteria. ½ oz., only.....**89¢**
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Rexall Histacalma Cream for itching, burning skin. Clinically tested. 1½ oz., **87¢**

REXALL ANAPAC COLD TABLETS give quick, yet prolonged 4-way relief from cold symptoms and discomfort — at all stages of your cold! Relieve sniffles and sneezing, *and* that tired, ache-all-over feeling! A proven combination of antihistamine, aspirin, phenacetin, and caffeine. Get some today! You'll feel better fast! **72 tablets $1.79**

REXALL ASPIRIN in a money-saving, family-size bottle of 300 guaranteed 5-grain tablets. No finer, faster-acting aspirin at *any* price! Normally, you save 43¢ on this size, over the same quantity in smaller packages. And now you save an *extra* 20¢ — during the month of January only! Stock up now and save! **300 tablets 99¢**

REXALL Mi-31 ANTISEPTIC is ou famous amber-color mouthwash, gargl and multi-purpose antiseptic. This bi 24-oz. size normally saves you 47¢ ove the same quantity bought in smaller bot tles—and now even that regular money saving price is reduced, so you save an *extra* 20¢! Stock up on Rexall Mi-31 now and save! **24 oz. 89¢**

Double Your Money Back If You Don't Agree

REXALL CHERROSOTE Is The Best Cough Syrup You've Ever Used!

Double action—both soothes and quiets coughs due to minor bronchial irritations! Has 12 active ingredients; pleasant taste.

SAVE UP TO ½ ON THESE

Cara Nome Shampoo, Save ½ Now! Ideal for the whole family, because it effectively cleans *all* hair types. Works equally well in either hard or soft water—makes lots of lather and rinses out easily. 12 oz., reg. $2.00, now.... **$1.00**

Cara Nome Hand Cream—½ Price! Greaseless, disappearing cream that keeps hands soft, lovely. Big 6¾-oz. jar, regularly $2.50, now **$1.25**

Cara Nome Dusting Powder, ½ Of Made with the finest grade of pur white talc — safe for even baby tender skin! This big 13-oz. bo will last for months, and there's huge velour puff inside. $3.00 value, now..... **$1.5(**

Stag Shave Lotion — ½ Price! B 12-oz. bottle, $2.00 value...**$1.0**
Stag Talc for men. In big 9-o shaker-top tin. Reg. $1.00, now **59**

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ALL SUPER PLENAMINS give you minimum daily requirement of all nins with known minimums — plus aluable minerals — in a single daily t! Plus—true liver concentrate! And get 1½ times your daily iron and io- requirement. Start tak- Rexall Super Plenamins y—you'll feel better fast! **144 tablets $7.95**

REXALL BISMA-REX ANTACID. Gives fast, 4-way relay relief from the discomfort of acid-upset stomach. Proven combination of ingredients that vary in dissolving time — so relief is prolonged. Neutralizes acidity, aids in removing gas, relieves heartburn, and leaves a soothing, protective coating. Get Rexall Bisma-Rex today! **pound $2.09**

REXALL R.P.R. TABLETS for rapid pain relief! Speedier relief from pain of headache, neuralgia and discomfort of colds, and fast temporary relief from minor pain of rheumatism and arthritis. Two mild antacids help prevent stomach upset while 5 full grains of aspirin relieve pain almost instantly! A true super-aspirin! **125 tablets $1.23**

MORE EVERYDAY VALUES!

Rexall Nasal-Ator Inhaler. Pocket-size inhalator that lasts 2 to 3 months.....**49¢**
Rexall Analgesic Liquid. A quick-acting liniment for sore muscles. 1½ oz. ....**69¢**
Rexall Lanolin. 1-oz. tube, only.....**29¢**
Rexall Epothricin. Antibiotic salve for cuts, scratches, skin abrasions. 1 oz., only...**79¢**
Rexall Skin Antiseptic. Highly effective first aid for minor cuts. 1 oz., only.....**33¢**
Rexall Epsom Salts, 1-pound box....**41¢**
Rexall Bisma-Rex Mates give quick yet prolonged relief from acid-upset stomach. 4 ingredients act in relay. 75 tablets..**89¢**
Rexall Witch Hazel. ½-pint bottle....**37¢**
Rexall Cod Liver Oil. 4 oz., **57¢**; 8 oz., **95¢**
Rexall Castor Oil. 1 oz., **22¢**; 2 oz., **35¢**
Rexall Boric Acid Powder. 2 oz., only **25¢**
Rexall Multi-Vitamin Formula V-10. An excellent appetite stimulant. Pint....**$1.98**
Rexall Cotton Squares. 40 ready-to-use cotton pads for cosmetics and nursery, **23¢**
Rexall Rex-Salvine for Burns. Have this on hand for instant relief of minor burns, scalds, skin irritations. Has zinc oxide to stop smarting, camphor to cool, six other ingredients to soothe pain, reduce congestion and inhibit germ growth. 1½-oz., **57¢**
Ann Delafield All-Purpose Deep Cream. *All* your creams in *one* jar! 2.35-oz., **$1.50**

Cara Nome Beauty Tips

Pure mild Cara Nome cosmetics are recommended for even the most delicate skin. Sold exclusively at Rexall Drug Stores.
Cara Nome Liquid Foundation blends perfectly for lovely finish. 1-oz. bottle, **$1.25**
Cara Nome Liquid Blush. Smooth on for radiant, youthful-looking glow.....**$1.10**
Cara Nome Permacreme Lipstick stays on, stays moist. 13 shades, each....**$1.10**
Cara Nome Silicone Formula Lotion. Invisible "glove" protects hands during housework. 3-oz. squeeze-bottle....**$1.00**
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Cara Nome "Natural Curl" Spray Hair Net keeps hairdo "picture perfect"; sets pin-curls. Non-lacquer, not sticky...**$1.25**
Cara Nome *Fast* Permanent. Never "frizzy"! Has professional wave lotion. Choose from 3 types, each.....**$1.50**
Cara Nome Natural Curl Pin Curl Permanent with "Neutralock" neutralizer. **$1.50**
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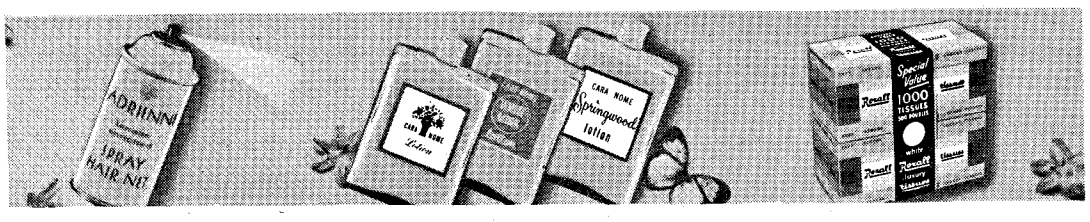
For Men Only

Rexall "Ready Shave" Shaving Cream. In giant Aerosol container.....**$1.00**
Stag Brushless Shave Cream. 4.8 oz., **50¢**
Stag Hair Oil. 3-oz. bottle.....**40¢**

CONOMY-SIZE JANUARY SPECIALS!



enne Spray Hair Net—½ Price! greasy, nor will it leave your flaky! No lacquer. Helps con- "ornery" hair, adds body and s waves in damp weather. 11 push-button Aero- Reg. $2, now only.. **$1.00**

Nome Hormone Cream, ½ Off! ains 10,000 international units atural hormones per ounce! oz. jar, reg. $3.00, now **$1.50**

Cara Nome Lotions—Now ½ Price! Peach-blush pink Cara Nome, frosty-blue White Mink, or carefree yellow Springwood—each a delightfully different fragrance! Big 12-oz. bottles, regularly $2.00 each, now each just ... **$1.00**

Rexall Klenzo Antiseptic. Ruby-red mouthwash, gargle and breath sweetener. Kills germs fast! Big 24-oz. bottle, reg. $1.09, now **89¢**

Rexall Luxury Tissues — Cut 16¢! A stock-up special—in your choice of white or dainty pastel colors. They're soft, yet strong. Now! Two big boxes of 500 tissues, a regular 79¢ value, yours during the month of January, only... **63¢**

Elkays Aerosol Air Refresher. Save 40¢! Just push button to rid rooms of cooking and other unpleasant odors. 12 oz., reg. $1.79, now **$1.39**

Big January Savings

HELEN CORNELL BOBBY PINS Card of 90 (or 72 rubber tipped) 25¢.. **19¢**
ROXBURY HOT WATER BOTTLE Fine quality rubber. 2-qt., $1.79 value.. **89¢**
BIG VALUE STATIONERY 125 large flat sheets; or 100 envelopes. Reg. 39¢, now.. **29¢**
ELECTREX HEATING PAD 3 positive heats. Color choice. Reg. $6.95, now... **$4.99**
INFRA-RED LAMP WITH STAND Has built-in reflector. Reg. $3.98 **$2.99**
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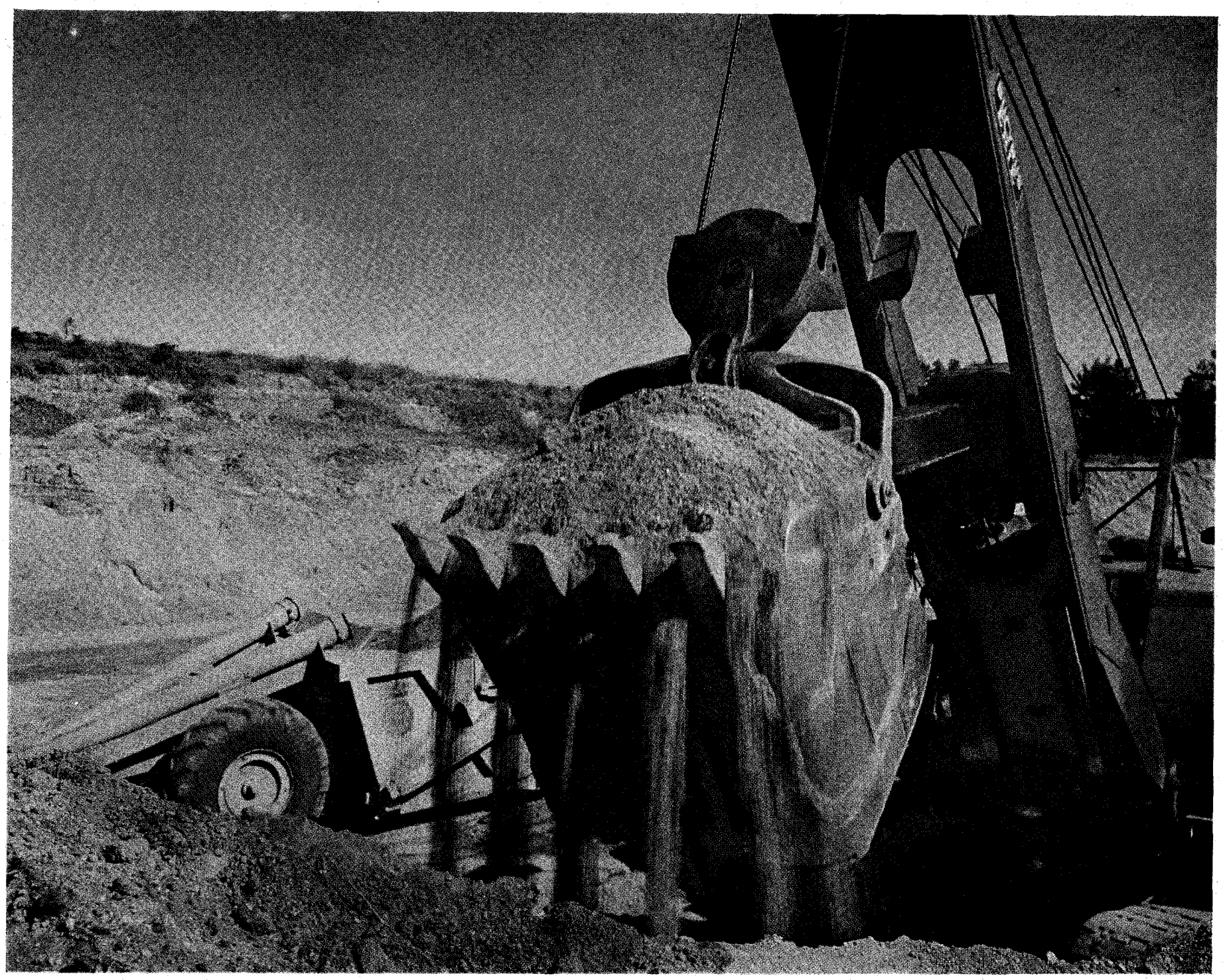
"Fastest working shovel I've ever seen," says the owner of this new GM Detroit Diesel-powered Bucyrus-Erie 71-B. "We had considered another make of engine, but when I went to the factory and saw how fast this machine worked with a GM "110" engine, we switched the order to GM Diesel. This new 3-yd. unit loads 4000 yards in 8 hours on about 8 gallons of fuel per hour. Maintenance cost to date is practically nil."



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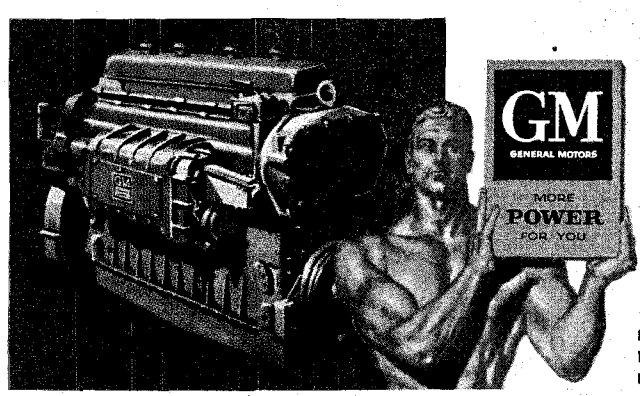

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shape, no scruples and a ratlike disdain for sinking ships, an imported car, and a house off Beverly Glen Boulevard in the Santa Monica Mountains. It had also meant two years with no pictures, less and less money, less and less house, car and actress.

Had he had the wit, he told himself as his tattered boots scuffed up the dust of the roadside, he would have got out quickly—while there was still enough money in the bank to buy him a ticket back to England. In England the 3-D scare was over before it ever arrived. In England, with Hollywood glamour and three credits to help him, he could hardly have failed to dig a living out of the picture business.

In England he might even have been able to go back to writing the sort of thing writers ought to write—novels, for example, or anyway short stories. Mug!

Five minutes later, Jeremy lifted his gaze from the dusty black surface of the highway, already warming up as the morning sun got into its stride, and looked ahead with narrowed eyes. In the distance he could see the intersection, marked by a transverse line of telegraph poles and two low, shacklike buildings. One of these he readily identified by its pumps as the gas station that the farmer had mentioned, and the other had the look of a roadside café.

He put his hand into his trousers pocket, feeling the shape and pleasant solidity of the silver quarter, which was all the money he possessed. Coffee? Or maybe a sandwich? Or a pack of cigarettes? His mouth watered. Forget the cigarettes.

Jeremy's pace increased. Head bent, rucksack pushing him forward and downward as he leaned into his stride, he drove his lankiness toward the intersection.

Then, sometime later, he stopped. "Ain't nothing there but a gas station," the farmer had said. Jeremy stared, frowning, toward the intersection. Two buildings—one of them, by now, unmistakably a gas station, and the other, equally unmistakably, an eating place. Recent headlines leaped into his mind's eye. Then he shrugged. *Don't be a fool, Jeremy, my boy; the farmer must have forgotten.*

But the farmer hadn't forgotten. At the roadside two hundred yards from the intersection, a woman and two children cowered in the ditch while a man in greasy mechanic's overalls stood above them, staring toward the café. He had a shotgun in his hands.

"Good morning," Jeremy said.

The man turned. His eyes were bright with panic. "It's one of Them! I tell you it's one of Them!"

"How do you know?"

"Last night when we went to bed, it ain't there. This morning it is. It's one of Them, bud! It's got to be!"

"Well," Jeremy said, "fancy that."

"Come again?" The gas-station proprietor was looking at Jeremy as if he suspected he were a Martian. "Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm an Englishman. Flat broke. Trying to get home. I was a writer in Hollywood until the roof fell in."

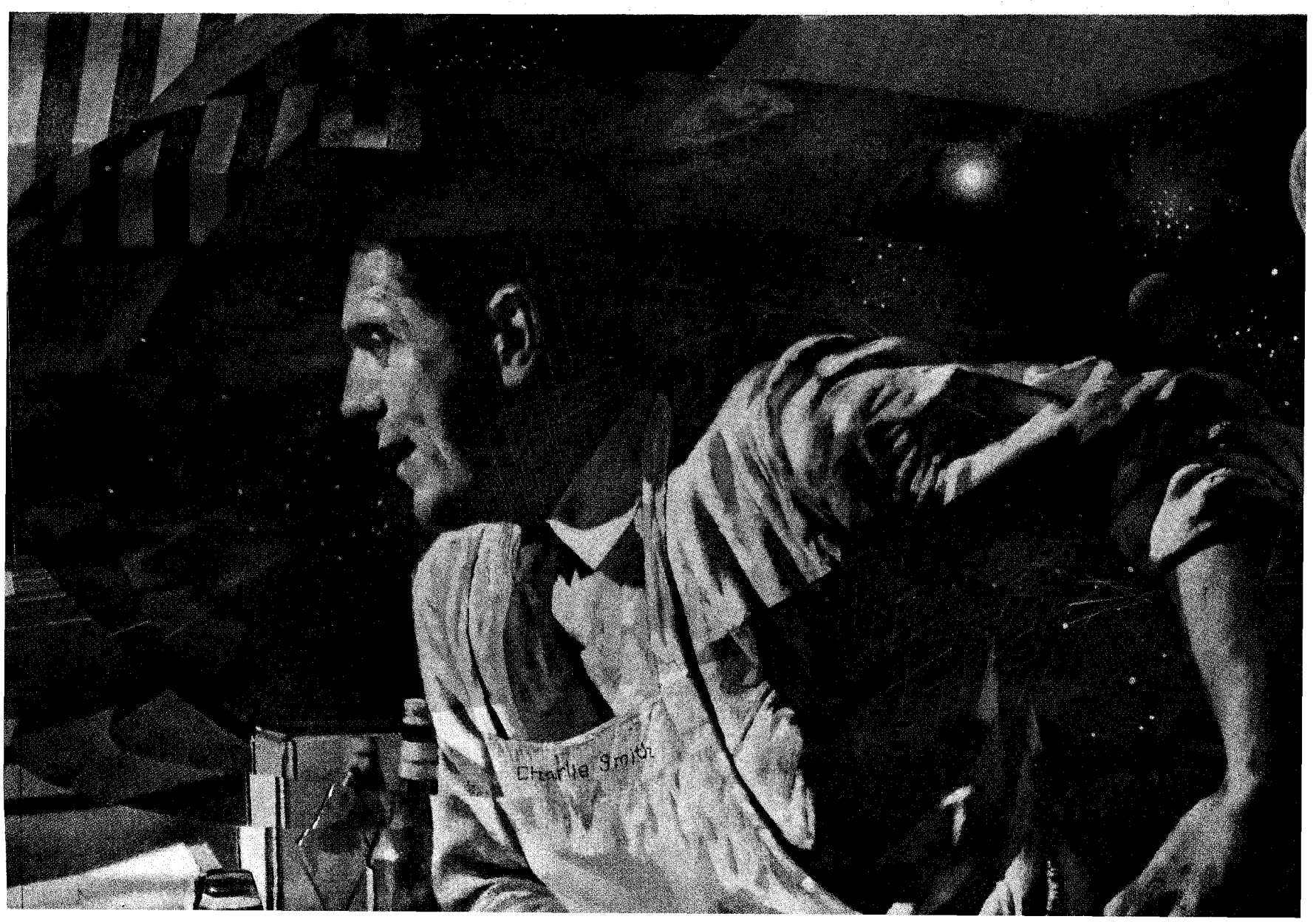
"Oh." Part of the suspicion died out of the eyes of the man in overalls. "What are you gonna do?" he said.

Jeremy had his rucksack on the ground. He opened it and took out a pencil and a notebook. He was smiling. "I'm going to have a look at it."

"You must be crazy! You don't know what the thing'll do. You stay away from it, bud. Maybe it'll go away if we leave it alone."

Jeremy shook his head. "No. I don't think it'll do me any harm so long as I don't go in. I'm going to take a look." (Continued on Page 50)

"I'm afraid," the Man said, pressing a button, "that we've got you already."



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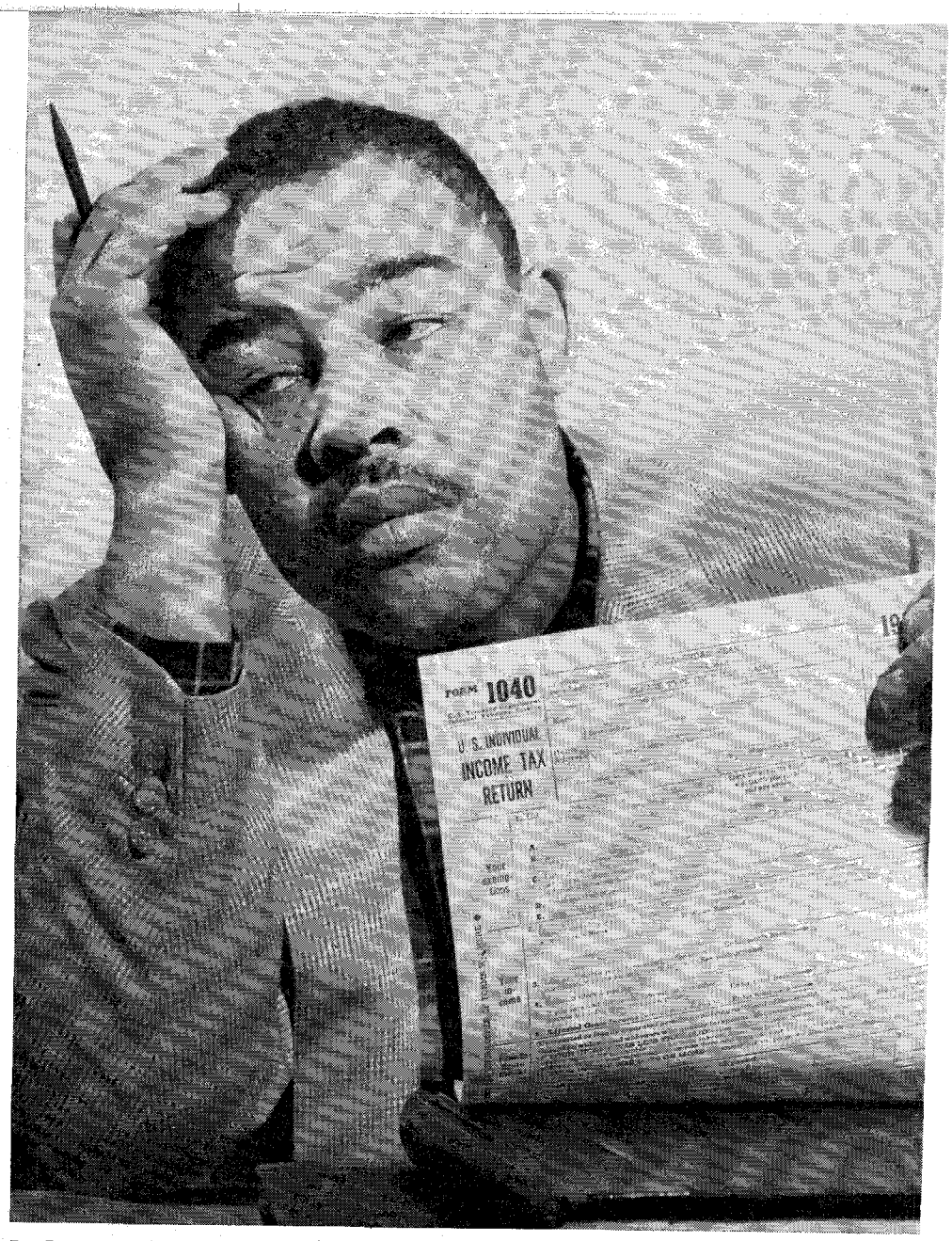
OH, WHERE DID MY MONEY GO?

BY JOE LOUIS

AS TOLD TO EDWARD LINN



Joe Louis fought and defeated all comers when he was the champ, but he admits that the Bureau of Internal Revenue has him on the floor.

1936: The Brown Bomber with his co-manager, John Roxborough, and trainer, Jack Blackburn.

As the heavyweight champion of the world, Joe earned fabulous sums, but it all got away — and now he's hopelessly in hock to the tax collector, forevermore.

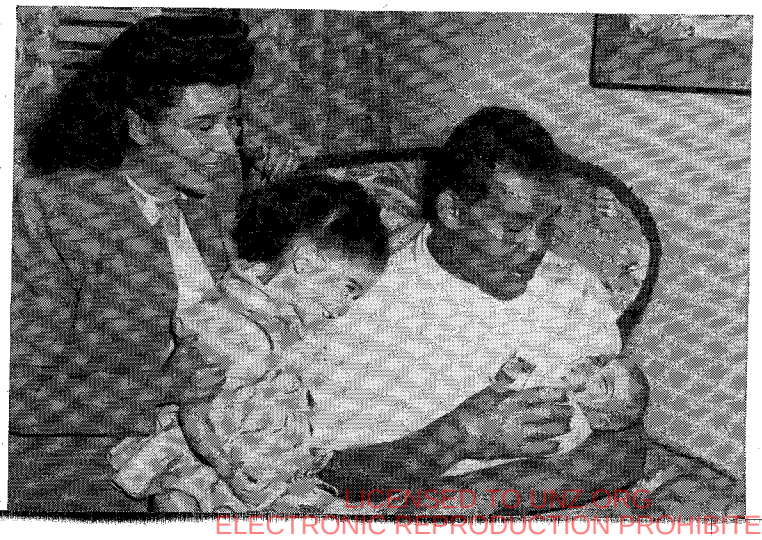
I owe the Government well over $1,000,000 in back taxes. I don't actually know how much the total is, and I don't think the Government does either. Almost every other week I seem to get a new bill.

I know this, though: When you owe that kind of money you can't get out, because the more you make, the higher the percentage that's being taken out in current taxes. It's like doing roadwork on a treadmill. The faster you run, the faster they move that treadmill against you. No matter how fast you think you're going, you're not really going anywhere at all.

Another reason you can't get out, if any other reason is needed, is that they charge you 6 per cent interest a year on your original assessments. Here's how I stood, up to about a month ago. I owed something like $700,000, of which $544,945.11 was original assessments. That meant I'd be charged more than $32,000 a year in interest alone. But to clear $32,000 after taxes I'd have to make more than $90,000. Remember, that's just to stay even. If I wanted to pay another $32,000 against the bill itself — a rate at which it would take me twenty-two years to pay off — I'd have to make $400,000. After $400,000 it doesn't matter what you make, because then the taxes come to about ninety-one cents on the dollar.

Like I said, even those figures are out of date now. On November twenty-ninth the Government filed a new claim against me for an additional $507,610 in taxes and interest.

Let me say right away that I don't want it to look as if I'm fighting the Government here.



Joe, wife Marva, and daughter Jacqueline admire Joe, Jr. Later, Louis and Marva were divorced, but she and their kids are still tangled up in his tax troubles.

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If the Government says I owe the money, I owe the money and they're entitled to it. Besides, tax cases are as much trouble to the Government as to the taxpayer. They're the ones that are losing the money.

They know you can't pay the bill, so they don't bother you as far as trying to tell you what you should do with your money or how you should budget or anything like that. You just go on living as close to a normal life as you can, and the bill just keeps on getting bigger and bigger. In ten years, if no settlement is made, I'll owe well over a million dollars.

The only thing is that you want to settle up your bills and meet your obligations. If I died tomorrow, I'd have no estate to leave my children; the Government would take whatever assets I have. As a matter of fact, they are trying, right now, to attach the trusts my ex-wife, Marva, set up for the children.

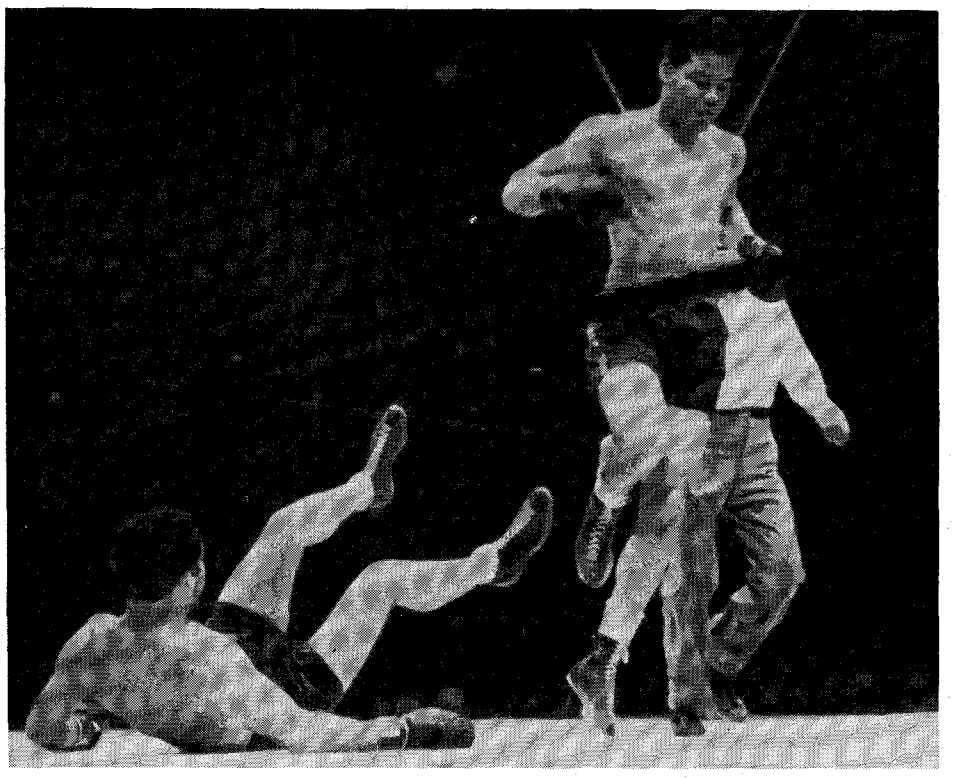
How can anybody get in as deep as I have? I got in—hard as it is to believe—by collecting a $591,116 purse against Billy Conn in my first fight after I got out of the Army. You have to make a lot of money before you can dig yourself as deep a hole as mine.

I have a few suggestions I'd like to make later on about what might be done to help both the Government and the taxpayer. I don't mean me. It's too late for that. I mean the current fighters and entertainers and people like that who are making a lot of money over a short period of time.

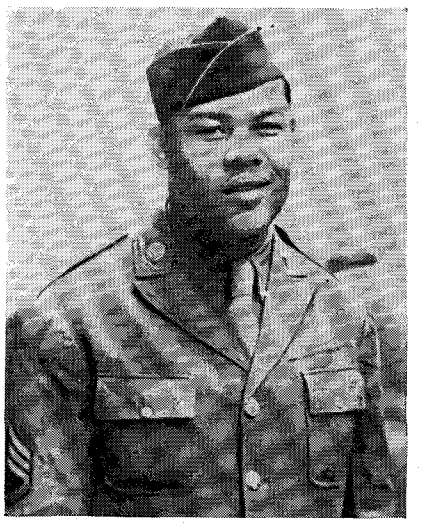
Before I go into details about how I got into tax trouble, I'd like to say how I didn't. For years, I've been reading that it came about because:

1. Mike Jacobs kept lending me money while I was in the Army so that he could get me on the hook—like the promoter or the manager is always doing in moving pictures about boxing.

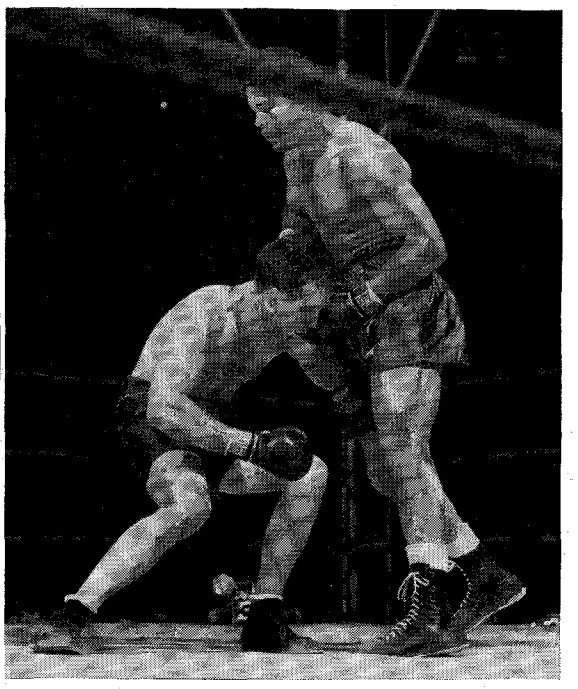
2. Jim Braddock was given a percentage of all my earnings (Continued on Page 68)



Money was no problem to Joe in 1938. He got $349,228 for his 2-minute demolition job on Max Schmeling that year.

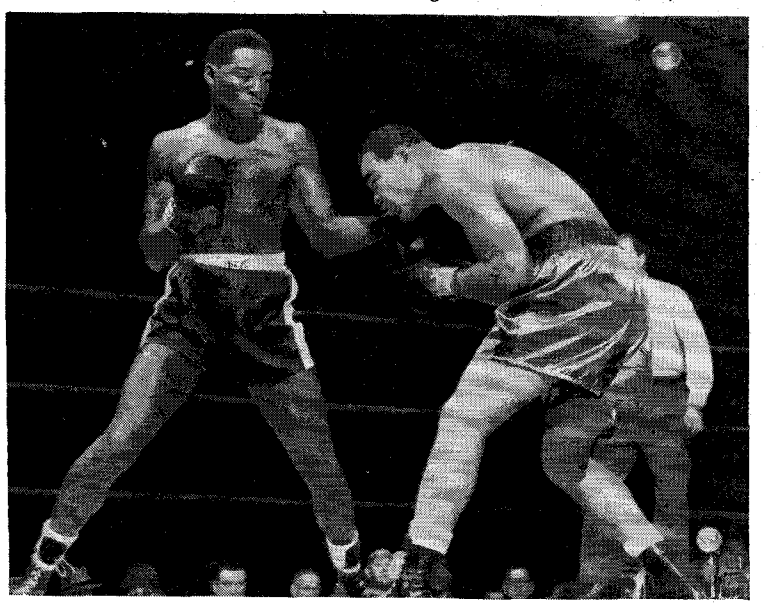


Joe owed $98,000 when he went into the Army in 1942. He now owes a million.

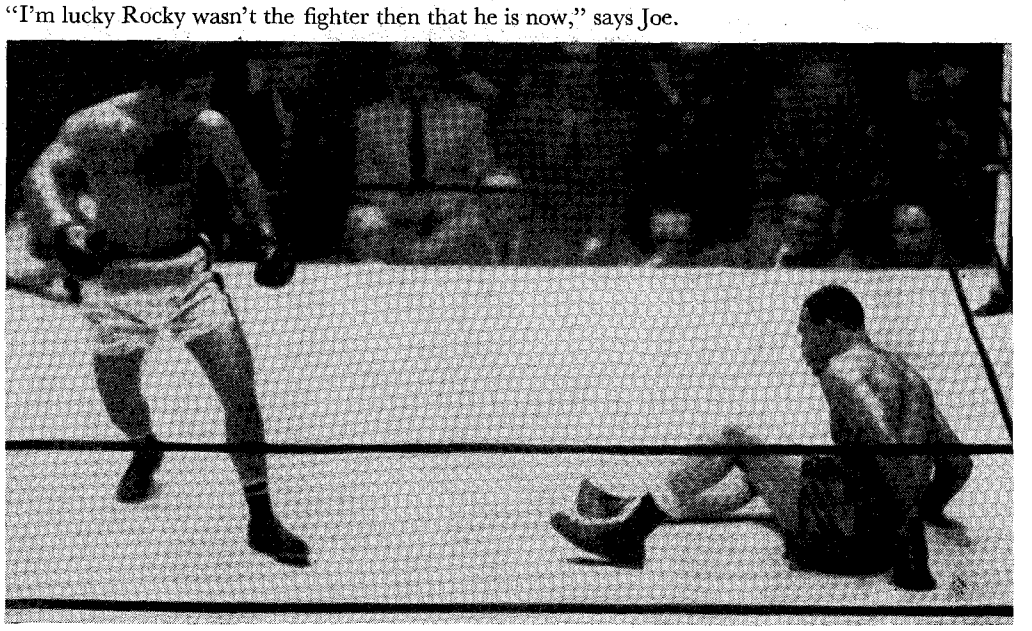


He made $591,116 beating Billy Conn in 1946, but debts, taxes, interest and expenses came to $848,748.88.

A 1950 comeback bout with Ezzard Charles was a financial and fistic failure. Joe lost, and the tax collector took Joe's entire share: $36,919.01.



In his last ($132,736) bout, Joe was knocked out by Rocky Marciano. "I'm lucky Rocky wasn't the fighter then that he is now," says Joe.



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"We'll get married—when we save enough," they said.

They were young and in love. All that stood between them and happiness was

Marriage Money

By L. R. BATMAN

The racing results were coming in on the radio, and I was putting away glasses while I listened. Walt was through with his day's work at the Register and was sitting at the bar alone, waiting for Jane. "You do pretty well on the horses, don't you, Lancy?" he said to me.

"Sure," I said.

"I'd like to try a bet," he said, "if you'd make the selection."

"Huh?" I hate to see a young fellow get started with the horses. "Why, Walt?"

"Well, I could use the money."

I knew that. Walt hadn't been on the Register very long. Sixty-five a week, before deductions. Sure, he'd done his hitch in the Army—saw plenty of Korea—and now he was out of college and just a kid starting out in the newspaper game. But he was a man, too, with some catching up to do.

"What you need money for, Walt?"

"I want to save enough money to buy a paper of my own—a country weekly. And I want to marry Jane. I can't save much on my salary."

"That's for sure," I said. "What you want first? Country weekly or marry Jane?"

"Marry Jane," he said.

"How much you got saved?"

"Well, not quite a hundred."

"You want to bet it all on a good horse?"

"No, not all of it."

"Not none of it," I said. "Listen, Walt. You got plenty to get

(Continued on Page 70)

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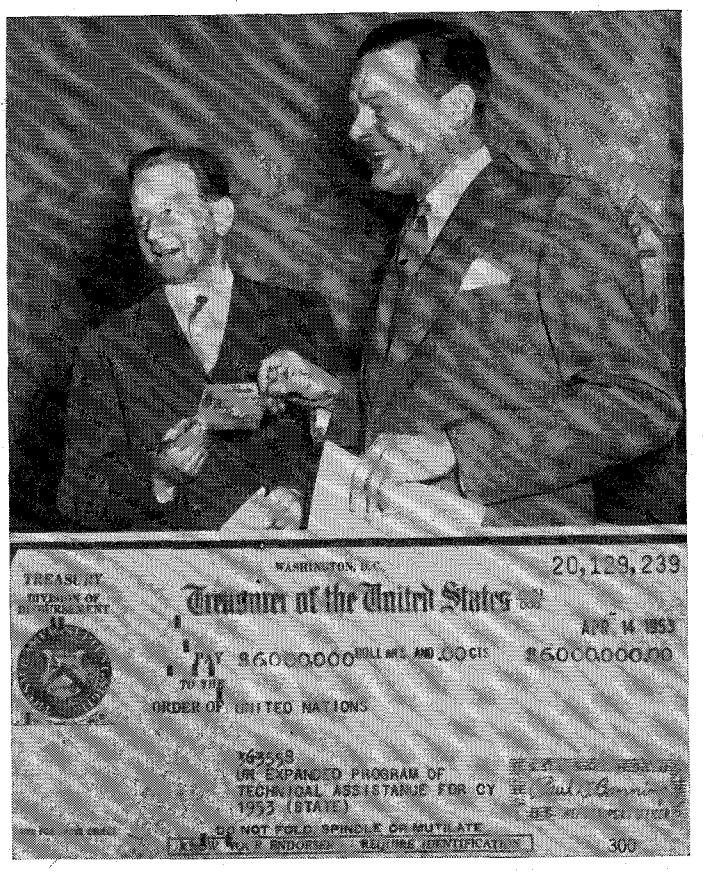
"I hope I shall survive,"
said Dag Hammarskjöld when
he was elected head man of the U.N.
This surprising Swede has done
a lot better than that in

"The Most Impossible Job in the World"

By Demaree Bess



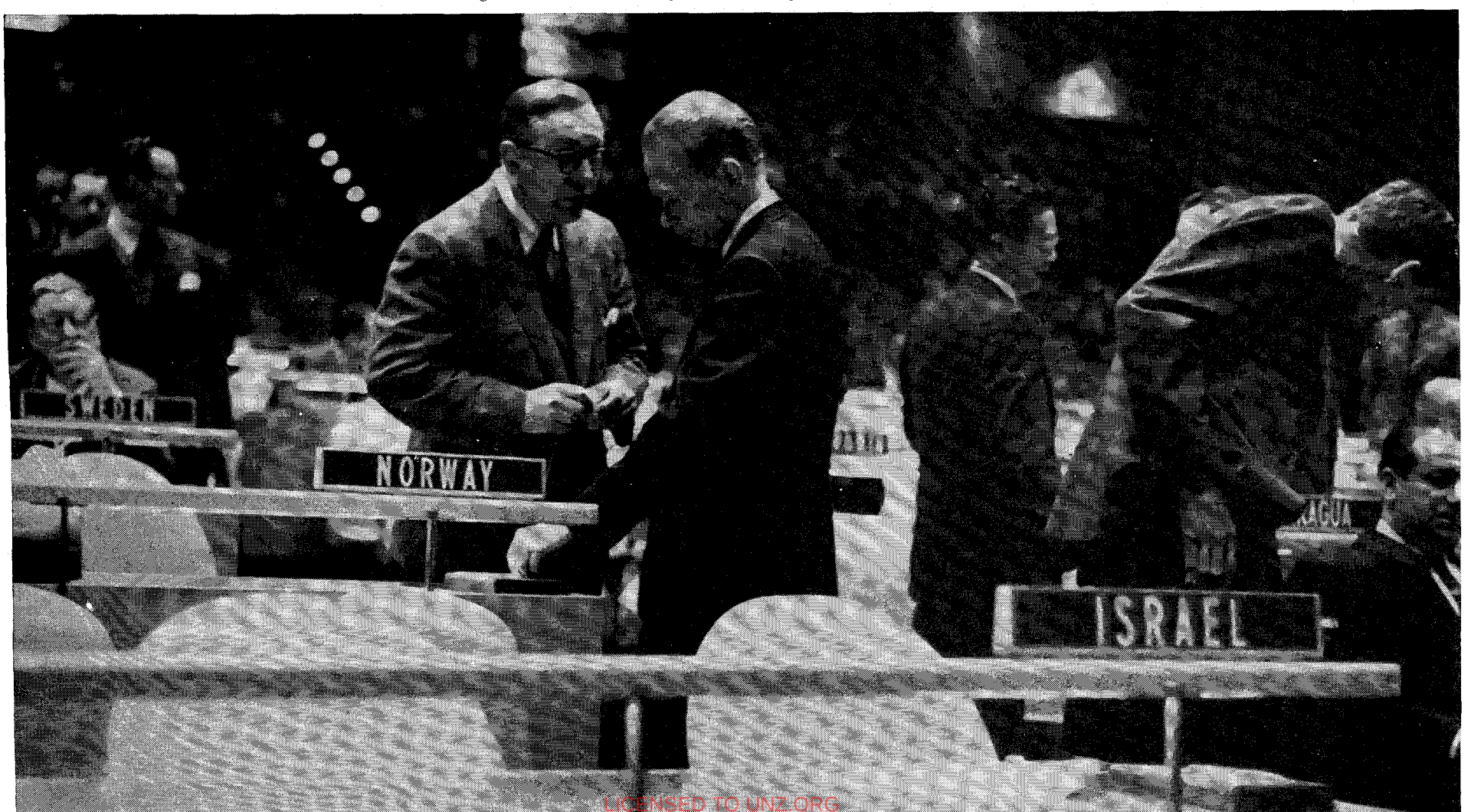
Hammarskjöld and U. S. Ambassador Lodge. The check is a payment on our assessment for the U.N. Technical Assistance program.

One of the most popular plays of bygone years was called The Cinderella Man. Its plot has long since been forgotten, but the title keeps bobbing up. At first glance that label does not remotely suggest the suave, aristocratic fifty-year-old Swedish bachelor, Dag Hammarskjöld, who recently passed the halfway mark in his five-year term as commander in chief of the United Nations. But a closer look reveals elements of the Cinderella story in Mr. Hammarskjöld's transformation during the past year into a dramatic global personality—a transformation which began when he took a flight to Red China.

Three years ago no Cinderella could have occupied a more obscure place in the U.N. hierarchy than did Mr. Hammarskjöld. Although he had then already served for two years as a leader of the Swedish delegation to the U.N., he kept so persistently in the background that most top U.N. officials were not even aware of his existence. That is, not until—as the darkest of dark horses—he became the compromise choice for U.N. Secretary General in March, 1953. When his election was announced to the reporters assigned to the U.N., they asked one another in bewilderment, "Who is he?" Broadcasters did not even know how to pronounce his name until he told them that it is a combination of two Swedish words meaning hammer and shield, and "hammer-shield" is about as close as English-speaking tongues can come to the correct Swedish pronunciation of Hammarskjöld.

Even during his first year and a half as boss of the U.N.'s 7000 (Continued on Page 63)

As the man in the middle between the Soviet and free-world governments, Hammarskjöld must be a good listener. Here he lends an ear to Norway's Hans Engen.



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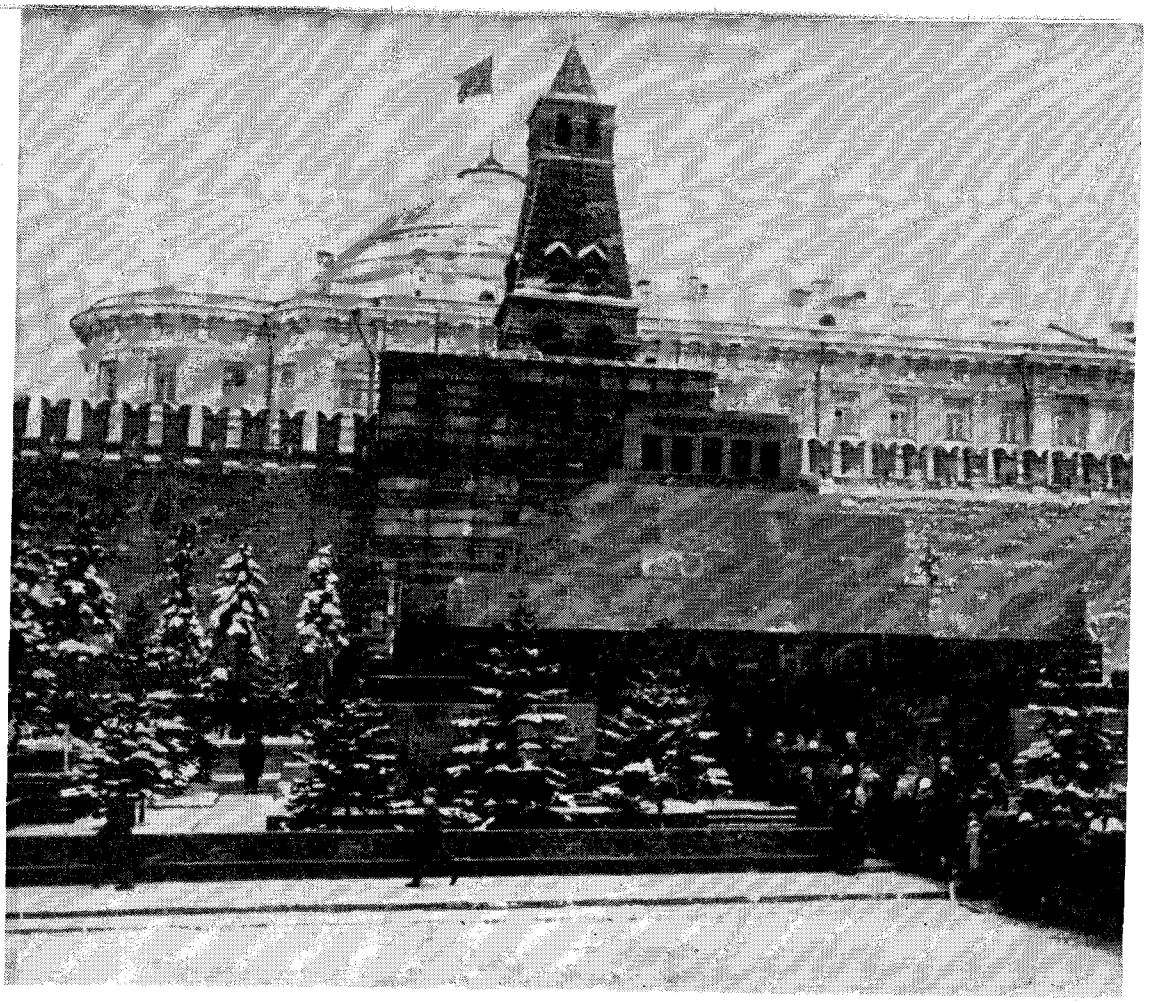
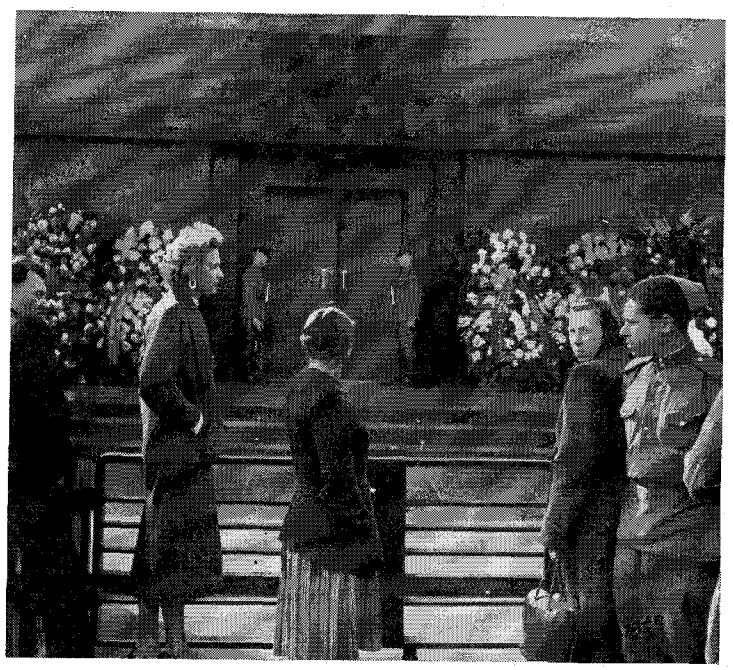


Day after day, throngs of pious communists line up in Moscow's Red Square to pass through the somber Lenin-Stalin mausoleum, shrine of shrines in the Soviet state religion.



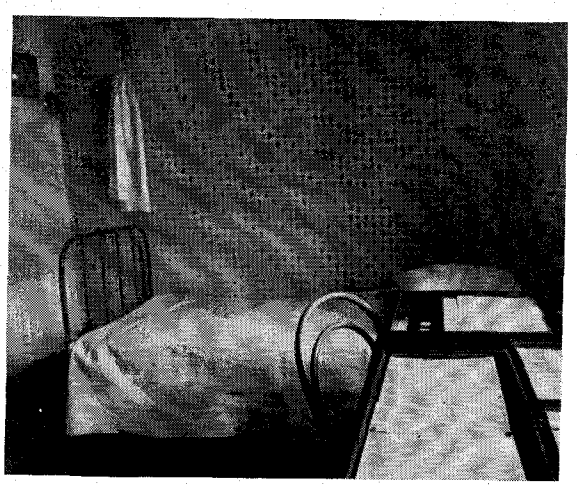
An honor guard and banks of flowers flank the entrance to the tomb. The door is always left open.

Those Smug, Smug Russians:

COMMUNISM IS THEIR RELIGION

By STEWART ALSOP

Inside the mausoleum, the artfully reconstructed corpses of Lenin and Stalin lie in state in spotlit glass cases. The irreverent refer to the bodies as "The Gruesome Twosome."



Replicas of the little room where Lenin lived during his school years serve as shrines all over the USSR.

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On his junket through post-Stalin Russia, the author found less tension and more prosperity. But the communist master plan, he reports, is just as terrifying as ever. . . .

CONCLUSION

Since the death of the senile and evil-minded tyrant Josef Stalin, there has unquestionably been a change in the Soviet Union. This is not surprising—change of some sort was inevitable, when death came to the man who had utterly dominated all Soviet life for a quarter of a century. But how deep does the change go, and what does it mean for us?

On a recent visit of several weeks to the Soviet Union, I tried hard to find an answer to that question. I began to get at least an inkling of the answer at three all-night parties for Moscow's teen-age set. The parties, which were a lot of fun, were held on Red Square, around the squat, dark tomb of Lenin and Stalin, and under the handsome high brick walls of the Kremlin.

Like most transient journalists in Moscow, I stayed at the Hotel National, a somber old firetrap with a view of Red Square and the Kremlin. A couple of weeks after I had arrived, I woke up late one night to the sound of music and singing. I peered sleepily out of the window, and in the dim light of the early dawn I saw hundreds of boys and girls, in long lines, with arms linked, walking or skipping or dancing up the hill which leads to Red Square. A few of the boys were playing balalaikas, and all the boys and girls were singing. It was an inviting sound, the young voices in the cool dawn, and I dressed quickly and joined the party which was already well under way on Red Square.

It was an odd place for a party, and an odd sort of party, with some of the boys and girls dancing, and others singing, and others just wandering about the huge square in big bunches, talking and laughing. Yet the party gave me a queer nostalgic feeling, for it reminded me in unexpected ways of the small-town America of two or three decades ago.

It was a most decorous affair. The dancing would have drawn no disapproving stares at a church supper—it was the arm's-length, jiggledy-hop sort of dancing. There was hardly any drinking, and only a little shy hand-holding. The girls, who were, alas, no beauties, were dressed in long white dresses, like old-fashioned nightdresses, and equally modest. The boys, in their awkwardly cut jackets and baggy pants, looked like country boys of a generation ago in their Sunday best.

Yet there was something strange and wild and Russian about the party, too, as the boys and girls whirled about the enormous square and sang their off-beat, mournful Russian songs, in the clear dawn, beneath the pretty yellow and green of the Kremlin and the glinting gilt of St. Basil's onion dome. I don't remember when I've had a better time.

Perhaps it was the sense of daring, of being a little wicked, that made the party such fun. Dancing in the dawn, at the time of school matriculation, is a tradition in Moscow. But no one had ever dared to dance in Red Square before. In Josef Stalin's day Soviet citizens did not voluntarily

(Continued on Page 84)

Workers question U. S. farm experts at a tractor plant in Kharkov. It's now safe for Russians to talk with Americans in public, but no sensible comrade would meet a U. S. citizen privately without official permission.

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A Story of Action Against the Reds . . .

Landing Party

By JACLAND MARMUR

To draw the enemy fire, he had to offer a better target: himself.

Benny didn't really belong in the Navy; Ensign Yorty did. Mr. David Yorty was an admiral's son. He had four generations of Academy and naval tradition behind him; Benny Blochman had none. If the world hadn't stayed so all fouled up, Benny would still be taking his pleasure in Humboldt County, hunting squirrel in the redwood brush with a long-shell twenty-two. He never would have been on the USS Paul Breckendale in August heat off the East Korean coast, leaning against a depth-charge rack in dungarees, hearing the hissing rush of a fleet destroyer's boiling wake. He'd never be drinking beer from a hole punched into the top of a can. He'd never have seen a crippled jet trail out a smoky banner in the sky. He never would have known the hard dry curl of Ensign Yorty's voice.

The plane was still a hazy blip on the radarscope in CIC, Ensign Yorty just stepping briskly to the afterdeck, when Benny drawled his old complaint to Pinky, the striker for gunner's mate, "Beer just ain't got the flavor, drunk from a can like this."

Pinky chuckled. Pinky had heard it before. "There's millions of people," Pinky said, "who don't give a tinker's damn whether beer comes out of a can, a bottle, or the tap from the bung of a keg. As long as the beer is good. Not Benny! Benny's different. Benny's gotta ——"

"Sure, I'm different. I got a right to be different. That's one of the reasons I'm here, fighting a cockeyed war. For me, beer just ain't got the flavor, drunk from a can like ——"

"Blochman!" All the young heads turned at the snap of Ensign Yorty's Navy voice. "You should know by now it isn't regulation even to have beer on board! The captain was good enough to permit it on this independent mission we have just completed in the north. You don't seem satisfied." Mr. Yorty's voice curled with his disapproval of the quality of enlisted personnel. "Why, in heaven's name, don't you like beer from a can? Would you care for a tray and glasses?"

"No, sir." Benny had a slow and boyish grin. "I just like my beer from a bottle, sir. Got no savor for me from a can. That's all I ——"

"You may drink it any way you wish, making liberty on the beach. Meantime, we will skip your ration in the ship."

The division officer turned smartly away. Benny frowned. The others grinned. Benny

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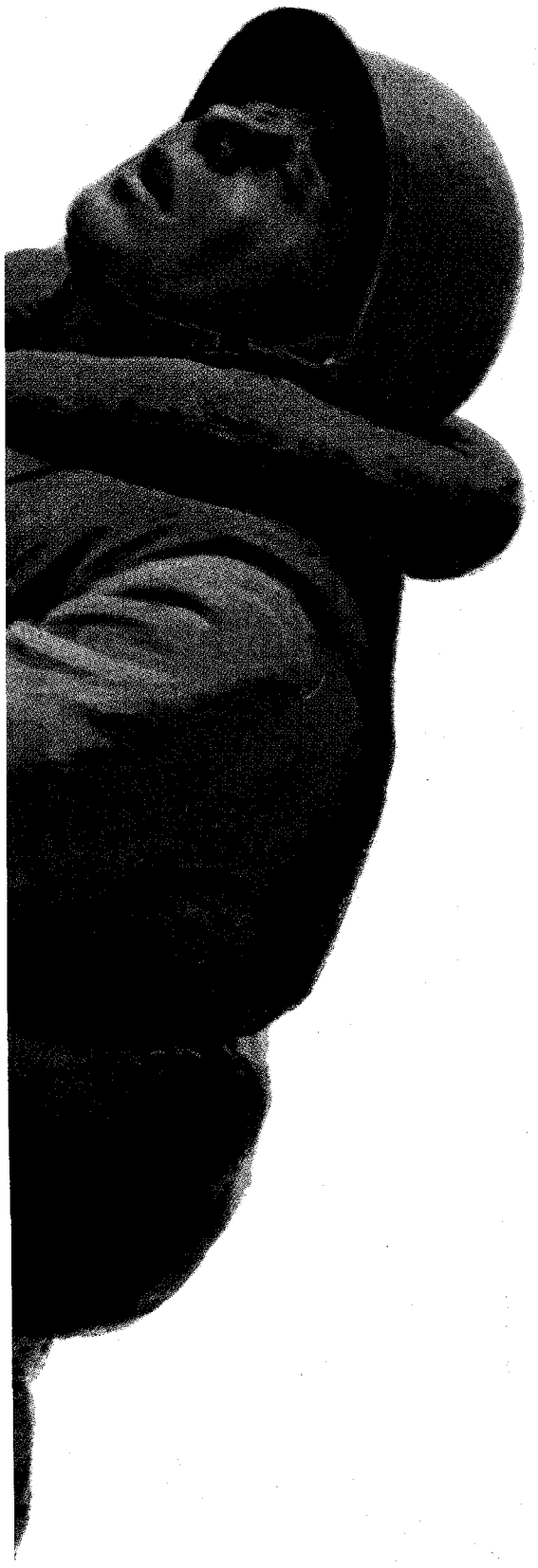


was about to expound his theory quietly. He never did. The jet came screaming into sight just then above the bleak Korean hills. Black smoke plumed from it, and small licks of flame. It was badly hit. That fighter pilot, seeing the narrow ship below him on the sea, was trying to ditch in the water, knowing if he could he'd be all right. He never made it. His time ran out. A small dark speck ejected from the stricken plane. Beneath the smoking trail the parachute began to blossom. The jet screamed seaward, nosed down suddenly, erupted on the distant ocean in a flaming roar.

Benny didn't see it. Benny kept watching a black dot hanging in parachute harness, helplessly drifting down from heaven's high security to man's cruel and hostile earth.

"He's hit the beach," said Benny. "He's a coupla hundred yards from the surf." Small yellow fire flicks showed in evening light way over there, and spurts of smoke. "They're shooting at him!" Benny said. "The dirty ——"

No one answered. No one heard him. The ship was curving steeply shoreward, turbines, blowers, in crescending whine. The bosun's whistle started wailing quarters, and a call for volunteers. Then Benny stood with Pinky at the whaleboat falls where Ensign Yorty, eagerly efficient in his sidearms, watched the chief form up the landing party.

And the skipper strode along the throbbing tin can's deck, binoculars against his chest.

"I will seal the area off with gunfire, Mr. Yorty." Commander Harding's voice was flat. "That's all I can do for you. But I want that pilot and my people back. All of them!" The captain turned quickly, startling Benny when his hard voice asked, "Blochman—you! You going?"

"He complains too much, sir." Ensign Yorty's voice curled dryly. "Blochman doesn't even know ——"

"Everybody must learn sometime, Mr. Yorty. Take him. He can shoot. . . . Blochman, get yourself a carbine!"

Benny did. He went. The whaleboat gushed in to a rockbound beach, surf spouting when she took the ground. The next thing Benny knew, he crouched behind a boulder, carbine ready. Benny liked the carbine. Wouldn't ever do for squirrel; blow the little beasts to pieces. Fine for this, though. Fine. He heard a five-inch salvo scream past overhead, thud flashing into earth far forward, bursting dust and flame. Benny looked back for an instant, saw his gray ship silhouetted against sea haze, all the gun snouts training toward the land. She belched another salvo, isolating this small square of hostile earth.

"There he is, sir!" That was Pinky, crying from another boulder. "Over there! He's hurt. That pilot moves, they'll pot him sure! Five—no, six. There's six in that lousy Gook patrol!"

Ensign Yorty saw the shot-down pilot, free of all his gear, crouching in his cover with his side all bloody and his face ash-gray. Benny saw him too. The ship's fire was way over. The enemy patrol was in between. Six, thought Benny. Six would be a lot of squirrels. Benny didn't grin, crouching close to Ensign Yorty. They heard Pinky's thin voice calling, "Let me get him, sir!"

"No, Pinky; no!" Benny cried out without thinking. "Minute you hit that patch of open sand, they'll chop you down!"

"Blochman—keep your mouth shut!" Ensign Yorty's eyes were wrathful, cold scorn in his voice. Was this the Navy of Paul Jones and Steve Decatur? "You!" he spat. "You wouldn't even think of going, would you?"

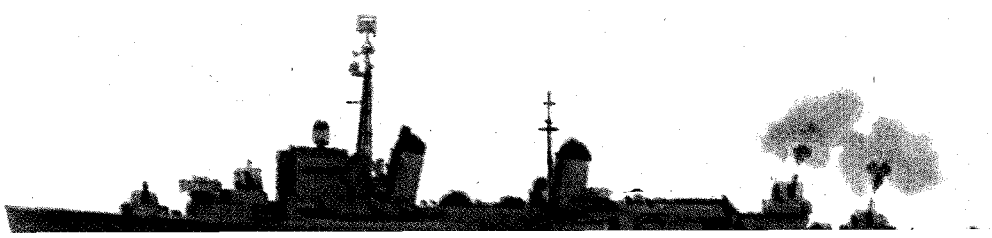
"Would, sir, if I'd do some good. Would if I was ordered. Man can't shoot a carbine proper when he's running, though. Be better if I ——"

"Be better if you'd stayed on board." Young Yorty's voice was acid with his judgment. He turned quickly. "Stand by, all of you! I'm going for that pilot myself! When I give the word, start shooting. Cover me. Now! Commence fire!"

He leaped up, racing into open ground. The carbines cracked. Benny didn't stir. He watched the distance. He saw a dark shape rise up over there, burp gun at ready, pointing toward the ensign. Benny sighted down his carbine. Benny didn't hurry. He just squeezed one off. The dark shape threw an arm up, plunged head foremost. Maybe that's how Benny did it with the squirrels, back in Humboldt County. Bigger target than a squirrel.

Benny sprang erect. He heard whips cracking past him. Give those Gooks a target while the ensign ran. If they'd shoot at Benny—that sour officer might make it. He might even bring that wounded pilot back. Benny dropped to one knee, carbine at his shoulder. He squeezed off

(Continued on Page 50)



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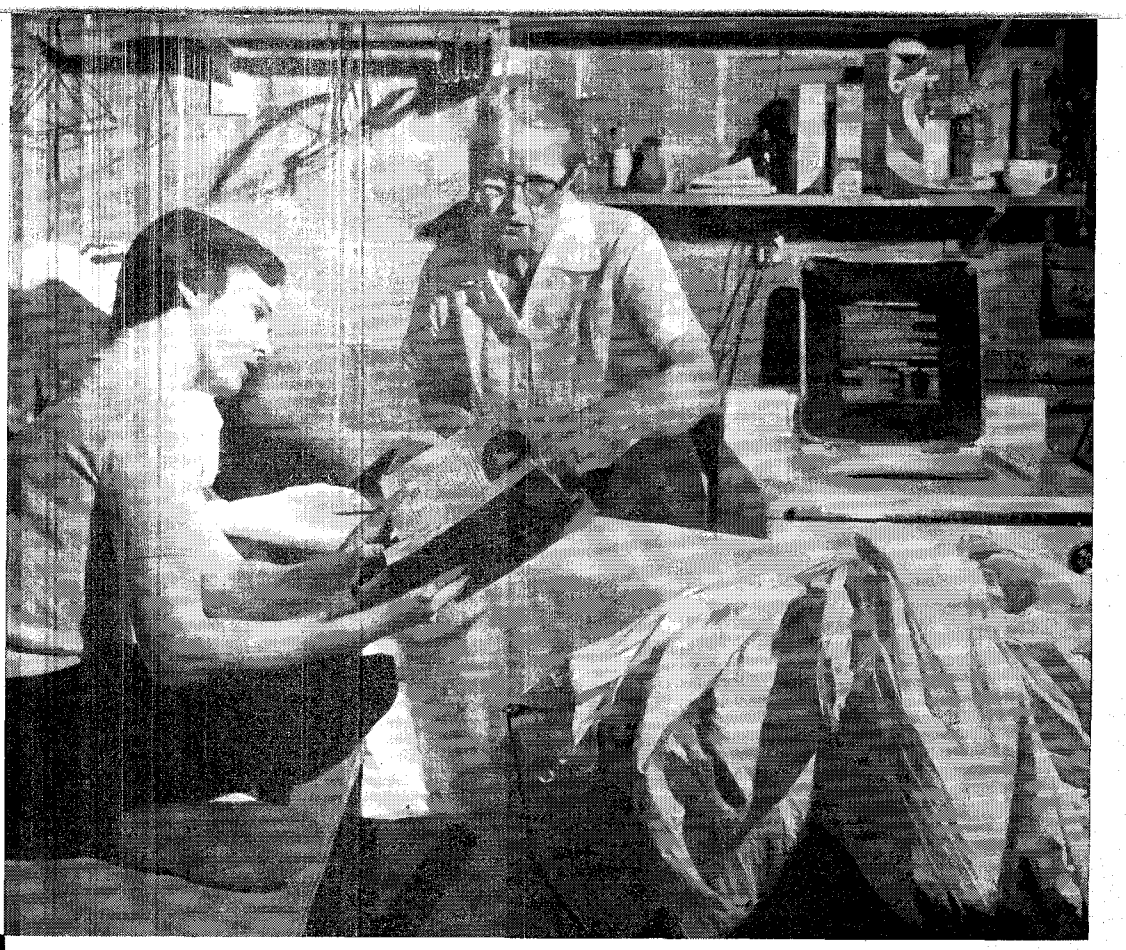
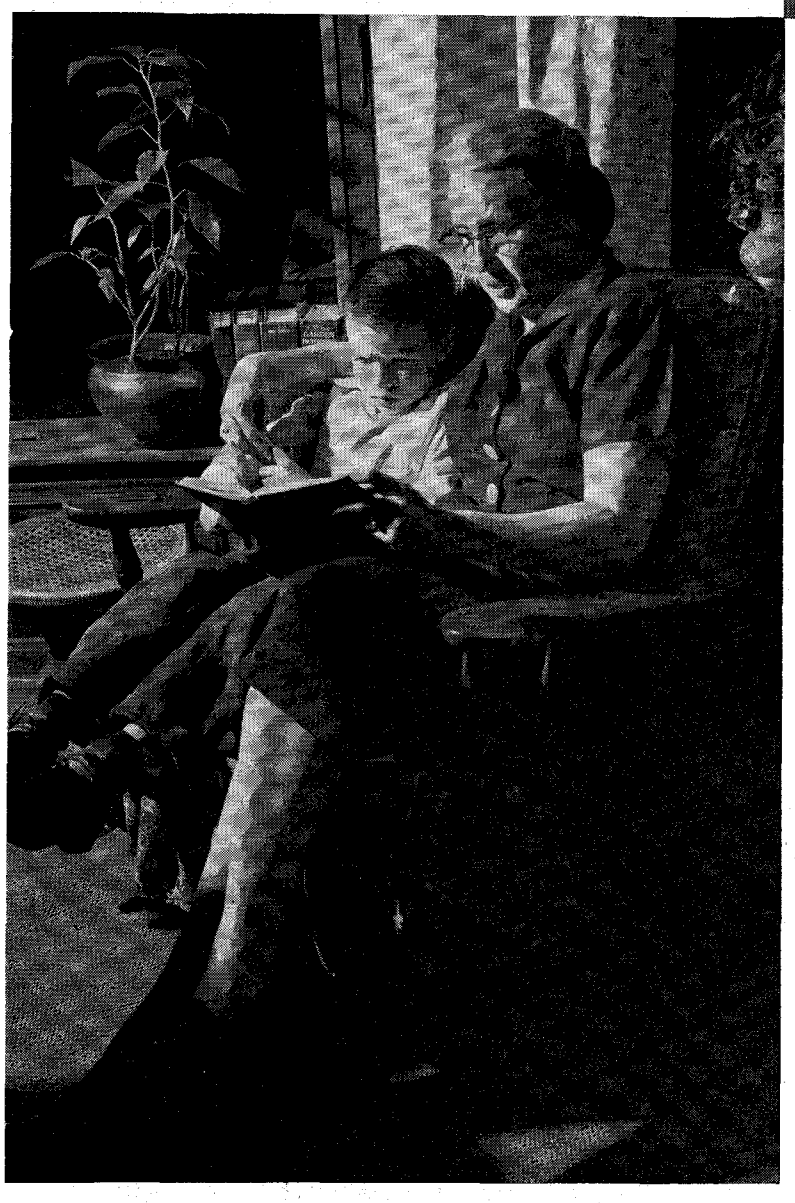


At home in Falls Church, Va., the author takes time out from ironing to help her daughter, Nancy, with a school assignment.



There's no sense in tackling such a heavy schedule of outside activities that it means neglecting your own children, says Louise Winfield, shown with her son, Ted.

I've had enough!

By LOUISE PARKS WINFIELD

Working around the house together means as much to Louise and her husband, Jerry, as any community project.

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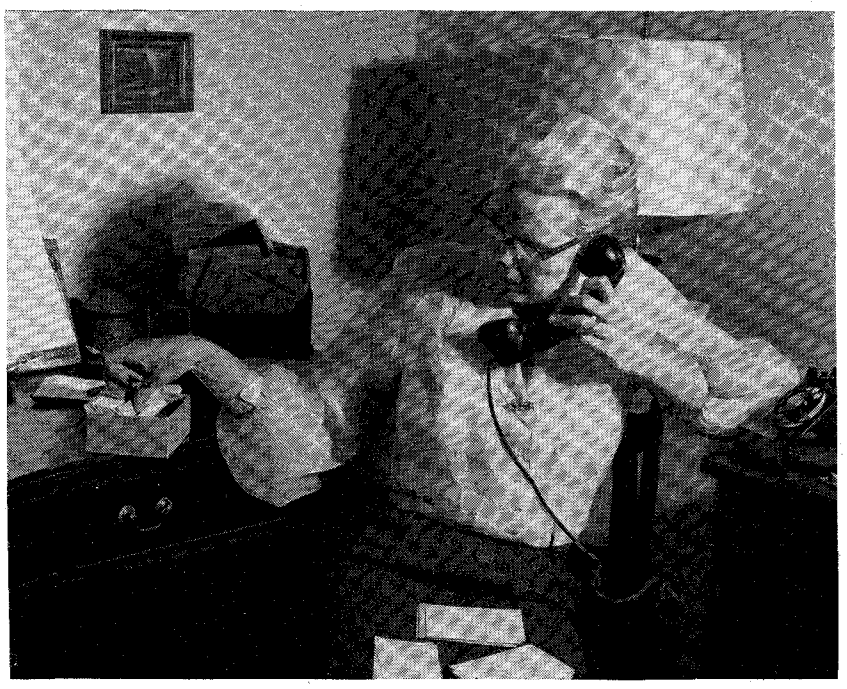
Even now Mrs. Winfield occasionally weakens and accepts an assignment to make "a few phone calls" for some worthy cause.



"Sorry, no," said the author when she was asked to serve at this church bazaar. She made a tray of candy for the sale, however.

Campaigns, causes and community organizations robbed this busy mother of privacy—until she decided her family needed her more than the public did.

I have been a volunteer worker for church and school and general community programs in various localities for twenty-five years, and I can't seem to quit. Moving to a new neighborhood should bring a change, but I betray myself in a dozen ways. Without calculating the consequences, I ask questions about civic problems. I tell a minister that I appreciated his sermon. I attend a P.T.A. movie, and when discussion is in order, I get on my feet and offer a comment. I sign a petition for Cause A. I make a small contribution to Cause B. And what happens? Ask any American mother who has concern for the kind of world her children live in, and who has ever assumed any community responsibility. The phone rings. The postman comes. There is a knock on the door.

After our latest move, I found myself jotting down outside commitments even before I had unpacked my engagement book. "Teach Sunday-school class 9:30 Sundays. . . . Elementary P.T.A. first Wed.—Program Committee third Thurs. . . . High School P.T.A. first Monday—consider joining study group. . . . Meeting for proposed community swimming pool. . . . Executive Committee for Council Church Women."

The list grew. The requests increased: "Will you recruit workers in your area for the symphony-orchestra-fund campaign? . . . Will you cover two blocks for the Community Chest? . . . Will you serve on the Summer Seminar Committee? . . . Please represent us at a meeting to explore the possibility of a local International Institute. . . . Will you work at a booth at the church bazaar? . . . How many tickets will you sell for a benefit fashion show? . . . If you will just circulate this petition. . . . Just make a few phone calls."

This phone-call business is the most insidious of all. Again and again I have begged off a committee because I have no free evening left or because I must be home at midday to give my youngest child lunch. The response is, "But, of course, you can make some phone calls for us."

(Continued on Page 76)

Louise budgets her time so that she can still work as a committeewoman on the local P.T.A.

Teaching a class of young people at her church is one job she intends to keep.

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"Great!" said a voice from the doorway . . .
"Mom doing her old burlesque routine."

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She loved her parents,

but what a handicap they were

to a girl's chances . . .

No Man For Nancy

Maggie's escorts looked like a couple of skyrockets.

By WILLIAM HOLDER

Peter Hilton sat in the big chair contentedly, his stockinged feet on an ottoman, a great flagon of beer on the table beside him, and in his lap an old friend, the third volume of Ueberweg's Geschichte der Philosophie. He rubbed his full black beard and nodded appreciatively at an observation on Pyrrho, then took a huge draught of the beer. He got up to stretch, and with a little more hair he could easily have been mistaken for a Kodiak bear rising on its hind legs. With a soft sigh, he put six feet five inches and two hundred and fifty pounds back gently into the chair.

The woman who entered the room was very lovely, very tall. She was blond and slim in an exotic fashion. She might have been in her early thirties, and she often wished she were. She said, "Well, and how is Ivan the Horrible? What are you doing home at this hour? I thought you were working in Philadelphia this evening."

"Hello, Maggie darling. I twisted a knee in Toronto last night. Joe Kovoleski is subbing for me in Philly. He knows the routine with Charley. We go in Pittsburgh tomorrow night." He heaved a vast sigh. "It's nice to spend an evening at home. What's for dinner?"

"I don't know what Marie has cooked up. The usual side of beef, I suppose. Or two lambs. Something like that."

She walked to a record player and switched it on. The music featured a trio with a low, sinful beat. She swung her fine hips in perfect time, arms moving rhythmically. She executed two grinds and a ladylike bump, and the man applauded mightily.

"Great!" said a voice from the doorway. "The usual quiet Hilton evening at home. Pop with a beer and his shoes off, and mom doing her old burlesque routine."

"A little more respect for your parents, please," the blond woman said. She did not stop dancing. "And what do you mean, old routine? It's the one they still use. It's classic."

"So classic they once locked you up in Chicago, of all places." Nancy Hilton was an inch short of her mother's six feet one, brunet rather than blond, and proportioned in a fashion that disrupted summer traffic. She pointed to her father. "And you. I thought you were working in Philadelphia with Charley Ginsberg."

"Called it off," the giant said. "I came right home from classes. Little tired." Then he asked, "What's the matter? Something go wrong at work?"

The beautiful girl shook her head. "No. I'm just scared. Henry Hardy is coming to take me to dinner."

Her mother turned off the music. "What's wrong with that? Or is there something wrong with Henry Hardy, whoever he is?"

Nancy sat on the edge of a chair. "There is nothing wrong with Henry Hardy." Her face was very sober. "Look, there's something I'd like to ask you two characters. Do I rate around this place or not?"

"You're my darling, is all," the giant rumbled.

"My little honey baby," her mother cooed. "What in the world ——"

"Pop," the girl said, "couldn't you do me a favor and give up wrestling? Ivan the Horrible! Eeek! Isn't it enough that you have the chair of philosophy at the university?"

"There's a little matter of money," the huge man said. "Ivan the Horrible makes more in a month than Peter Hilton, B.A., B.S., M.A., Ph.D., LL.D., in a year. Besides, I like it. I'm only forty-four years old and the exercise is good for me."

"I know girls who have fathers that play golf. It's bad enough, mother high-kicking all over the place and throwing in a bump now and then, but if you get that other ear cauliflowered, I'm warning you that you're going to have a spinster on your hands."

"Baby couldn't be getting a little snobbish?" her mother said.

Nancy shook her head. "But never. It's only that anyone who comes near the place gets frightened away." She eyed her father. "There was George. You gave him tickets to a match, and he went, and that was the last glimpse I ever had of him. Then Bernard. You took him out in the ketch for two days of bad weather, and I never again saw hide nor hair of him."

Her father rubbed his beard. "Well, there wasn't too much hide to Bernard. Nor to George, for that matter. I don't think either of them ran much over five feet six."

"That's not under the legal limit," Nancy insisted. "I just happen to like the delicate type."

"How big is Henry?" her mother asked.

"He can't possibly be mistaken for a midget. I guess he's about six feet. But he's no weight lifter. He's a research chemist, and they don't need too many muscles to hoist those little glass things. He's from Boston, and he's quiet like a mouse, and I'm lucky he speaks to me, on account of my name isn't Cabot or Lowell."

"Hilton is a very honorable name," her father said. "I hear that the hanging of my great-grandfather (Continued on Page 74)

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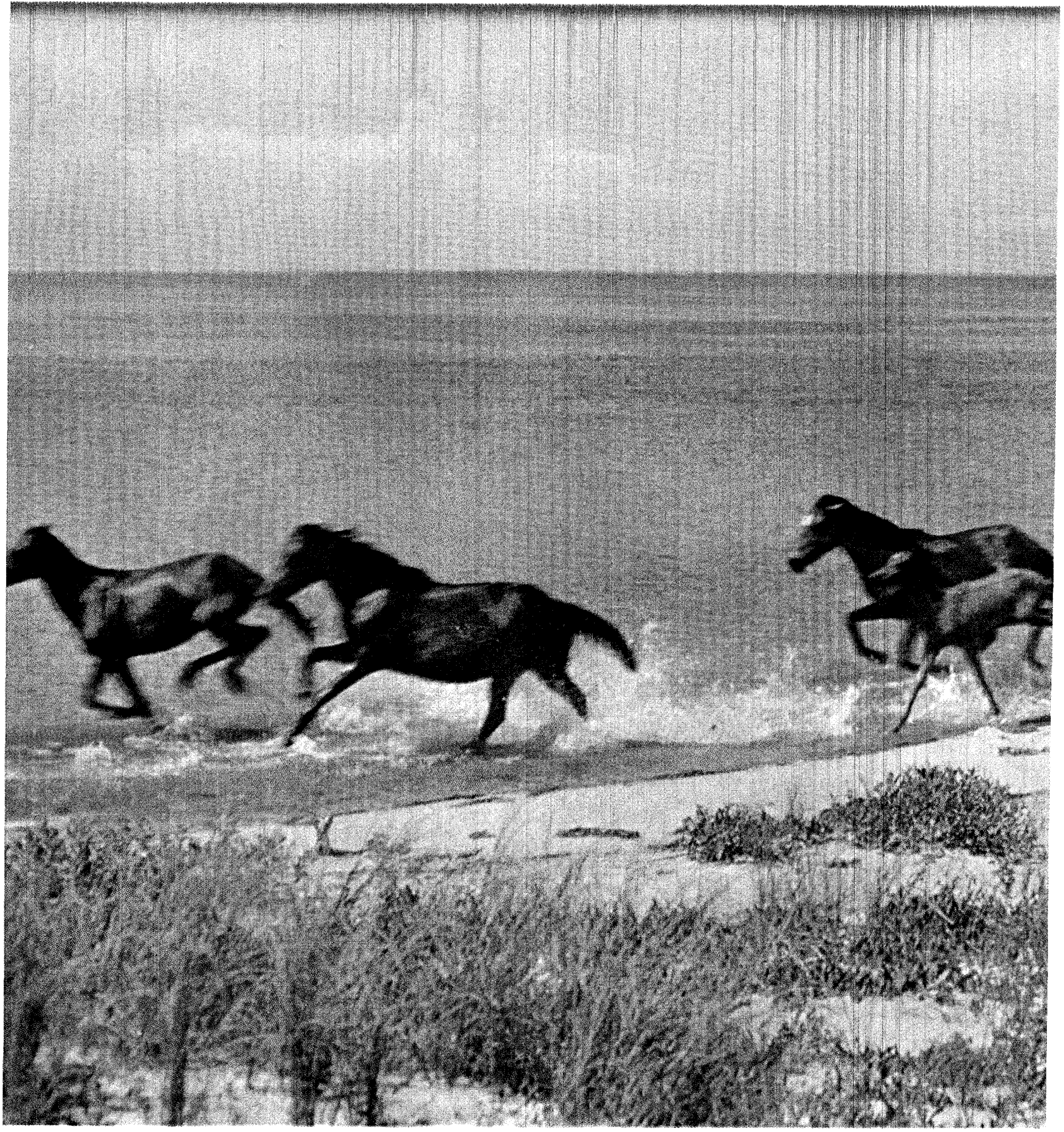

The Face of AMERICA

Dune Denizens

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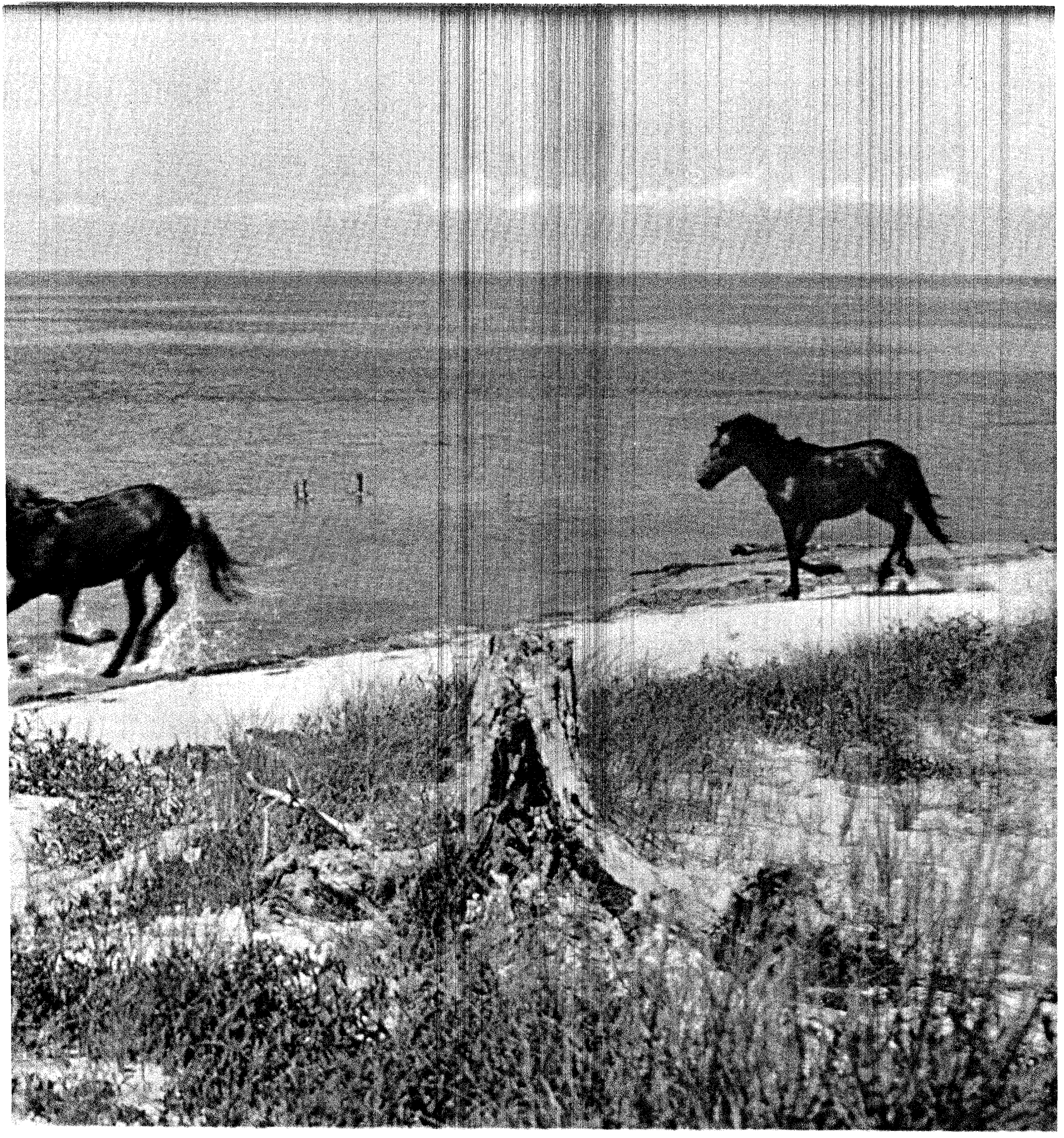

You see here some members of one of America's First Families, spirited creatures which might belong to a sort of Society of Mayflower Descendants if horses had such things. Their ancestors arrived in the early 1700's when their ship was wrecked on Ocracoke Island, a North Carolina sandspit near treacherous Cape Hatteras. Since then the horses have run loose. They are rounded up annually, and new colts are branded by the owners of the wild mares which bore them. To thin out the herd Ocracoke holds an auction each Fourth of July. The horses bring $50 to $100 each, after which the buyer must pay for ferrying them thirty miles to the nearest railhead. But Ocracoke retains enough to supply mounts for its Boy Scout troop. • Photograph by George Tichenor

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"Massachusetts Girl Missing" said the headline.

It was a front-page scandal, and all about

Those Midford Girls

By BARBARA J. HUNT

Myra Midford was a widow. She had three daughters: Marilyn; Ruth; and Sue, who was stagestruck. Since her husband, Dick, had died and her daughters had left home, Mrs. Midford felt alone in her oversized house. She decided to sell it with the help of Israel Page, the real-estate man.

Miss Harrid and Mrs. Blenkham might buy it. They wanted to establish a finishing school for young ladies. Miss Harrid was a health-food addict and Mrs. Blenkham was nearly deaf.

David Hanna, a university student, persuaded Mrs. Midford to give him a room in the house. He would pay rent by doing chores. Then Marilyn arrived unexpectedly with news: She had obtained a divorce from George Stafford, and Sue had disappeared in New York.

Despite her worries, Mrs. Midford had to show the house to the Allbrights, wealthy friends of Ruth's. They were arty people who wanted to "restore" the place. As they discussed the house, Mrs. Midford realized how much it meant to her.

The Allbrights' tour of the house was interrupted by the ring of the telephone. Had someone learned of Sue's whereabouts? Mrs. Midford ran to the phone, her heart pounding.

II

It was only Israel Page. "Myra!" he croaked. "Those old fools come to look at the house?"

She had to make a great effort to remember back to the morning, to Mrs. Blenkham and Miss Harrid. "Yes. Did you send them?"

"Nope. Just told 'em the swami was sure to take it."

"But he can't possibly! That freak!"

"He's mighty interested. When I told him we'd come down to fifteen thousand, the aura started getting healthier right away. He's going to take it up with his disciples, and after they consult the spirits, he'll let us know."

"But he's not sincere! He's just a fake!"

"With a white elephant like you got, Myra, you can't afford to quibble over a little insincerity. Besides, you'll be down in Florida."

She had an impulse to tell him. He was one of her own. He understood how things were; it would be almost like talking to grandma or Dick. "Mr. Page, something's happened. Something ——"

"Eh? What's that? Speak up, Myra!"

"Don't go deaf on me now, Mr. Page. It's Sue. In New York, you know. She's lost."

There was a moment's silence on the wire. Then: "Always liked Sue. Reminds me of your grandmother. Not so pretty, though."

"Mr. Page, she's lost."

"You mean, she's lost you or you lost her?"

"Oh, don't quibble! You know what I mean!"

"Can't say I do. It's practically impossible for two parties to lose each other, except with children or in the woods. She's not lost. You just don't know where she is."

"I'm Modigliani," David said. "Are you with the Times-Star or the Boston Herald?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, what's the difference?"

"Want me to go down to New York and find her?"

"No. The police are looking, and George—you know, Marilyn's husband ——"

"That stuffed penguin! He couldn't find the Statue of Liberty unless she got on the financial page by mistake."

"He's got a lot of influence," said Mrs. Midford dubiously.

"Got some influence myself," said Mr. Page.

"No, you haven't."

"Don't argue with me, Myra. Why, I used to go to school with a man that got to be president of the something or other national bank—think of the name in a minute. He's been dead a while now, but —— Where's Sue staying down there?"

Mrs. Midford gave him the address. "But she moved out, and we don't know where ——"

"You quit worrying." And before she could say another word, Israel Page hung up.

She sat a moment by the telephone. It was ridiculous to think of that old man, who was practically ready to break in two, going down to New York like a latter-day Don Quixote. He was probably only talking. Still ——

The Allbrights came downstairs. She showed them the kitchen, in which they thought they'd put a brick cooking wall; and the pantry, which they'd make into another bathroom; and the butler's pantry, which would make an ideal bar; and the drawing room, which Mrs. Allbright saw done in orange.

In the library, Mrs. Allbright swooped upon the Iron Maiden. "Look at that, Jock! The lines are practically modern!"

"Very chaste and simple," he murmured approvingly.

"We generally don't go for antiques," said Mrs. Allbright. "We find them so busy. All those curves and cushions. Jock and I are really very simple people. We tend to eliminate. You might say elimination is our key word. Stark reality, the bare skeleton—we vibrate to it. Color and line. Elimination of everything else. After all, isn't that the keynote of our times? The bare agony of simplicity."

To Mrs. Midford the times seemed excruciatingly complicated and busy. But who was she to argue? She looked at the Iron Maiden

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The men from the newspapers were taking pictures of the house.

and made the great understatement of her life. "It isn't very comfortable," she said.

"Don't you value it?" gasped Mrs. Allbright. "Why, it must have been in your family for generations!"

"I don't know where it came from. Perhaps it was cobbled up on some barn back in the days when there were witches around here. It's a very puritanical sort of chair."

"Isn't she sweet?" said Mrs. Allbright. "Jock, I really think—wouldn't it look exactly right under the Modigliani in the hall?"

"Would you sell it, Mrs. Midford?"

"Why, I suppose so. I never thought ——"

"We'll probably buy the house. But it takes time. We can use the chair immediately. Would a hundred dollars be all right?"

Mrs. Midford looked startled. "Why, I really don't think ——"

"We can certainly understand your not wanting to sell such a treasure," said Mrs. Allbright. "But if you're going to get rid of everything in the end ——"

Marilyn came in. Mrs. Midford turned toward her with a spar-at-sea look of relief. "This is my daughter, Mrs. Stafford. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Allbright, Marilyn."

"We were just trying to persuade your mother to sell us this lovely old chair," said Mr. Allbright. "Perhaps a hundred and twenty-five?"

Marilyn, who loathed the Iron Maiden with an abiding hatred, said smoothly, "I really don't think you should, mother. You know George's Aunt Sephrina is a very advanced collector, and she told me she was coming down soon to bid on everything. She'd be heartbroken if ——"

The Allbrights looked at each other, communicating alarm. "I'll give you one-fifty." Mr. Allbright pulled out his checkbook.

"You do as you like, mother, but I'm sure George's Aunt Sephrina would give you two hundred. After all, the Ir—that chair is unique. You know how George admired it when he was here." Mrs. Midford did. George had inadvertently sat in it and suggested it would make fine firewood. "He thinks it came over on the Mayflower."

"We're not interested in the age," said Mrs. Allbright, "but in the line. Such desperate beauty—like a skeleton. The stark agony of utter elimination. The haunting misery of the glistening bone."

Marilyn choked and began to cough. "I must be smoking too much. . . . Oh, I agree with you absolutely. As Aunt Sephrina says, perfect line is so rare, especially in antiques. But perhaps you know Aunt Sephrina. They're the Pennsylvania Staffords. Oil wells in South America I think it is."

"I'll give you two hundred," said Mr. Allbright weakly.

"Just make it out to Myra Midford. . . . Mother, you look a little pale. Why don't you sit down? I can show the rest of the house."

"We've seen everything but the cellar," said Mrs. Allbright. "And we don't care about that. We'll take the chair along with us, if you can spare us some rope to tie it on the car with."

Mr. Allbright sat down to write his check. Mrs. Midford said, "Marilyn, do you really think we ——"

"You'd better go find some rope, mother. We don't want to keep the Allbrights waiting."

For supper they ate things out of cans. Mrs. Midford pushed the baked beans around on her plate, making no pretense of eating. "If I'd known you were coming, I'd have saved the chicken."

(Continued on Page 53)

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Post Scripts

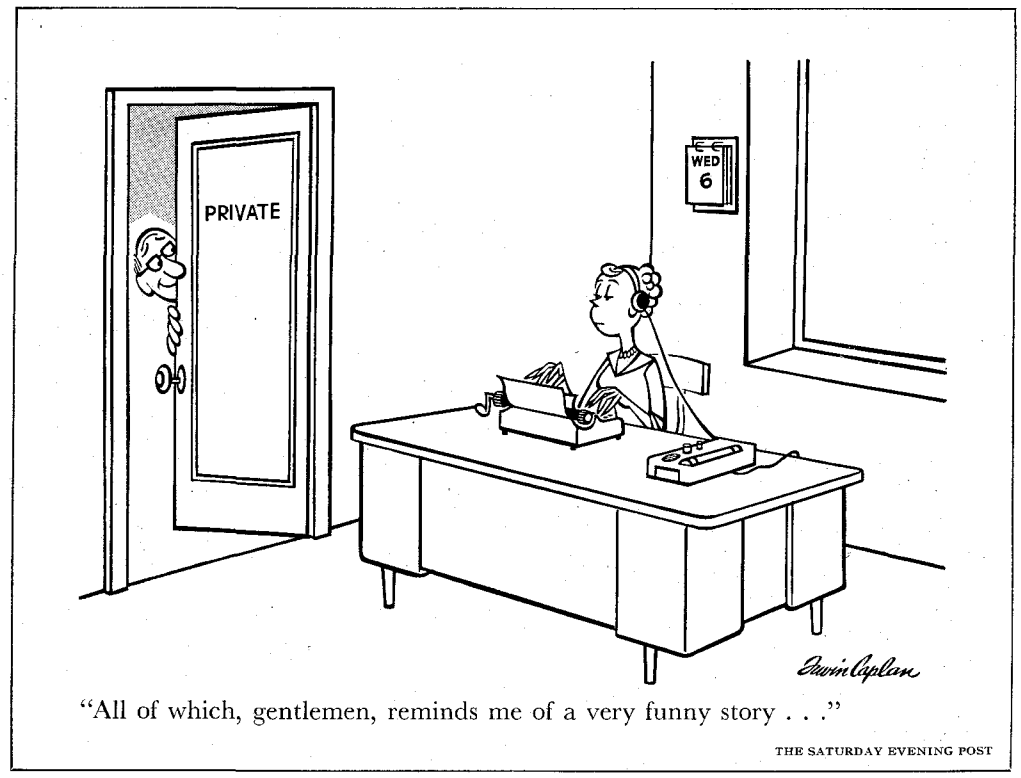
The Irony of Life

I never cared for spinach
And I hate the taste of beets,
Yet these, perhaps, are the healthiest things
A person ever eats.
It's good to go to bed at nine
And rise to rooster crow,
And not to drink or smoke is fine—
I know, I know, I know.

But wholesome greens don't tempt me much;
I easily resist 'em.
And all the things I like to eat
Are poison to my system.
I quaff the bowl, inhale the weed
And paint the town till two;
I know it's bad for me—indeed
I do, I do, I do.

And I expect to pay the price,
But still it seems unfair
That harmful joys are so abundant
And harmless ones so rare.
The sensible and sane pursuits
Are never any fun;
They might be, but I hae my doots—
Name one, name one, name one.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY



"All of which, gentlemen, reminds me of a very funny story . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

That'll be the Day

Dear Sir: My son is four months old and I have not yet been approached by a representative of your studio for photographs. I would appreciate it if you would have a salesman call at my home at his earliest convenience.

Mrs. Thomas Coe

Dear Mrs. Lane: I have just been informed that my dog got into your garden and did some damage. The dog will be kept chained to the house and I shall send you a check to compensate for your loss. Please accept my apologies.

Mrs. Ruth Johnson

Dear Ed: I am giving my brother-in-law a letter of introduction to you when he goes to Toledo. My wife insisted that I do this. Don't hire him. He is a no-good loafer and will refuse to do a lick of work.

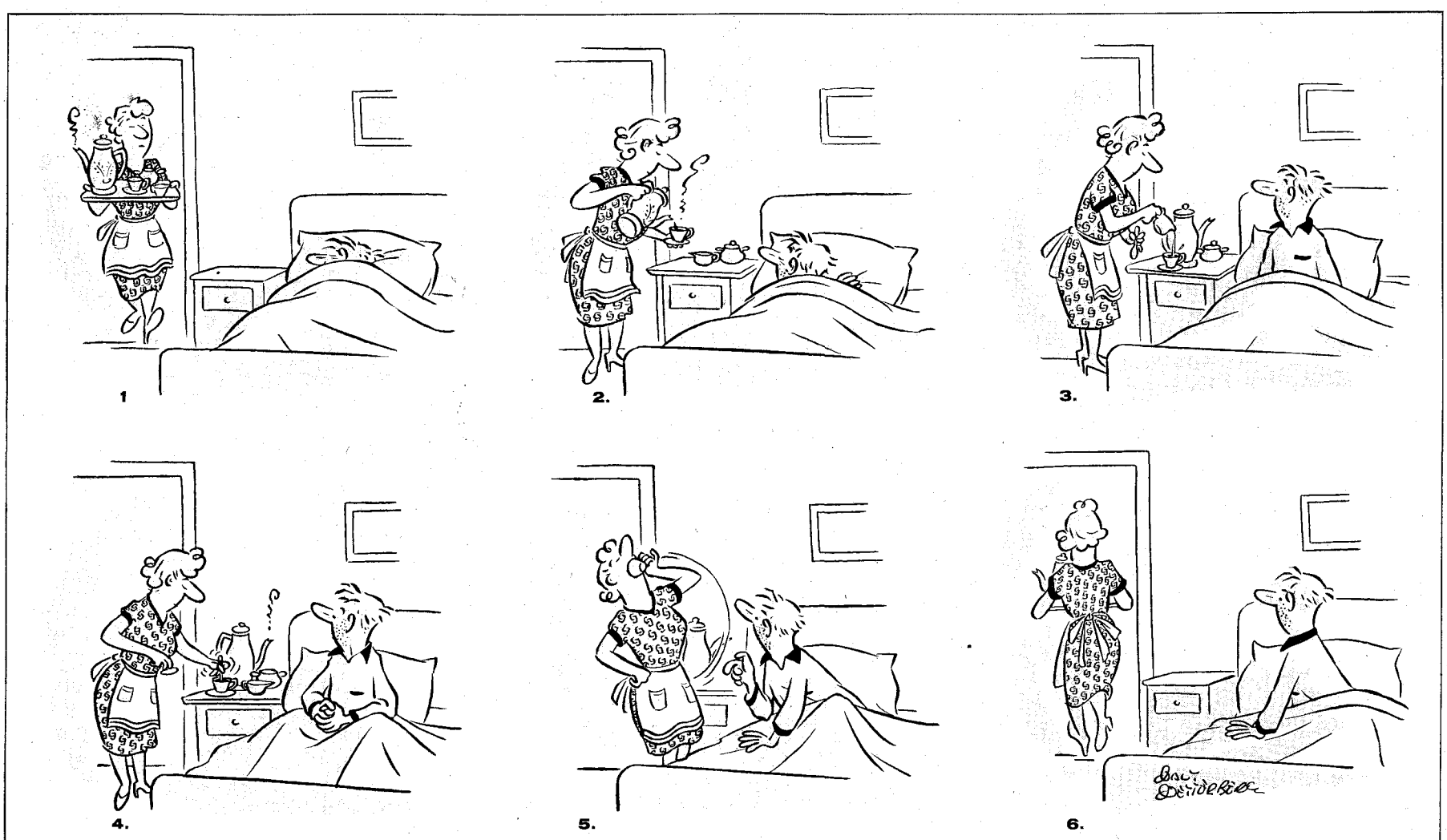
Tom Bailey

MARCELINE MURPHY

Awkward Position

As parents, we have found one thing
Particularly bitter:
To learn upon the party's eve
We're stood up by the sitter.

DICK EMMONS



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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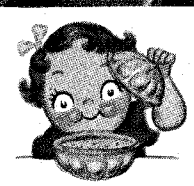
Much more here than meets the taste!



Mm! M'm! Good!

Of course soup *tastes good*—that you know! But has anyone ever told you this: In a bowl of Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup there's just about everything you need to balance the meal!

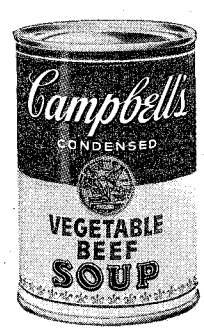
There's fine lean beef, brown and tender; green and yellow vegetables, firm potatoes, blended and seasoned for come-hither aroma and flavor! There's bracing broth, that all-important liquid to nudge the digestion along. In short, there's variety—and variety of food values is the sound foundation of good nutrition.

You get body-building proteins, health-guarding vitamins and minerals in Vegetable Beef Soup. For Campbell's are famous for their meats and vegetables. And they cook them as carefully as you would at home to retain all the precious nourishment possible.

Even when your time's short, there's just no excuse to cut corners on a well-rounded meal! Not when—in four minutes—Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup can be ready to eat.

There are 21 kinds of Campbell's—an amiable variety of flavors for any turn your taste may take!

P.S. One way to keep soup hot: serve it in a tin mold.



SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS

PROTEINS—for upkeep and growth

VITAMINS and MINERALS—for vitality

CARBOHYDRATES—for energy

LIQUIDS—for digestion

Once a day . . . every day . . . SOUP!

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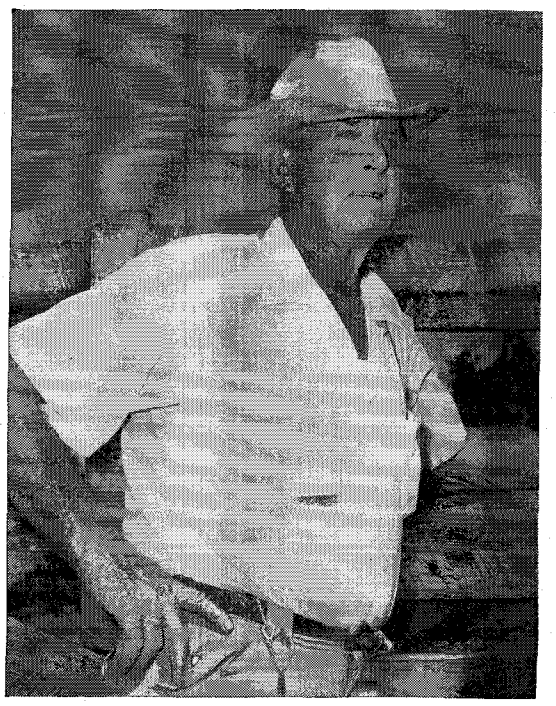
The Partin clan, of the Heart Bar Ranch, Osceola County, Florida. "I was a daddy before I could vote," says Mr. Henry (third from left, rear row).

Mr. Henry's Empire

By Wyatt Blassingame

Henry Partin founded a cattle dynasty on 60,000 acres of Florida scrubland. Now they say the Partins are the hardest-working family of millionaires in the world.



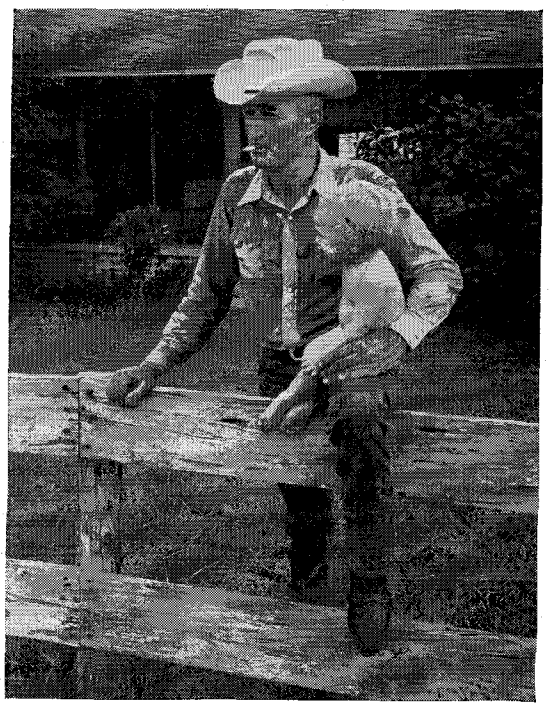
The emperor of Kissimmee. "Because I loved cows, I bought land. . . . Now there's no more here to buy."

Riding along the highways south and east of Kissimmee, Florida, Henry Partin, boss of the 60,000-acre Heart Bar Ranch, finds it easier to show a visitor what his family doesn't own than what it does. "Now this little strip in here," he says, "belongs to an old fellow with a few cows. And down yonder on the other side of the St. Cloud highway there's a little grove that's not ours."

The Heart Bar contains more than 175 miles of fence, more than fifty miles of dikes and canals. From the corrals near the home of Mr. Henry to those on the Canoe Creek pasture—a pasture is anything inclosed by a single fence, the Canoe Creek pasture alone covers 15,000 acres—is a distance of twenty miles.

Over all this land roam registered quarter horses, sheep and cattle by the thousands, including some of the world's most highly bred and highly prized Brahman. Yet the Heart Bar Ranch of Henry O. Partin and Sons employs no cow hands.

"I raised my own," Mr. Henry says. "We have to hire help for the tractor work, improving the pastures, that sort of thing. But the cow work is all done by the family."



Edward (Geech) Partin is the family's ace horseman. Chances are his son, Roy, will be a rancher too.

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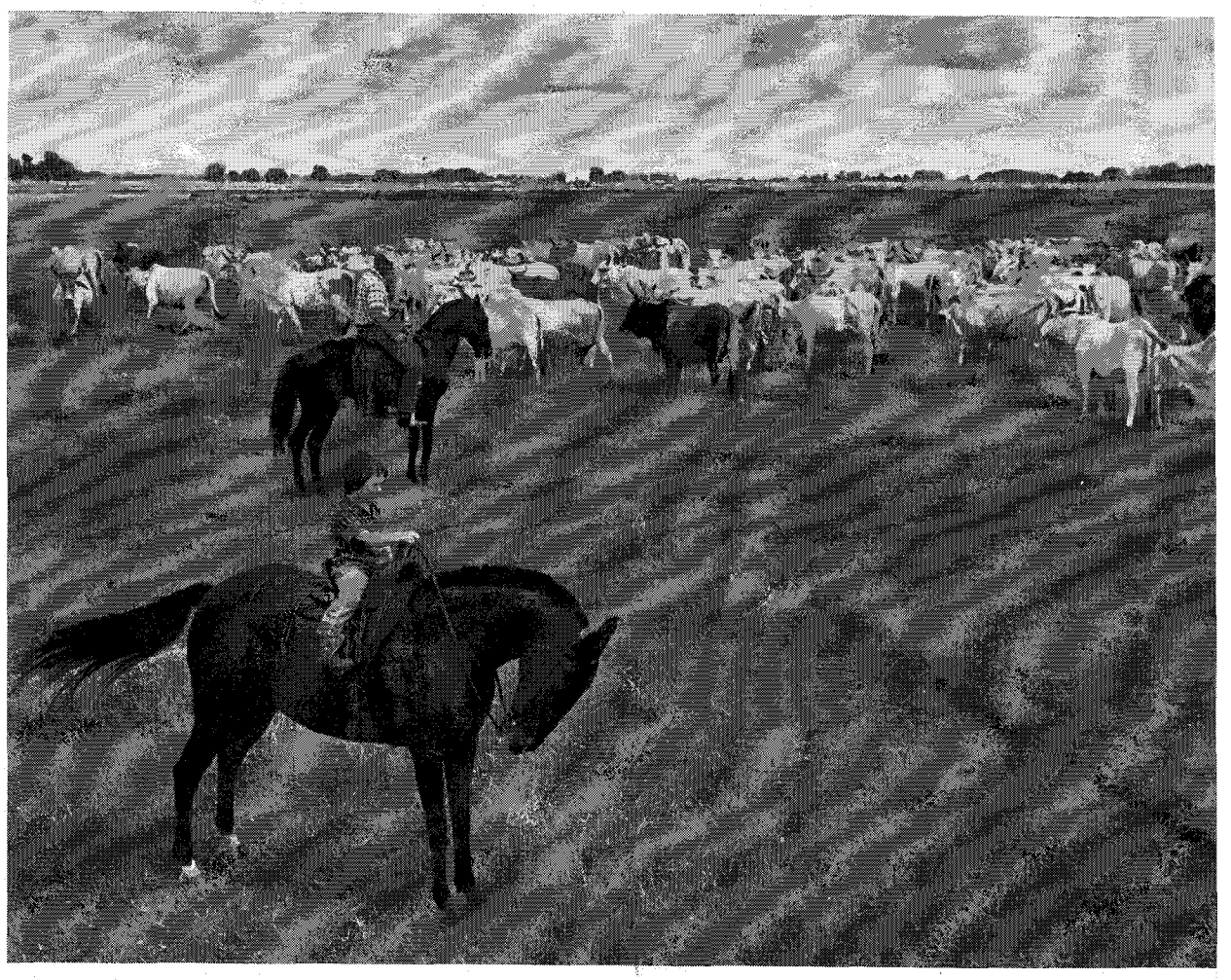


Like all Partins who have graduated from diapers, three-year-old Martha helps during roundups. She's riding with her dad, Young Henry (Doc) Partin. The boys in the family are top hands by the time they are twelve.

The Partin family consists of Mr. Henry, his wife, four sons, a daughter, four daughters-in-law, a son-in-law, and sixteen grandchildren. "It is not only the biggest and richest crew of cow hands in Osceola County," a banker told me, "it's the best."

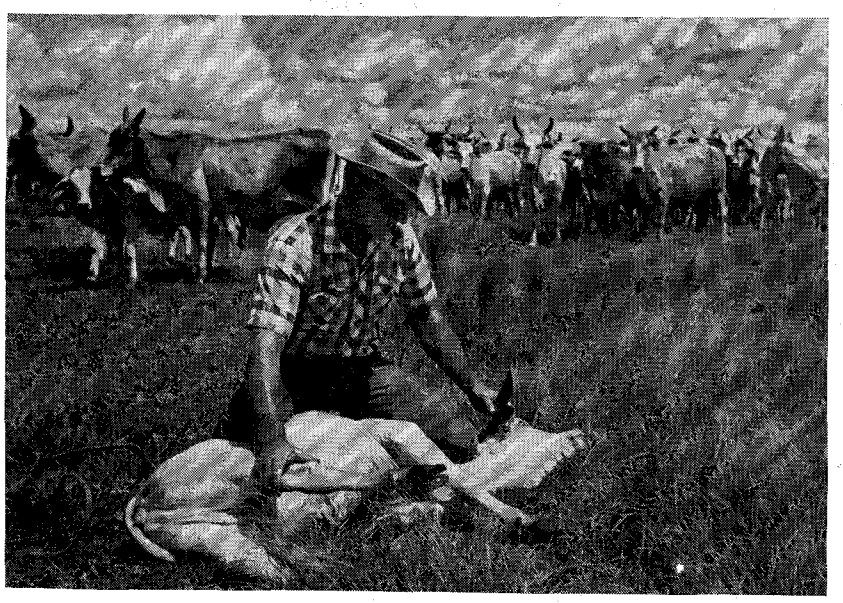
Another long-time friend of the Partins says, "I don't reckon there's another family of millionaires anywhere in the world that does the sheer physical labor the Partins do. They are out with daylight every morning, and if you invite one for dinner at seven-thirty, it's just as likely to be nine-thirty when he shows up. One year when Geech, Mr. Henry's second son, was big boss of the Silver Spurs, the group that puts on our annual rodeo, we were to have a barbecue at his home before going out to the rodeo grounds. Only Geech wasn't there, and finally Connie, his wife, said we better not wait any longer. About ten o'clock, Geech showed up. He and Mr. Henry and the other boys had been spraying some cattle and didn't want to stop until they were through. The funny thing about the way they work," the friend added, "is that every one of them seems to love it."

This was in Kissimmee, a small Central Florida town that calls itself the Cow Capital of the southeast. Miami, Palm Beach and St. Petersburg are all within a half day's drive, but the visitor would not know it. In Kissimmee the shoe stores feature high-heeled boots; the front of Makinson's hardware is covered with branding symbols and the window is filled with saddles; one hotel is named the Brahman Inn; the walls of Jimmy's Bar are decorated with huge sets of horns, and the male headgear seen on the streets—except for a few young Davy Crocketts—is almost exclusively of the ten-gallon variety.

Yet even in Kissimmee the Heart Bar Ranch, its registered Brahmans and the Partins themselves are regarded as something just inside the limits of this world. When Mr. Henry says the cow work on the Heart Bar is done by the family, he does not mean just the adult males. His four oldest grandsons, aged twelve to seventeen, are considered top cow hands, and work as such during the summer months. On occasion, so do their mothers and aunts. In the parade that precedes Kissimmee's Fourth of July rodeo, Partins on horseback now fill an entire city block. And it was during last year's roundup that Kathy Partin, known even in this family as Cowboy Kate, fell off her pony while herding cows and calves into the corral. "The reason she fell," says her grandfather, "is that she wouldn't quit doing trick riding while herding cattle." Kathy at this time was three years old.

The founder of this unusual dynasty was born on the outskirts of Kissimmee in 1890, the youngest son of a citrus grower who also owned a few cattle. "Daddy gave each one of his boys a cow and a calf," Mr. Henry recalls. "My brothers sold theirs and went into the citrus business. I kept building mine. I was a pretty good cow hand before I knew my ABC's."

Mr. Henry's formal education was limited to "four or five years, off and on," at a rural school. On the first day, the teacher—Miss Emma Yowell, who was to continue long enough at the (Continued on Page 77)



Doc Partin is rated the best herdsman in the family. His specialty is "mammying"—the tricky chore of determining the owner of each calf at branding time.

Earl, Geech and Doc rustle up a man-sized meal of barbecued beef. The Partins do almost everything as a family. They even draw checks on a joint bank account.

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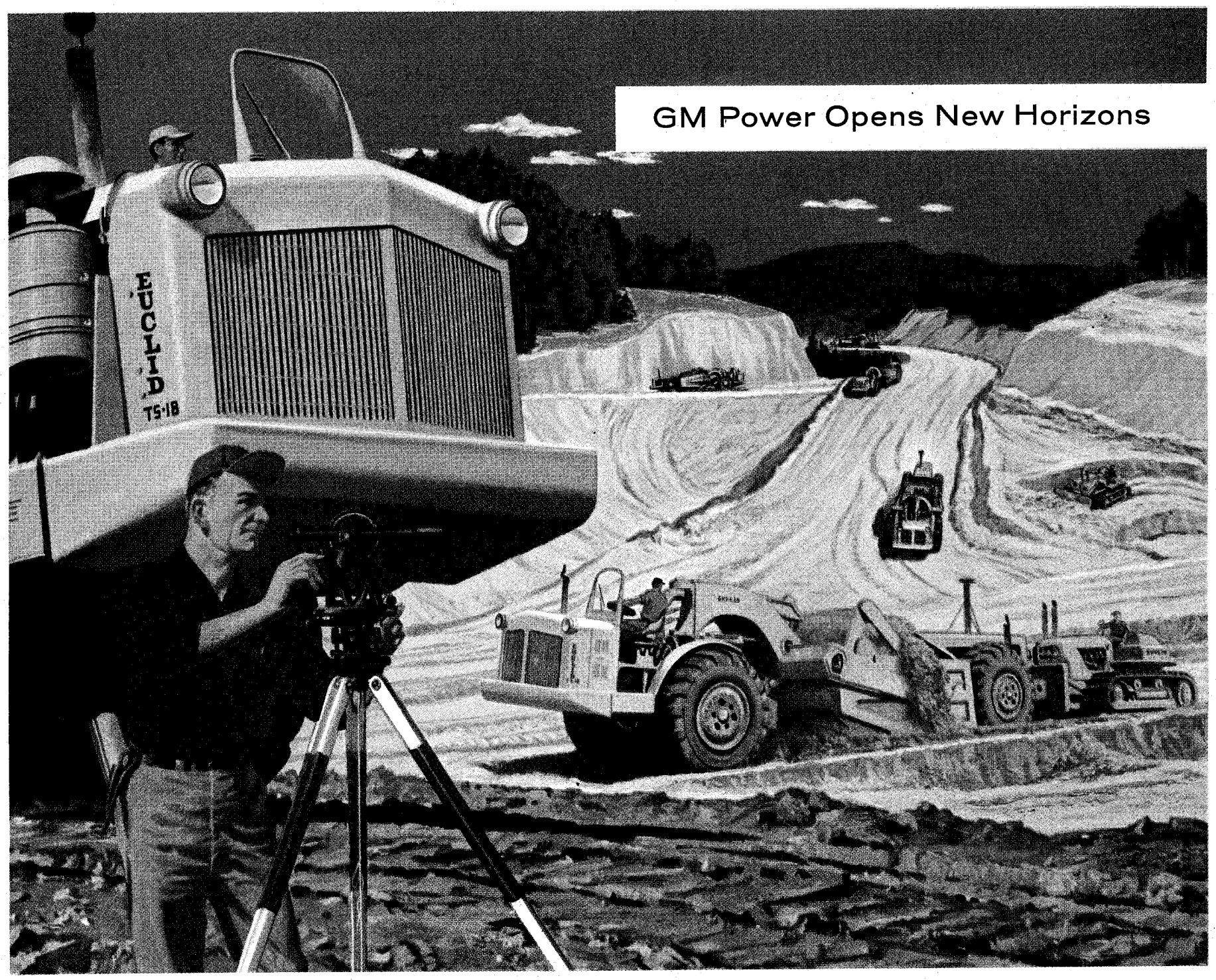


GM Power Opens New Horizons

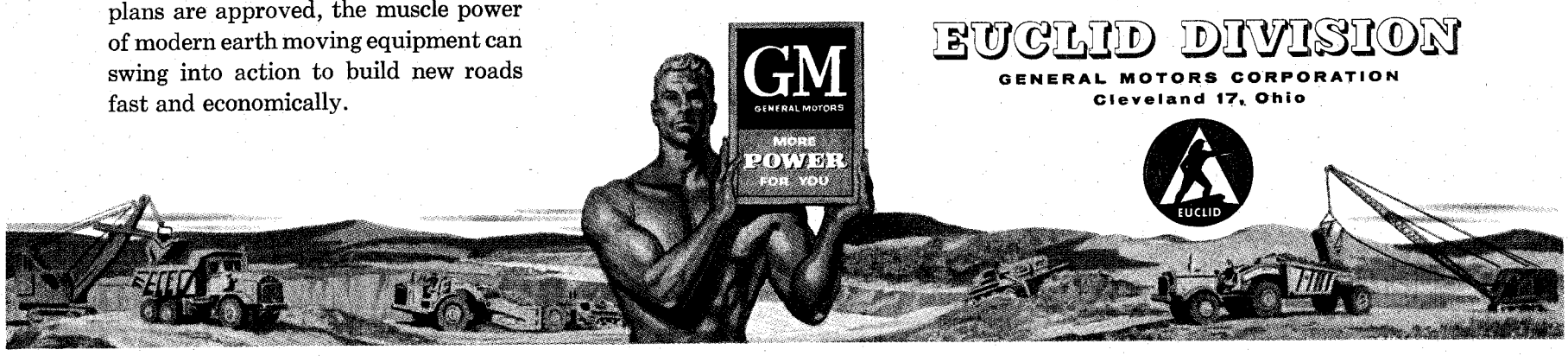
MUSCLES THAT NEVER TIRE STRETCH OUR ROAD DOLLARS

MOST of our roads were built when traffic volume and vehicle speeds were far different from what they are now. We're using many roads as outdated as the one-horse shay. And we're paying an awful price in lives, property damage and costly delays in the movement of goods and people.

One of the first steps to an adequate highway system is public support of sound programs for better roads. When plans are approved, the muscle power of modern earth moving equipment can swing into action to build new roads fast and economically.

For many years Euclid has helped contractors build more road per dollar. The new Model TC-12 Crawler Tractor and the TS-18 Scraper are typical examples of Euclid's constant development of more efficient earth moving equipment. Both use two diesel engines and Allison Torqmatic Drives consisting of torque converters and semi-automatic transmissions. With a total of 436 h.p. in the Scraper and 388 h.p. in the Crawler Tractor, these modern machines have plenty of muscle to move the earth—fast and at low cost—under all job conditions.

Information on the complete line of Euclid motor scrapers, off-the-highway hauling units, and crawler tractors for moving earth, rock, coal and ore is available from Euclid dealers or write



EUCLID DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
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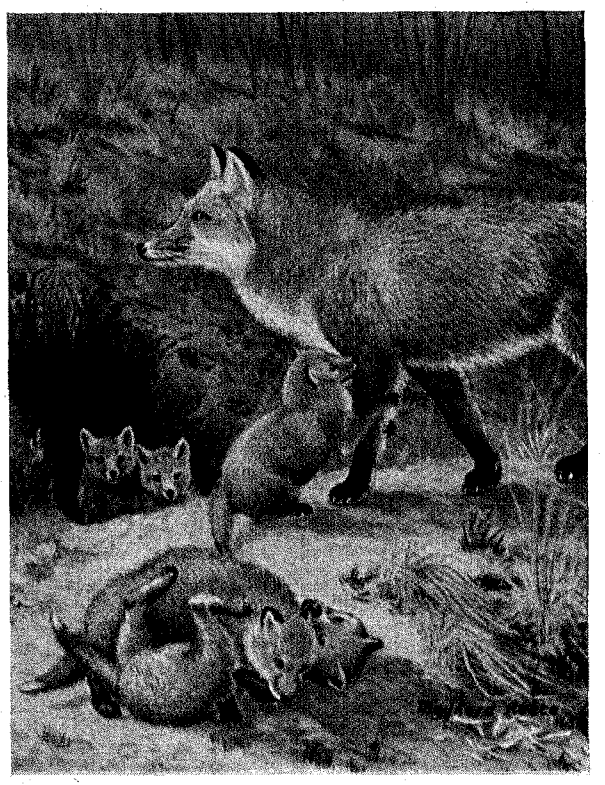
THE DOG THAT LOVED FOXES

By William Byron Mowery

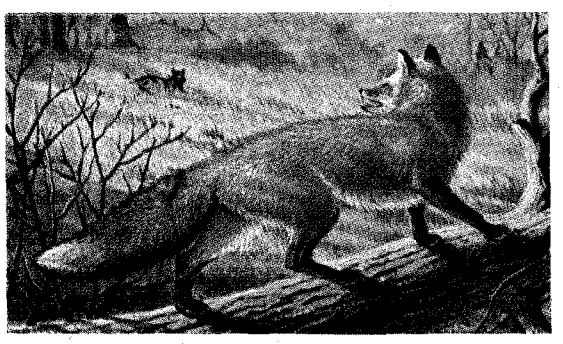
The true story of a dog's devotion to a golden vixen and her family: A demonstration of fidelity and courage you won't soon forget.



The vixen on sentry duty outside her den—"watching for enemies, walking proudly through her sassy little flock."

My goodness, how that young vixen fox hated my black dog Smoke! She despised the ground he walked on. She wished he'd fall down dead. Or go way off across the hills and break all four of his legs. Every time he visited her whelping den, you should have heard the riot act she read him.

But Smoke was an amiable fellow and didn't mind. A European-type Pinscher, somewhat smaller but more sturdily built than the American type, he was an exceedingly friendly, gentle dog, though a wicked fighter when he had to fight. He had his own reasons for hanging around that den and didn't give a hoot about the bad names the vixen called him.



"The vixen always gave Smoke a chewing out when he showed up . . . you could see he was puzzled no end."

Her habit of ticking Smoke off was what first put me onto the odd situation over on that brier hillside, across a little valley from my house. Into my study window one sunny May afternoon drifted the unmistakable sounds of a vixen fox trying to scare some intruder away from her den and cubs. She kept it up so long that I concluded she must be in bad trouble and might need help, so I got my glasses and rifle, whistled for Smoke—but he'd gone off somewhere—and headed over in that direction, taking care to keep out of sight and approach from downwind.

I had a hunch that the den I'd find her at was a certain one which I'd passed many times and knew well. In the middle of a two-acre open spot, it had originally been a woodchuck burrow, like most fox dens. One of the entrances had been enlarged, fox-size, and no doubt a big lay-up chamber had been excavated back inside. The old signs all around showed that vixens for many fox generations had favored the place as their whelping den. There was a fine mousing swamp just down the hillside; the apron of dirt at the entrance provided cubs with dust wallows, so needed to keep down fleas, and the place was well isolated from farmhouses and farm dogs. In the instinctive racial wisdom of the fox tribe these would be strong points with a gravid vixen that felt her time approaching.

A hundred yards away I eased up behind a rock, rose up carefully and drew the den up close with my 10-power glasses. At the entrance I saw three fuzzy little heads sticking out, their ears cocked, their attitude one of bug-eyed curiosity. At the first warning bark of a vixen, a litter of cubs will go streaking into the den, swish, swish, swish, but these three little imps had got over their fright and now were trying hard to see what their mommy was so riled up about.

At the edge of a small woods a few rods to the right I spotted the vixen, up in a squat, leaning sassafras, and recognized her at once. A trim, smallish red fox, with so much yellow in her fur that in bright sunlight she seemed washed with gold, I often had glimpsed her along that brier ridge and had watched her mousing, the previous winter, in the valley swamp.

Though they are creatures of the night, foxes often go hunting on murky winter afternoons, and if you get a chance to watch one mousing, let your other business wait. You'll see a piece of outdoors artistry. The cat, hawk or owl never lived that could match a fox's expertness at mousing afield.

About thirty feet above the den I saw something black lying in the sedge grass and put the glasses on it. Blow me down, it was Smoke! Now and then he would look over toward the angry vixen as if to say, "Woman, for goodness' sake, relax. I don't intend any harm to your precious bairns." When one of the cubs would venture onto the dirt apron, he would watch it and wag his tail as though saying, "Hi-yuh, half-pint. Don't be afraid. It's just me."

The dog fox was nowhere around, and in all that happened later he never did show up. The practices of dog foxes at cub time vary a great deal. When the hunting isn't too good, the dog fox will often bring in prey, but he puts it down a few rods from the den because the vixen won't let him get close to the den or the cubs. Sometimes he'll hang around at a distance, sort of protectively, and if dogs or other enemies threaten the den he'll flash out and cross their noses and (Continued on Page 83)

"Hi-yuh, half-pint," Smoke would seem to say when a cub ventured out. "Don't be afraid. It's just me."

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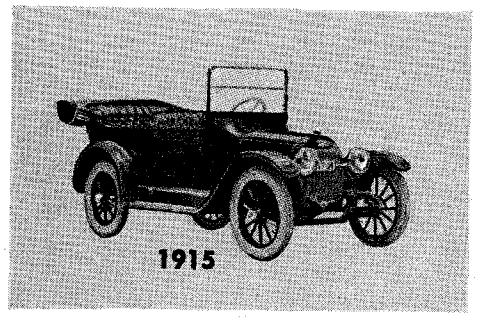
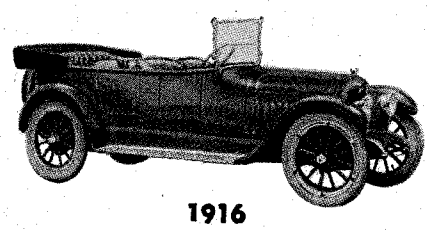
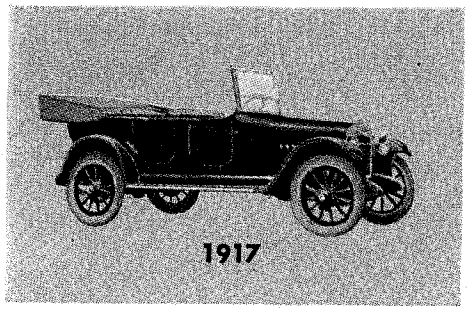
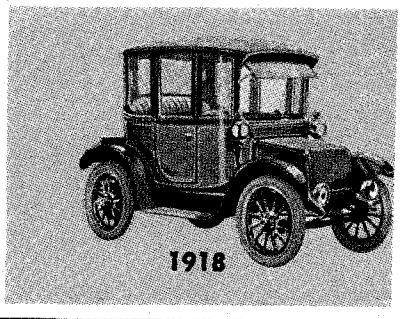
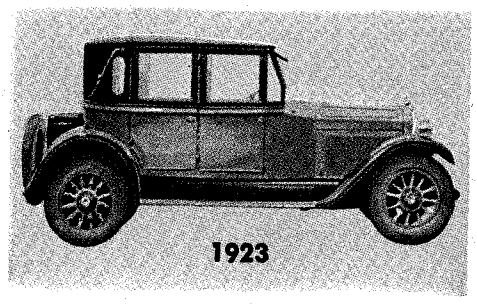
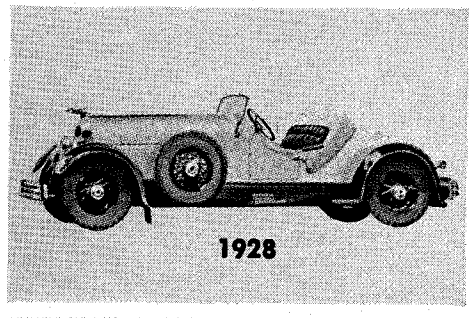




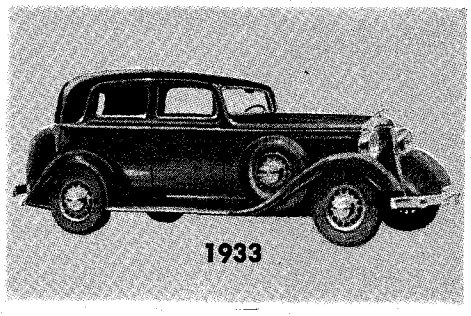


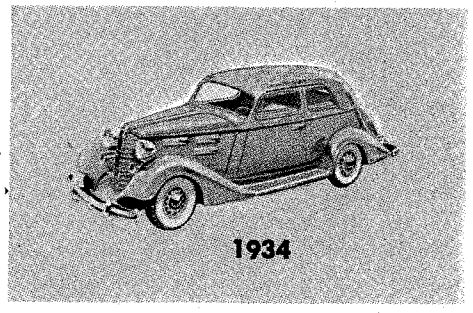


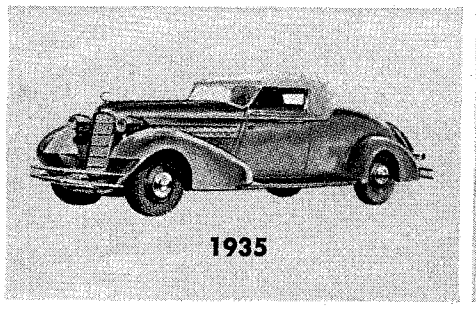


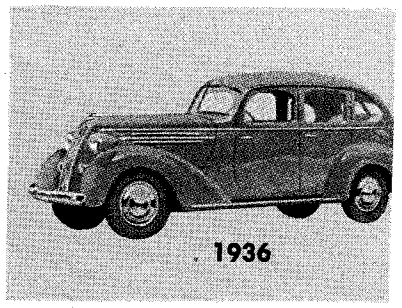


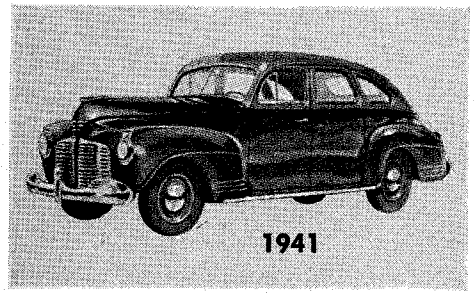
Again...
one of the most remarkable votes of public confidence in the history of American industry

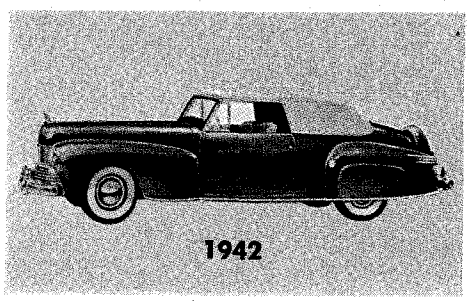


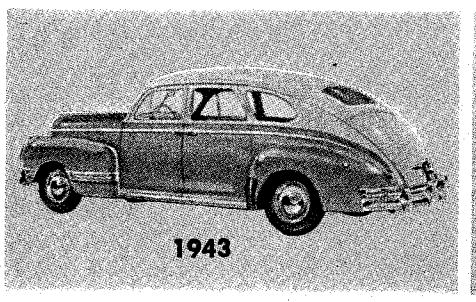


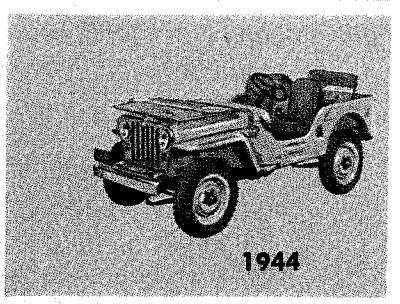


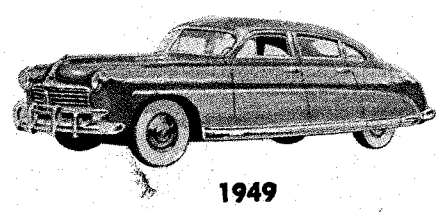


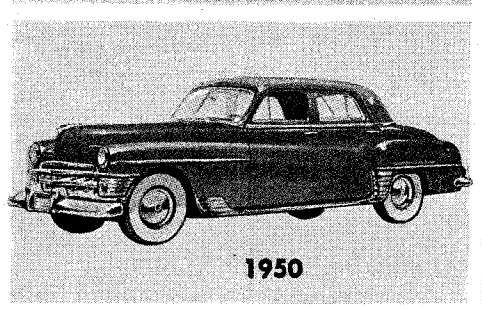


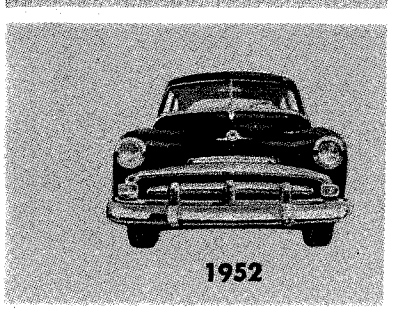












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GOOD-YEAR TIRES

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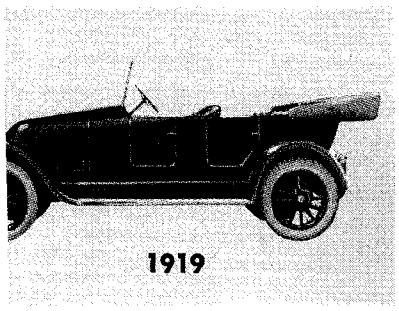
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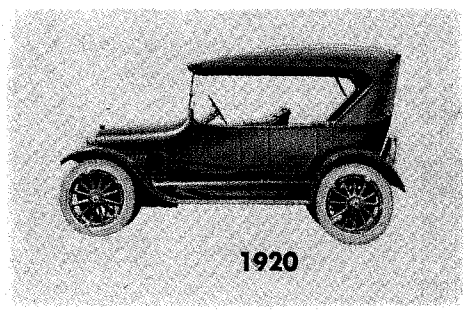
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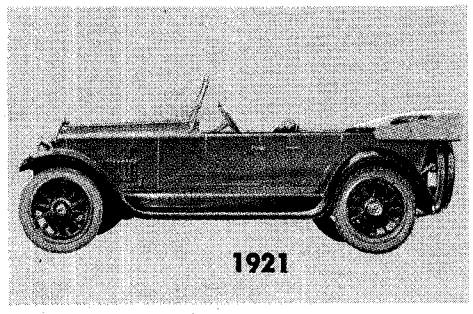
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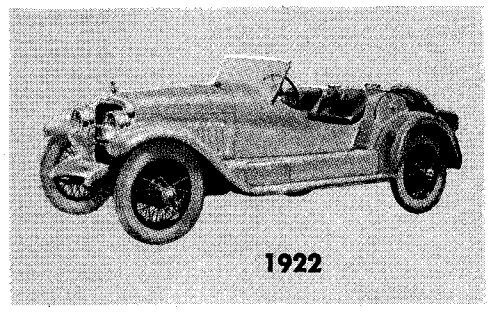
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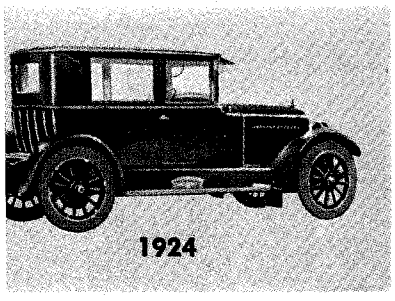
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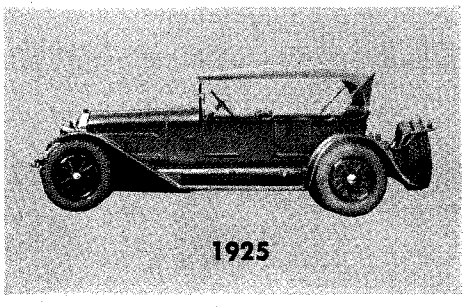
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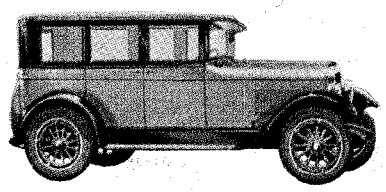
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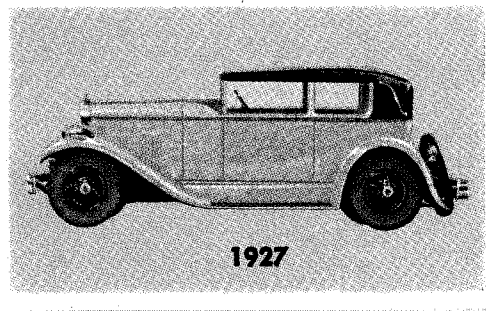
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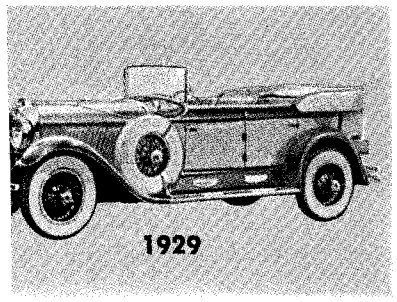
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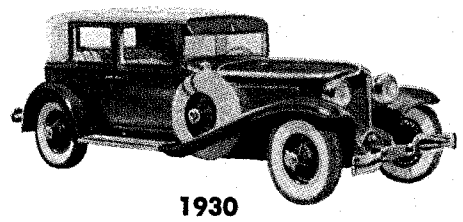
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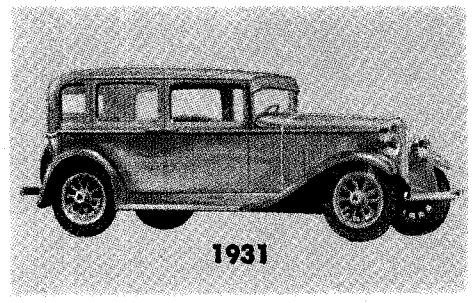
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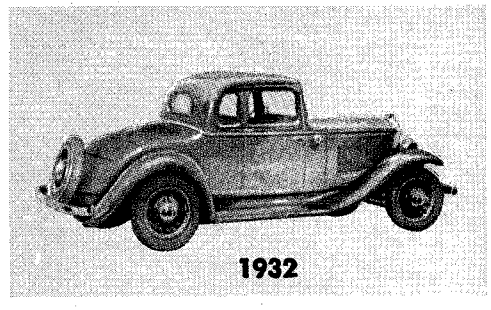
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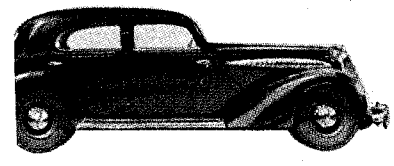
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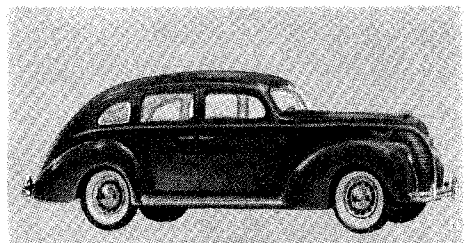
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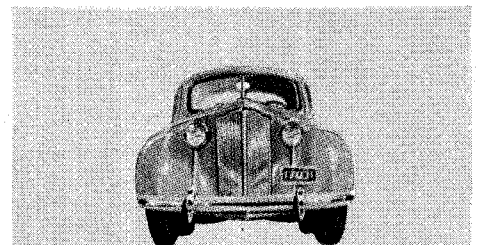
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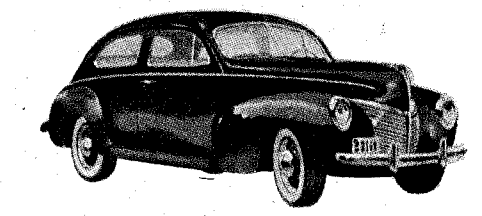
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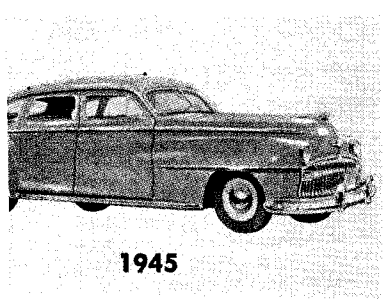
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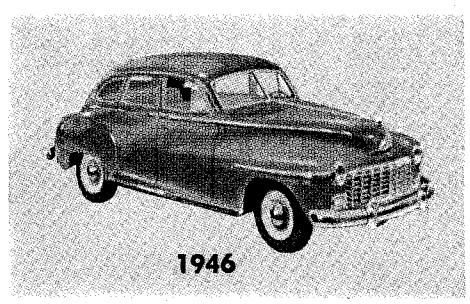
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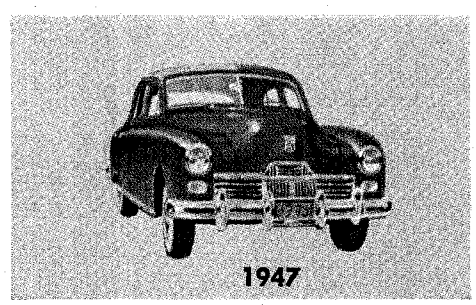
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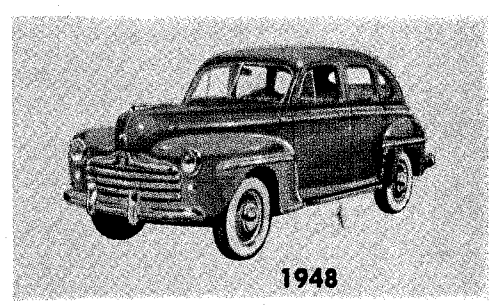
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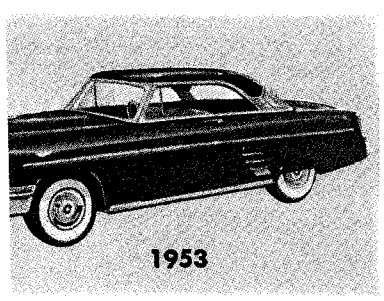
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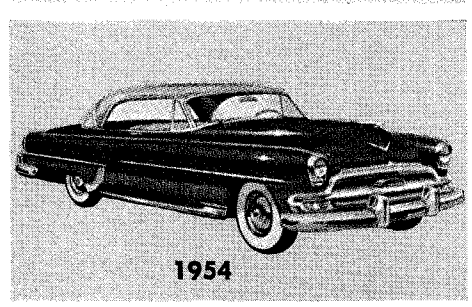
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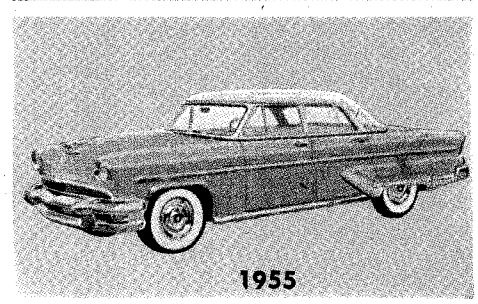
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Super-Cushion, T. M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Leadership must be continually earned. And the All-New Tubeless DeLuxe Super-Cushion has done much to help Goodyear maintain its position as the world's leading tire maker.

This great, new ultra-modern tire, with Goodyear's exclusive Triple-Tempered 3-T Cord and Grip-Seal construction, has one of the most durable tire bodies ever produced.

This revolutionary new kind of tubeless tire offers greater blowout and puncture protection, a smoother, safer ride and many more miles of wear. No wonder it's original equipment on leading 1956 cars! Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

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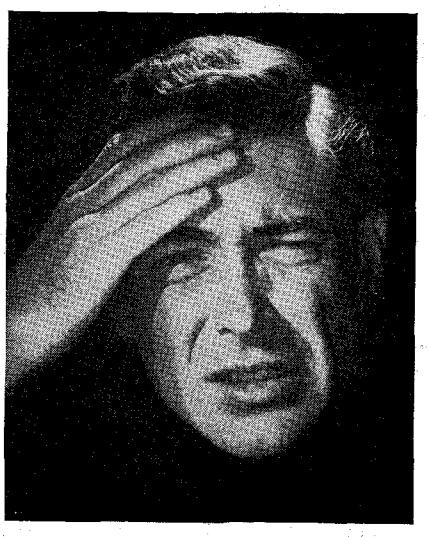
An important message to everyone who takes aspirin

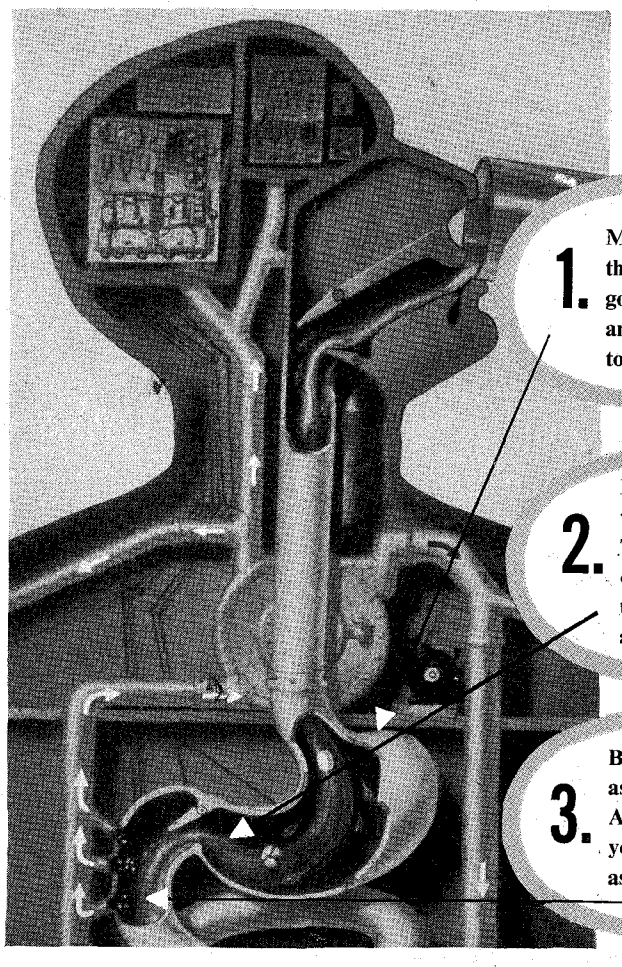
for the relief of headaches, discomfort of colds, muscular aches and pains.



BUFFERIN®

acts twice as fast as aspirin!

Won't upset your stomach

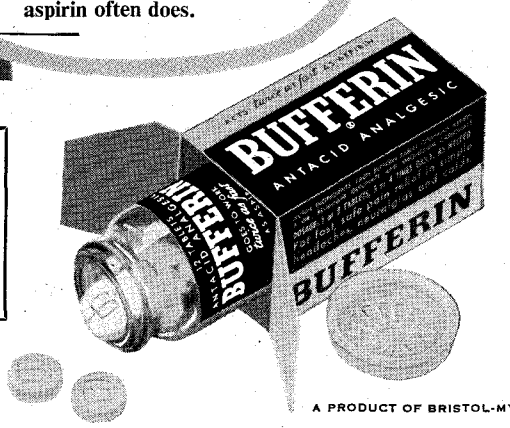


1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must go through the stomach and into the blood stream to relieve pain.

2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. So . . .

3. Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain. And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

CATCHING COLD?
TAKE BUFFERIN!
Acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve cold miseries.



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Check these facts with your physician:

Ask your own doctor about Bufferin's ability to relieve pain, about its freedom from harmful ingredients.

10 years of continuous research in laboratories and hospitals have established Bufferin's effectiveness and speed. Bufferin has met the same rigid tests a doctor demands of medicines used in his own practice.

These tests prove the antacid ingredients in Bufferin speed the pain-relieving ingredient into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. They also protect you from the upset stomach aspirin often causes.

Note: BUFFERIN was first made available to the medical and dental professions in October, 1948. Since then, EACH YEAR, MORE AND MORE PEOPLE, by the *millions*, have switched from aspirin to BUFFERIN for faster relief of pain without stomach upset.

Most people take two Bufferin tablets as the usual dose

P.S. If you suffer pain of arthritis or rheumatism, ask your physician about BUFFERIN

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The Case of the Missing Poison

There was one way John Locke could keep from testifying: He could marry the murder suspect.

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Perry Mason turned as the young man passed. "John Locke?" Mason asked. Locke whirled with alarm. "Who are you?" he countered.

"A friend," Mason replied, "of yours and Nadine."

Nadine Farr had confessed to her psychiatrist, Doctor Denair, that she poisoned her so-called uncle, Mosher Higley. Doctor Denair had brought the case to Perry Mason. Nadine explained that after Higley refused to let her marry John Locke she obtained the poison to commit suicide.

She accidentally put some of the poison in Higley's cup of chocolate instead of a sugar substitute. However, she decided to keep quiet after a doctor reported Higley died naturally. Nadine threw the bottle of tablets she'd used into Twomby's Lake.

Mason recovered the bottle from the lake. Meanwhile the police learned of Nadine's confession. They obtained the recording of Doctor Denair's talk with Nadine. They also seized the pills Mason found.

District Attorney Hamilton Burger accused Mason of being an accessory after the fact in a murder case. Burger's accusation blew up in his face when the "poison" proved to be a harmless sugar substitute.

Mrs. Jackson Newburn, Higley's niece, told Mason that Nadine had invented the murder to circumvent Higley's will. But Cap'n Hugo, Higley's old servant, insisted that Nadine was innocent of any crime.

Mason was on the griddle again when Burger recovered a second bottle from Twomby's Lake. This one contained cyanide. Burger accused Mason of having planted the bottle containing the sugar substitute.

Mason tried to get in touch with Nadine for an explanation. She had left her motel with Jackson Newburn.

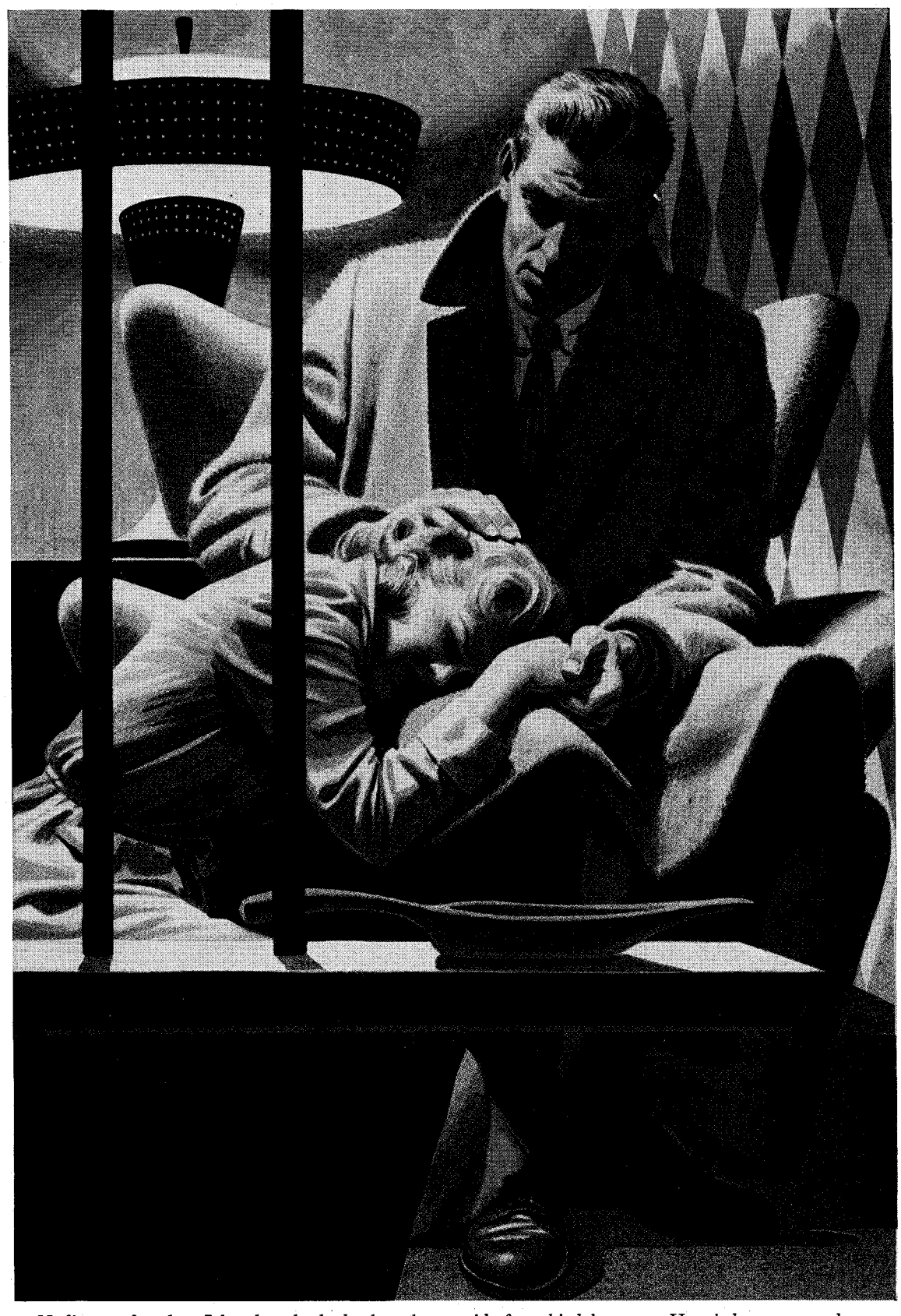
The lawyer then tracked down John Locke. Locke was shocked when he learned the full story of Nadine's troubles. "You'll have to hide me," he told Mason. "I can't afford to talk to the police, because of what I know."

V

At length Locke blurted, "I know she got the cyanide."

"Keep talking," Mason said.

"At that time one of my associates in the laboratory was making some experiments with cyanide. He had to use quite a quantity. We know what the different jars weigh, down to a fraction of a gram. So, by weighing the cyanide jar and (Continued on Page 80)



Nadine confessed to John that she had taken the cyanide from his laboratory. He tried to reassure her.

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De Soto dealers present **Groucho Marx** in "You Bet Your Life" on NBC radio and TV.

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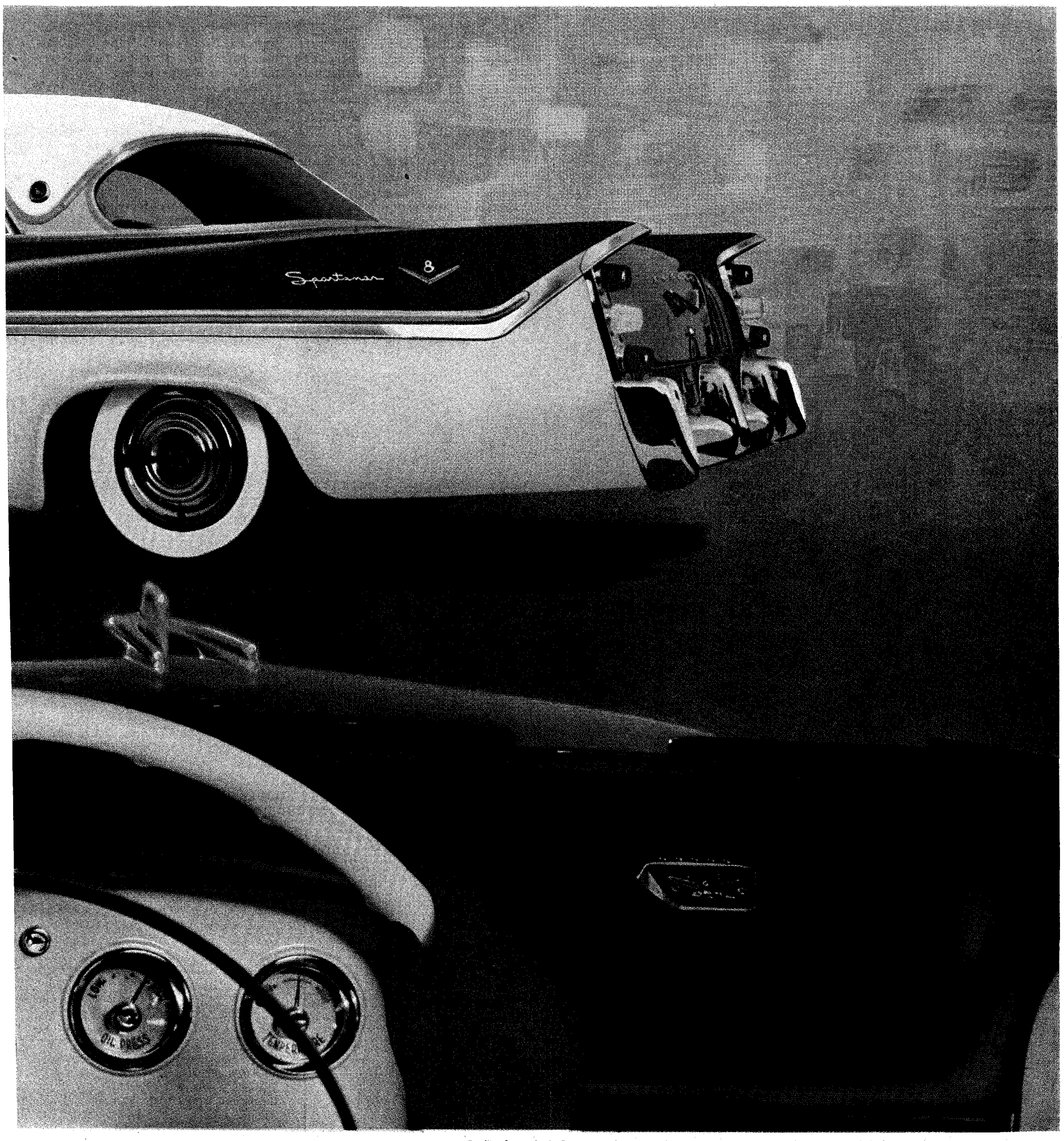

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Landing Party (Continued from Page 29)

another round and leaped up, springing sidewise so the enemy would see him clearly. He still heard the high-pitched crackling, close and deadly. Squirrels never whistled back like that. Benny squeezed the next shell off.

It went like that. Mr. Yorty reached the fighter pilot, saw the blood and anguish on a face as young as his. He exulted at his safety. Was heroic action always blessed like this? Then he was staggering beneath the other's burden, hearing small arms crackling, and the beach seemed miles away. Then—for an instant in his blurred sight, wounded pilot draped across his shoulder—he saw Blochman. Tall, dark-headed youngster. Standing upright! Firing calmly. Leaping sidewise. Fool! The man would draw the whole fire of the enemy patrol upon himself!

Fool? Something squirmed inside the ensign, son of a four-star admiral, reached up and tightened at his throat. He meant to shout. He couldn't. Benny spun around just then, hurled by an unseen blow. He fell down, dragged himself to one knee. With enormous effort, Benny put the carbine to his shoulder, sighted with great care and squeezed his last round off. He tried to grin at Mr. Yorty. Couldn't make it. He collapsed.

The next thing Benny knew, someone was stabbing at his shoulder. Hurt, and Benny said so. The corpsman let him know he had to get another slug out, hurt or no. Benny winced, knowing he was back on board the USS Paul Breckendale. The tin can's jumpy movement felt like home. Benny heard them saying that the fighter pilot would be all right, once they got him to a surgeon. Good to hear. Real good.

He imagined Mr. Yorty came in, looking older somehow, and Commander Harding came in, too, the same binoculars against his chest. Those two were murmuring. Benny didn't hear a word.

"Kid like that," said Ensign Yorty, frowning at the skipper. "Isn't Navy. Never will be. Gets his hitch done, he'll peel off like all the rest. Did the job, though, sir. He did it all himself. If he hadn't I'd be dead. That pilot too. It's very strange. They learn, sir. They learn fast."

"Everybody must learn sometime." The commander's voice was grave, faint smile along his lips. Then after hesitation, he said firmly, "Everybody, Mr. Yorty!"

Ensign Yorty's young head tipped up quickly. He looked at the captain for a silent instant. Then he turned and went away. When he came back, he went up to Benny, sitting upright now, sweat draining from him while they dressed his shoulder and Benny knew for sure now who it was.

"I'm sorry, sir," said Benny. "There were six. Never shoulda missed that last one. Didn't squeeze it off right. Never done a thing like that before."

"Blochman, you did fine." Mr. Yorty's voice was very quiet. "Here," he said, holding out an uncapped bottle, bubbles of the cold beer showing. "I swiped this out of Mr. Driscoll's private cache. You can have another if you like. I don't think the Exec would mind."

Benny took the bottle in his left hand, looking at it with deep relish. Then he tipped it at his lips. He took a long sweet drain. "Good!" said Benny. "My, that's good." He saw Mr. Yorty smiling at him. "That's the way beer tastes the best to me, sir." Benny grinned and drank again. Benny had a right to be different. He was sure of that. It was one of the reasons he was there, fighting a cockeyed war. "Good," said Benny. "My, that's good!"

The Trap (Continued from Page 21)

The woman whispered, "Don't go, mister. Those things ain't natural."

Jeremy smiled at her. Then he walked away.

A pulse beat—thud, thud, thud—inside his head and in the soles of his feet. He hadn't felt anything like it since Anzio in 1944.

This is it, an inward voice was saying. *This is your chance, Jeremy boy. Eyewitness account—syndicated all over the world. Why did I sell my camera? My heaven, this is it.* He started to wonder how much a first-class suite on the Queen Elizabeth would cost him.

REST-A-WHILE CAFÉ, the sign said over the door. COME IN AND EAT! COFFEE, FRANKS, HOT DOGS. OUR BEER IS COLD!

Jeremy stopped at a safe distance—thirty yards. Was it safe? It felt safe. He propped his notebook on his knee, leaning with his back against a telegraph pole, and sketched the place with careful attention to detail. Then he scribbled down his thoughts. The windows revealed no movement. He waited.

Nothing happened. Jeremy took a few paces forward. A few more. Reluctantly, suspiciously, a few more again. He came to the porch and stopped. Could this—this monument of American ordinariness—be a flying saucer in disguise, a visitation, a creation of nonhuman beings? For heaven's sake!

In a moment of careless disbelief, he put his foot on the step of the porch. Nothing happened. He advanced. Nothing happened. He reached out his arm and gently opened the door. Inside there was a service counter, tables with plastic tops, peeling chromium fittings, behind the counter, a cash register, and a Man.

The Man was as tall as Jeremy—six feet and a little more. He had a brown face and graying hair, well-kept brown hands resting gently on the counter, and a warm welcoming smile. He wore a white apron with a name embroidered over the breast pocket—Charlie Smith.

"Good morning," he said in English. "What can I get you, friend?"

"Good morning. I—I don't know. I can't make up my mind whether to eat or not."

"I should if I were you," the Man said. "Got to eat to live, you know."

"The trouble is I'm pretty broke. What can you give me for twenty-five cents?"

"Are you an American?" the Man behind the bar asked.

"No. English."

"Down on your luck?"

"A bit."

The Man nodded sympathetically. "Can happen to anybody. Do you like roast beef and Yorkshire pudding?"

"Ye-es."

"I thought you would, being an Englishman." The Man turned, slid open a hatch and reached for a plate of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. "There you are—roast beef and Yorkshire pudding—ten cents, since you're broke."

Jeremy had taken a pace backward. With a very dry mouth, he said huskily, "Look! I know! I know what you are—or at least I know you aren't what you seem to be."

"Don't you want your roast beef?" the Man said.

"Not likely!"

"Oh." The Man was disappointed. He took the plate off the counter.

"Where do you come from?" Jeremy asked.

Silence. The Man wiped the counter with a dishcloth. He looked up. "You wouldn't know if I told you."

"Not Mars?"

"No, not Mars."

"What happened to the other people who walked into one of your—your traps?"

"They were taken back to our World."

Jeremy laughed. "Well, you're not going to get me, chum," he said. "I'm going to write up every word of this fantastic conversation and it'll be printed in every newspaper in the world. After that you'll not find it so easy to get people to walk into your filthy traps."

"I'm afraid," the Man said, pressing a button, "that we've got you already."

There were more visitations. Reports came in from the Argentine, Australia, Japan, France again, Germany, Scotland, Switzerland and Sweden. In the States, one of the traps caught a mentally deficient boy of fifteen when it landed on a vacant lot in a suburban-development area near Detroit. But in the States by now, and in Europe, too, for that matter, the pickings were less easy for the saucers.

In a town in England, housing mostly miners working in nearby coal fields, a man threw a bundle of five pounds of gelignite through the window of a suspect roadhouse, but before the fuse had burned through, the restaurant changed back into a saucer and was off.

In the States again, near Fort Benning, an Army tank crept into range and pumped a high-velocity three-inch shell into one of the traps. Again it instantly changed shape and flew away, and nobody was near enough to say whether it had a hole in it or not. After that there were no more visitations in England or the United States of America and the newspapers chortled their triumph for weeks, until their readers were bored to death with the subject.

The visitations in remoter parts of the world declined in number and the day came when no human being had seen a flying saucer land for more than a year. Then, early one chilly November morning, when the smog was lying thick over Los Angeles, a police prowl car at La Canada spotted a saucer landing in the valley below, somewhere in the vicinity of Montrose. Radios yakked and chattered. Police cars like swarming bees flocked to Montrose to prowl the streets in search of an unfamiliar restaurant. By half past seven they had found it, a squat, California sort of eating place, ranch style, calling itself THE GAUCHO GRILL.

The National Guard turned out. Reporters gathered. Three television trucks arrived and half a dozen mobile radio transmitters. While the commander of the National Guard detachment was waiting for the word to open fire in his command vehicle, parked in a side street behind THE GAUCHO GRILL, the restaurant door opened and Jeremy walked out.

In the street outside, he paused indecisively, looking right and left at the police cordons. Then, with a shrug, he walked slowly toward the cordon on the right, holding his hands at shoulder level and eying the battery of pistols and Tommy guns which were covering him with an expression of apprehensive distaste. He was wearing a gray suit, as well cut and conventional as one that his London tailor might have made for him, and he looked very well indeed.

When Jeremy was a few paces away from the cordon, a police captain snarled, "Hold it! One false move and you get the lot, buster!"

Jeremy stopped. He swallowed, finding it difficult to know what to say.

"I'm human."

"Yeah?"

"I'm called Jeremy Standing. I'm an Englishman. I'd been living in the States for five years when I walked into—into one of those places at an intersection on Highway 66 near Gallup, New Mexico, on the fifth of May the year before last."

A woman in the crowd shouted, "Don't you believe him, officer! He's a monster in disguise! Whyn't you shoot? You never know what he'll do!"

"I'm not a monster in disguise," Jeremy said huskily. (Continued on Page 52)

"They're home, everyone!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(Continued from Page 50) "Please believe me. I'm an Englishman. My name's Jeremy Standing. I told you ——"

"Funny name," the police captain said. "Where've you been, mister?"

"On a planet outside our galaxy, hundreds of millions of miles from the earth. I ——"

"What's it called?"

"They call it Zinfandel."

"Never heard of it."

"I don't expect you have. It exists, though. I'm not lying. Why should I lie? I ——"

"What do you want?" the police captain growled.

Jeremy shrugged. "I've come back, that's all. I don't know what I want, really. I want to write about it, I suppose. I've got ideas for a film, and I thought maybe ——"

A man with a microphone was pushing his way through the crowd, trailing cable behind him. "Make way there! Make way, please! . . . I bet you got ideas, Mr. Standing! I bet you have, yes, sir! Now, what about telling the people of America what it was like on—on Zin—— What'd you say the planet was called?"

"It was called Zinfandel!"

"No need to shout, Mr. Standing. Now what was it like? Just tell the nation everything you know about this far-flung planet. You're the first man alive ——"

"It was beautiful," Jeremy interrupted. "Green. Mountainous—at any rate in the place where I spent most of my time. That was a city called Arryl. The houses are built of a crystalline material which lets in the sunlight. There are strange trees everywhere, and flowers—just like the earth, but different in that much of the vegetation is different. They have daffodils, though, and narcissi that you couldn't tell from terrestrial ones. There must be a lot of other things that are the same there, but it depends upon a coincidence of evolution, you see—I don't know. I couldn't see everything, after all. Zinfandel is a planet slightly bigger than Earth."

"What did you do?" a voice shouted from the crowd.

"I—I lived," Jeremy answered. "I told my friends all that I could about Earth."

"Friends! You mean the inhabitants of Zinfandel, Mr. Standing?" the radio reporter queried.

"Of course—and my other friends, too, the people who had walked into one of the eating places as I did; there were about ten of them in Arryl and others in other cities. There were three Americans in Arryl. I have their names, if you'd like me to broadcast them."

"Sure, sure. Carry on, Mr. Standing."

"Well, there was a James Minden from New York; and a Miss Esmeralda Dingle, a colored lady from Greenway, Virginia; and an Ollie Lindberg, of Santa Monica, California. I'd like their relatives to know that they're well and happy."

The police captain rubbed his cheek with the barrel of his police positive. "Why were you taken, Standing? What's the reason behind all these abductions?"

"Curiosity," Jeremy said simply. "The scientists on Zinfandel wanted to know how human beings worked."

A woman standing up in the back seat of a convertible shrieked, "Oh, my heaven! He means vivisection!"

"No!" Jeremy was angry. "No," he shouted, "nothing like that! Some of us volunteered for physical examinations, but mostly we just talked, and answered questions. All about our life on Earth, and wars, and politics, and things like that."

The police captain nodded slowly. "O.K. That may be true. But now tell me this: You're back, why aren't the others?"

"Because they didn't want to come."

"Didn't want to come! Don't give me that stuff! You mean to say ——"

For almost the first time now, Jeremy smiled. There was an air of knowledge about him, an almost professorial assurance. The threat of dying under the impact of police bullets seemed to have gone. He was holding himself easily, and he looked like a man without a worry in the world.

"Life on Zinfandel is pleasant to live," he interrupted quietly.

"Better than here on Earth?" the radio reporter queried. "Better than life in the United States of America? That's mighty hard to believe, Mr. Standing."

"I'm sorry if I seemed not to appreciate the American way of life," Jeremy said. "But believe me, life on Zinfandel is far and away happier than anything we have ever known."

"How come it's so good?" the police captain wanted to know.

"There is no poverty, hunger or disease," Jeremy answered. "What one needs is there for—for the making. One works if one wants to, not unless. One just lives. And the air on Zinfandel contains a higher proportion of oxygen than terrestrial air. One's brain is marvelously alive, like a child's brain—curious, seeking, unworried, infinitely free to be used. Do you see what I mean?"

"More or less," the police captain said. "Sounds to me like the mountains. I go to the mountains every summer with my kids. Got a shack up there."

Silence. A fat man behind the police captain said suddenly, "What did you eat, mister?"

"Anything," Jeremy answered. "Broiled steak and fried potatoes, Chesapeake Bay oysters, fried fish and chips, roast beef and Yorkshire pudding."

"Do you mean to say their food's just like ours, for Pete's sake?"

"Oh, no. Their food is so much better than anything we know that most of us stopped making things like steak and oysters after a while. We ate Zinfandel food because we liked it better."

"What's this 'making things,' Mr. Standing?" the radio reporter cut in. "You keep on talking about making things. Would you care to explain?"

Jeremy looked at the crowd. His expression became a little doubtful. Then he shrugged. In for a penny, in for a pound. "It's very simple," he said. "One can make things by thinking them into existence."

Silence. The crowd took the information, chewed on it, said nothing.

Then, raucously, from the back, a voice shouted, "How's about making me a blonde, buster? Make her like Marilyn Monroe."

Jeremy said, "You can't make anything with a soul—that is, you can make the body, but it wouldn't be inhabited, if you see what I mean."

"Inhabited, hell! Just make the body, that's all!"

"You wouldn't like it if I did!" Jeremy shouted.

A quiet, pinched little woman ducked beneath a policeman's arm. "Make something," she said. "Go on, sir. Show us. Make something we can see."

"What?"

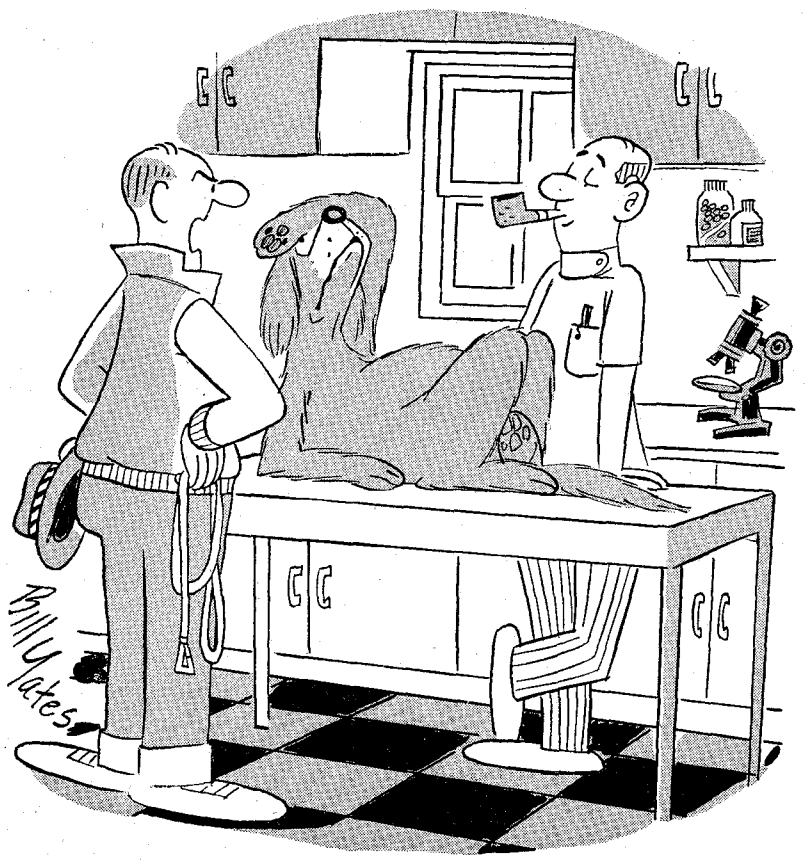
"A—a diamond bracelet."

Jeremy held out his hand. The bracelet glinted and glittered in the pale November sunshine.

"What are we waiting for?" shouted the man beside the police captain.

From the windows of The Gaucho Grill the Man who liked to call himself Charlie Smith on his visits to Earth saw the crowd stampeding down the street. He hesitated no longer than a split second. Too many. Dangerous. If they overflowed from the restaurant out into the street many might be injured during the time of the metamorphosis. Then there was accommodation on the journey to be considered; he could expand the saucer up to certain limits, but not beyond. Poor creatures.

Standing in the road outside the restaurant, he let ten people past him—the police captain and the man beside him, because they had a flying start and were first, several younger people who could run faster than the majority and, last of the ten, the quiet little woman who had asked Jeremy to make something. Behind her there was a gap in the crowd.



"Sir, are you implying that my dog is a hypochondriac?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Charlie Smith held up his arms—and they changed into tentacles. His body became insectlike, scaly; it thickened; it took on a greenish-yellow color and a metallic sheen. His eyes increased in diameter, became multilensed, like the eyes of a housefly and shone dully and terrifyingly red. Four more tentacles grew from his thorax, and his legs took on the shape of a beetle's. His gross metallic body canted forward until it was on all fours, more or less, supported by his beetle legs and two of the tentacles. The terrible eyes shone redly at the leading members of the crowd, and the remaining four tentacles waved slowly in the air—in readiness, it seemed, to grasp or to flicker out like striking snakes.

The crowd came to a standstill. The ones in front pressed backward and the ones behind readily gave way. There was a deathly silence and a stillness that was as brittle as ice.

Jeremy worked his way through the crowd. He held up his arms. "I'm sorry!" he shouted. "I'm afraid you've frightened him!"

Silence.

A woman's voice shrieked, "He's afraid we've frightened him!" Her hysterical laughter shattered the stillness.

Jeremy held up his arms again. "There are too many of you, that's the trouble. I expect they'll be back for more, but they can't take everybody, don't you see?"

A man said, "My heaven, look at it! Horrible! Just like a beetle!"

Jeremy turned. He went up to the beetle. Tentacles wavered, feeling his face. A sensitive man at the back of the crowd frowned as it dawned upon him that this was affection—a parting.

The beetlelike creature scuttled into the restaurant. The building shimmered, dissolved, became a silver saucer-shaped machine, rose a hundred feet vertically from the ground and was gone.

In the road, Jeremy stood still, looking up in the air, following the flight of the saucer until it was no longer even a speck in the sky.

After a while, as their confidence returned, the people advanced again. When Jeremy tore his eyes from the blueness of the sky and looked at the crowd gathered round him, a burly individual in the uniform of an ice-cream peddler said, "O.K., mister. How about making me a gold brick for a start?"

Jeremy saw greed entering the faces of the crowd. He waited for a moment; then shrugged and held out his hand. A small block of gold materialized in the palm—yellow, yellow as sunlight! A great gasp of awed delight rose from two hundred throats.

Jeremy threw back his right arm. With the powerful round-arm swing of the grenade-throwing infantryman, he hurled the gold block far over the crowd's heads onto the open space the saucer had just vacated. For a split second the people in the crowd were paralyzed. Then they moved. The gold block disappeared beneath a heap of struggling, cursing human beings.

A police car nearby had its door open. A gruff voice said, "Better get in, Mr. Standing. Looks as though you're going to need a bodyguard from now on."

"Yes," Jeremy said. "Thank you."

He got in. The door slammed shut. The car edged forward. One of the two cops in the front seat sucked his teeth and said, "You shouldn't have let on you could make things, Mr. Standing. You'll never get any peace, now that folk know about it."

A thought was coming to Jeremy across a thousand miles of sky. It was coming from the Man who called himself Charlie Smith. "When you are ready, Jeremy."

Jeremy opened his eyes. "Yes," he said to the cop on the front seat. "But, then, I can always go back. . . . Now, what can I make for you two boys?" THE END

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Those Midford Girls (Continued from Page 37)

"Doesn't matter. I couldn't eat pheasant tonight," said Marilyn.

"I never did pay that young man for the lawn."

"He said he'd be back."

"Oh, yes. He's going to live here." Mrs. Midford sighed.

It was almost ludicrous the way they avoided mentioning Sue, or Marilyn's divorce, or what she would do now, or what either of them would do if anything had happened to Sue. It was one of those times when conversation is precarious, like walking a tightrope. One ill-considered word, and you go over, tumbling into an abyss of emotion. But the Allbrights were safe.

"You shouldn't have done it, Marilyn. That chair is worthless."

"You'd be surprised. And if they wanted bare agony, they got a bargain. Two million dollars' worth of agony for two hundred. But I'll bet you'd have sold it for ten."

"Why, I'd have given it to them!"

"Mother, when it comes to business you're not dry behind the ears. They think they got a terrific buy. I can just hear them yapping about it all over Boston. If you'd given it to them, they'd have dumped it at the next corner."

"I don't see why. It'd still be the same chair."

"They're just that kind of people, that's why."

"You don't know what kind they are, Marilyn. You never set eyes on them before."

"I know. I wasn't married to George Stafford for five years for nothing. Freaks like that ——"

"I never heard George mention an Aunt Sephrina."

"Neither did I."

"Marilyn! You didn't make her up out of ——"

The telephone rang. They looked at each other, frightened.

"You go, mother. It might be George. I don't want him to know I'm here."

"You come too. I'll answer, and if ——"

With Marilyn standing beside her, Mrs. Midford picked up the receiver. "Yes?" she said quietly.

"Sorry to bother you, Mrs. Midford. This is the Times-Star. We have a story here about Susan Midford, and we thought we'd better check with you before we ran it. Is it true she's disappeared?"

"Oh, you wouldn't print it! You couldn't!"

Marilyn took the receiver, but the man at the other end of the wire talked so loudly that Mrs. Midford still heard him. "Have you had any ransom notes, Mrs. Midford?"

"Don't be ridiculous," said Marilyn. "We're too poor to get ransom notes."

"Who'm I talking to now?"

"Marilyn Stafford. Who are you?"

"Oh, hi, Marilyn. Didn't know you were in town. This is Jerry Greene. What is this about Sue, anyhow?"

"Nothing. You'll just make fools of yourselves if you print anything."

"That's not the way we got it here. Disappeared. Missing Persons on it in New York. Police here in touch with police there. Come on, Marilyn. Give."

"Nothing to give. She's in New York, and she's been there two years. That's nothing to get excited about."

"You think it's amnesia?"

"I think you're nuts. Forget it."

"Sorry, Marilyn. Can't. The boss is hot and excited. Listen, honey; it'd be best if you'd give me a statement. Then we'll print what you say. Otherwise ——"

"You can't threaten me, Jerry. Nothing to state and nothing to print."

"All right. But don't hold it against me. Just try to remember I only work here."

She hung up and turned to Mrs. Midford. "It's going to be something awful. Amnesia or kidnaping."

Mrs. Midford was angry. "Not white slavery?" she said caustically.

"He didn't mention it. I think it's gone out of fashion."

"That Israel Page! He never could keep his mouth shut! Give me that phone."

"What's he got to do with it?"

"Everything. . . . Operator? Get me Israel Page. . . . No, I don't know his number and I haven't time to look it up." She put her hand over the mouthpiece. "I'm so mad I could chew nails. The old fool! Wait till I —— Hello! Is that you, Mr. Page? Well, this is Myra Midford, and I'm mad as hops. What d'you mean, telling the paper about Sue? They've got hold of some cock-and-bull ——"

"What's that? Tell the paper? What paper?"

"You know very well what paper. Lord knows what they'll print."

"Calm down, Myra. We discussed Sue on the telephone. There's six parties on my line and six on yours. Say four people to a family. Makes forty-eight people all together. And they've all got ears and they've all got tongues."

She drew in a deep breath. "I'm sorry, Mr. Page."

"Oh, that's all right, Myra. Good for you to lose your temper sometimes."

"Anyway, I'm glad you didn't go to New York. I thought you might have."

"Might have to, yet. But not tonight. Wouldn't want to miss the wrestling matches tonight."

When they returned to the kitchen, their coffee was cold. While Marilyn made more, Mrs. Midford nibbled on a slightly stale cooky. "If another thing happens today, I'll break in two."

"I doubt it."

"I have a feeling if Israel Page hadn't brought that yogi, everything would have been all right."

"He didn't have anything to do with most of it. Ruth sent the Allbrights. And I came on my own."

"But he got me to thinking. Marilyn, maybe I don't want to go to Florida after all."

"Oh, mother! You owe it to yourself to ——"

"That's a silly expression. What's the sense of owing things to yourself when you owe so much to other people? And now Mr. Page is all mixed up with Sue, and I'm sure he'll send other horrors like Mrs. Blenkham to see the house. It's his idea of fun. He's too old to have normal amusements, so he messes up other people's lives. He's like Fate in one of those Greek dramas, brooding in the corner and poking things along with his turgid finger."

Marilyn giggled. "What's a turgid finger?"

"How should I know? The finger of Fate is turgid. I think it means evil-minded."

"Be reasonable, mother. After all, no normal person would buy this house."

"Why not? We're normal, I suppose."

"We're stuck with it. Normal people buy ranch houses with view windows and carports, and game rooms in the cellar. Only the insane and people with nefarious purposes would even bother to look at a fourteen-room, split-level job that was built in 1788."

"Well, at least the Allbrights would live in it."

"You're not suggesting they're normal, are you?"

"Marilyn, I think I should send them back that check."

"Don't be ——"

A car crunched on the driveway, and, while they sat frozen in dread, the doorbell rang. It was David Hanna, carrying a duffel bag. Behind him in the darkness loomed another man, laden with suitcases and boxes. "Carl Kraft—helping me move," he said cheerfully to Marilyn. "If you'll show me where I'm supposed to go, we can manage by ourselves."

"I don't know where you're supposed to go. . . . Mother!"

"I'm coming!" Mrs. Midford trotted into the hall. "Oh, I'd forgotten all about you," she said tactlessly. . . . "Marilyn, take him up and let him pick out his own room. Any but Sue's—and the front bedroom."

Mrs. Midford returned to the kitchen, too tired even to feel humiliated because the boy was moving into a room which hadn't been dusted for six months. The young people clomped around upstairs, moving from room to room. She heard Marilyn call, "I'll get the vacuum cleaner." And one of the men followed her to help her carry it. Then the clank of the rods and attachments; then the whine of the machine.

When the vacuum cleaner went off, she heard them laughing and talking. It seemed odd, laughing and talking in the house.

Good heavens, she thought, jumping to her feet. *All those people and not a thing to give them to eat.* Quickly she began to mix the batter for gingerbread, unconsciously humming a little nursery tune as she worked.

The following morning was one of ominous calm, falsified because the Times-Star was an evening paper, and the horror tale it was hatching would not be on the streets until three. David Hanna, whistling, left the house at seven-thirty while Mrs. Midford was dressing. Marilyn did not come down until nine, after Mrs. Midford had eaten her own breakfast.

"Can I fix you anything?"

"No, thanks. I'll just drink some coffee. Are there any apples?" Marilyn dug around in the refrigerator until she found one; then sat munching it while Mrs. Midford washed dishes.

Mrs. Midford said, "Those are nice boys, David and his friend."

Fox

By Harriet Gray Blackwell

See him, dark shadow on
the moon,
With pointed nose against
the wind,
Brush curled around small
feet which soon
Will leave the shadow far
behind.

The padded feet will go so
fast
Their imprints will be faint
as sound
Of fox barks bounding from
the past,
Or wine from fox grapes on
the ground.

No horn has blown, no man
in sight,
No swift red-coated hunt
begun,
But though the night is
silent, white,
He knows tomorrow hounds
will run.

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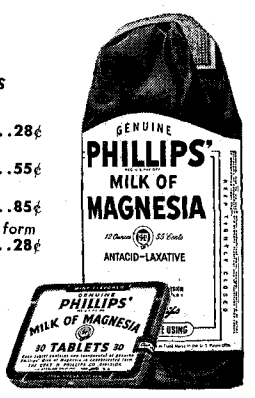

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"Um. Carl is downright delicious. I like big redheads."

"Good heavens, Marilyn! What a way to talk about a man!"

"Life with George has brought out the elemental in me. If I weren't the level-headed type, I wouldn't be surprised if Carl Kraft could catch me on the rebound."

"Is he a science student, too, like David?"

"No. He's an English instructor, and he's trying to learn to write magazine articles so he can make enough money to buy an airplane." Marilyn went to the stove for more coffee, carefully avoiding her mother's eyes, which were full of candid questions. "I think he's going to rent the halfway room. He's crazy about it, and I told him he could have it for twelve dollars a week."

"Oh, Marilyn! You didn't! It isn't clean, and besides ——"

"He said he'd clean it up and put new paper on it. He wants a quiet place to write in. I wouldn't be surprised if he moved in tonight."

"Marilyn, you'll have to tell him he can't. With the house being sold, it's not fair to him to ——"

"He knows all that. He's so crazy about the house he said he'd buy it himself if he had the money."

"But we can't rent rooms! It's just not—— Nobody in the family has ever rented rooms! Of course, these are nice boys, but once you start a thing like that, how can you stop? You get to depend on the money, and then you have to take anyone and everyone, all sorts of riffraff, and you can't ever get away from them or be alone, and they all have problems, and ——"

Marilyn stood up. "I should think you'd have been alone enough lately, mother. I have. We're not the type for it. Besides, we can use the twelve dollars."

"But, honey, people like us just don't ——"

"Don't be stuffy, mother. You sound like George. And you started it by giving a room to David." Marilyn kissed her mother lightly. "You're getting mopey, darling, worrying about every little thing. Mind if I go out and clean the barn?"

"The barn! Why in the world ——"

"I just feel like it. Besides, tomorrow's trash day, so the stuff I throw out won't just get put back before they haul it away."

"Marilyn, I do wish you'd call that Kraft boy and tell him ——"

"No, mother. You'll get used to him, and I can definitely bear to have him around."

She went out, leaving Mrs. Midford to brood upon the suddenness with which things could get out of hand as soon as one of her daughters came home. But Mrs. Midford finally pulled herself together and went up to the halfway room, where she spent the morning cleaning the closets. No one disturbed her. The telephone did not ring, nor the doorbell. Even the mailman did not stop.

A brooding peace hung over the house, and the silence became so deep that when a rag doll fell from a top shelf, making a soft plop of sound, she jumped. Then she opened a window, letting in the scraping sounds Marilyn made in the barn. She wondered why the girl had chosen the barn on which to work off her energy. Probably because she knew Mrs. Midford would stay in the house, and she didn't want to talk about George, about her divorce. She was using the delaying tactic which evaded discussion until the whole subject was too stale to be worth discussing.

Mrs. Midford did not deny that she would like to know the ins and outs of the matter. Why on earth had Marilyn ever married him? Money, that was why. Might as well face it. "Because I want things to be pretty!"

Well, the kindest person could not call George pretty. He was shaped like an egg, and he was just as smooth and slippery. He wore Ivy League clothes and kept track of people who were on the way up. He didn't care for Mrs. Midford because she was on the way down. He hadn't let Marilyn come home often because nothing could be got out of it. He'd never wanted children, either, because nothing could be got out of them. He'd told Mrs. Midford once that he was afraid Marilyn would become engrossed with them at the expense of her social contacts. Everyone George knew was a contact.

She watched Marilyn from the window as the girl dragged an old bedspring from the barn and dumped it in the drive, which now looked like a junk peddler's yard. *I should be glad*, thought Mrs. Midford. *She's well out of a bad thing.*

Looking down at her daughter, Mrs. Midford felt a yearning ache very like the insatiable love she had felt when she had first seen Marilyn, when the nurse had first put the new baby in her arms, and Mrs. Midford had timidly run a shy finger over the down on the baby's head. As if it had been her own experience, she understood, with deep emotion, what Marilyn's life with George had been like: the pain of having all one's small nobilities twisted into the service of making money. The betrayal of friends who were on the way down; the cultivation of enemies who were on the way up. And finally, when one could no longer bear it, the cold awakening, the day when one knew all friendship had been swallowed in distrust; when one looked into the mirror and saw the deepening lines of avarice; and, if one still felt lonesome, one might take comfort in the thought that there was still the stock market to cuddle up to.

Marilyn carried a broken rocker from the barn and dumped it on the bedspring. And suddenly she burst out singing, slightly off key, something about *falling in love with someone.*

Mrs. Midford called down, "Marilyn, how about some lunch?"

"Hi there! Yes! I'm starved!"

"Run over to the store and get something. There isn't a thing in the house."

"What?"

"Oh, anything! No, wait. Get some lobster. I feel like celebrating!"

"Why, mother? What ——"

But Mrs. Midford ducked inside quickly and closed the window. What a silly thing to have said! Neither of them could celebrate until they found Sue. And celebration of any sort would be inadequate to express her deep happiness in the discovery that Marilyn had had a bitter choice to make; and all by herself, talking to no one, the girl had made the right decision.

While they ate lunch, gorging on lobster salad and popovers, Mrs. Midford said, "If you find any boxes or barrels in the barn, I want them for the junk I'm clearing out of the halfway room. I've hardly made a dent in the big closet, and I've got a stack of old clothes and toys as high as ——"

"Toys? What kind?"

"Games, Teddy bears, dolls, stereopticon slides. Even a rocking horse." In defiance of calories, Mrs. Midford drenched a popover in butter. "I'm going to send it all over to the church for their next rummage sale."

"Don't you dare! Not till I look it over!"

"What do you care about a bunch of old toys?"

"Plenty. Some of them are valuable. Especially old dolls. People collect them."

"I don't believe it. Anyway, I have to get rid of them. Mr. Kraft will certainly need the closets."

"Put them in the barn. That's why I'm cleaning it out."

"So you can put new junk in place of the old junk?"

Marilyn laughed. "Yes. Mother, I've decided to open an antique shop in the barn."

"But you don't know anything about antiques!"

"I can learn. And what I don't know about antiques, I know about the people who buy them. Didn't I sell the Iron Maiden?"

"Yes, but—— Besides, it's foolish to start anything like that when we're selling the house. Frankly, I don't like the way things are going at all. Renting rooms, using the barn for a shop—— It all sounds so permanent. It'll only be a few days before the Allbrights come back. Or that swami. I just don't think it's ethical to let those boys come to live here, go to all the trouble of moving in, and then ——"

Marilyn looked quizzically at her mother. "Oh, they know it's only temporary. Besides, it's fun to do things for a change. And I have to earn a living somehow, so I might as well start. David and Carl are going to help me paint it white before the cold weather starts."

"There's no way to heat it."

"I found a funny old stove I can use. If I hurry I might even get it ready for some Christmas business."

"But the Allbrights ——"

"I'll sell them the rocking horse," laughed Marilyn. She leaned back, stretching. "I'm stuffed. Oh, it's wonderful to be home! You just don't know! You can't! It's ——"

The doorbell rang and they both jumped. But it was only Miss Harrid with a suspicious-looking brown-paper bag under her arm. Mrs. Midford offered her coffee, which Miss Harrid refused because, she said, it damaged the brain cells.

"It's too bad you've eaten. I brought you some grapefruit-peel bread, and it's much tastier when it's warm. . . . Why, Marilyn! I didn't know you were home! A little visit? How's George?"

"The same as ever. One thing you can depend on in a shifting world, Miss Harrid, is that George will never change. How about some lunch? Popovers and lobster salad."

Miss Harrid shuddered visibly. "No, thank you. Did your mother tell you Mrs. Blenkham and I are buying the house? We're going to run a school in it."

"Oh? That's nice. Nature study, I presume?"

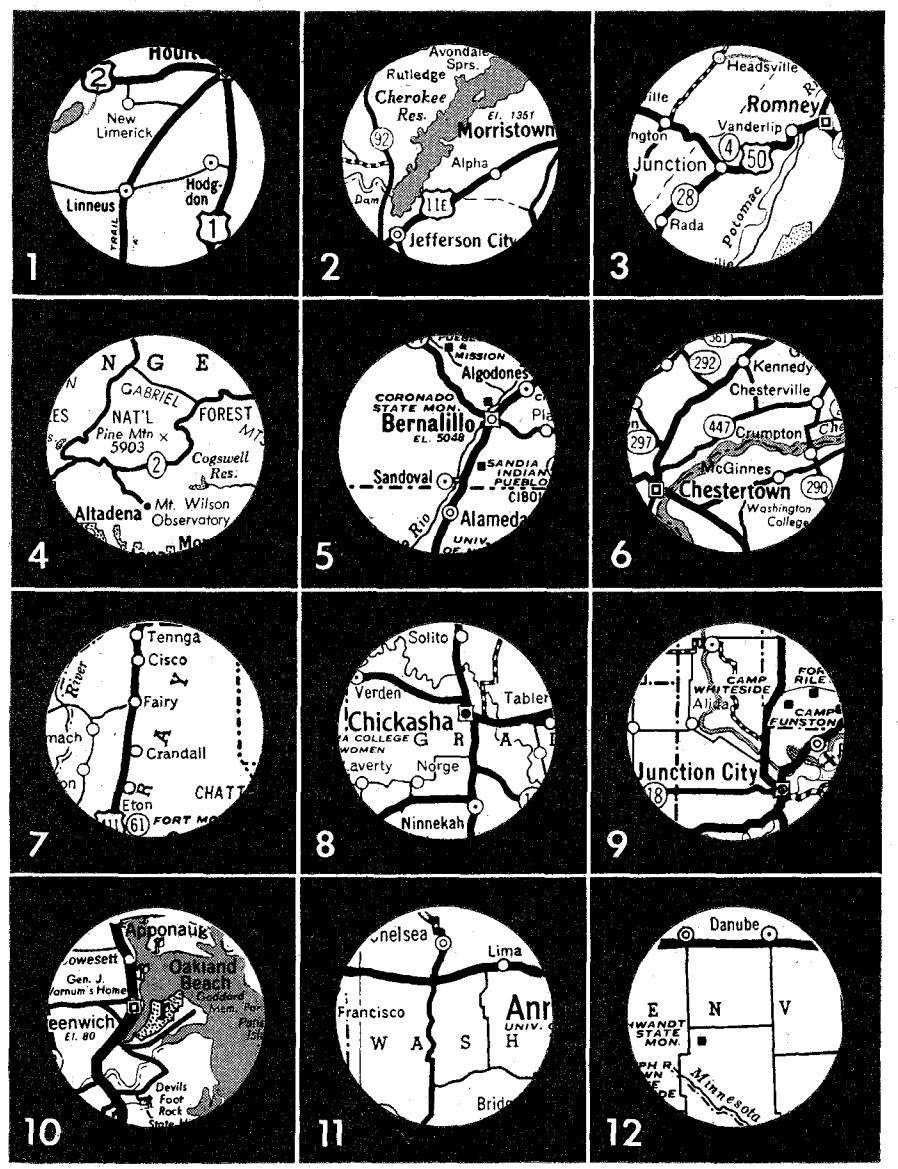
Mrs. Midford shot a warning glance at Marilyn, but Miss Harrid beamed complacently. "And other useful things. It will fill a great need."

"I'm sure it will," said Marilyn. "But I'm afraid you'll have to find another house. This one's very interesting to some Boston people who saw it yesterday. They were carried away by it. They are going to paint the living room orange and put a bar in the butler's pantry."

"A bar? Right in the house?"

"Oh, you know how city people are. Drinking

(Continued on Page 57)



RAND McNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Dorothy Joyce**

(*Answers on page 57*)

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The Ford Parklane Station Wagon is brand-new! Carpeted throughout, this 2-door, 6-passenger dandy has limousine comfort and doesn't mind rolling up its sleeves.

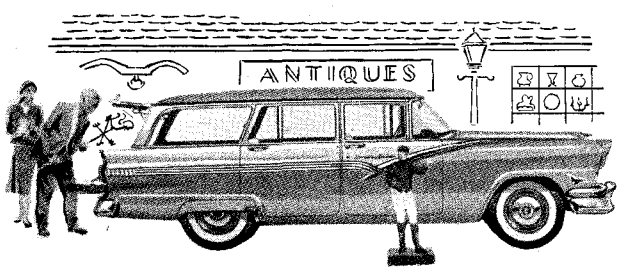
Why Ford tops the "tote-'em" Poll!

Thunderbird styling...Thunderbird "GO"...and Lifeguard safety are just a few of the reasons why more people buy Ford station wagons than the next two makes combined!

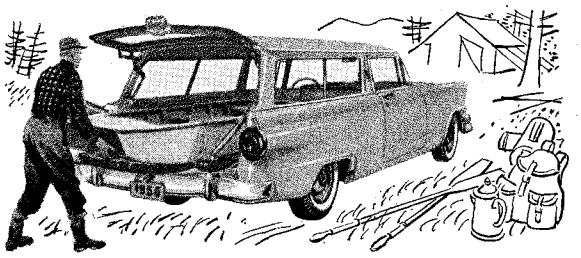
Yes! There are more reasons than ever why Fords are favorites among the station wagon set! These stunning do-it-alls with Thunderbird-inspired styling are head-turners wherever you go. And whether you choose a 2-door, 4-door, six- or eight-passenger wagon, Ford's Stowaway seat lets you convert it from luxury liner to cargo carrier in a split jiffy.

But Thunderbird looks and a "double life" aren't the only reasons for the popularity of Ford station wagons. You can have the Thunderbird's "GO," too, *at no extra cost* for the new Thunderbird Y-8 engine is the *standard* eight in all Ford station wagon models.

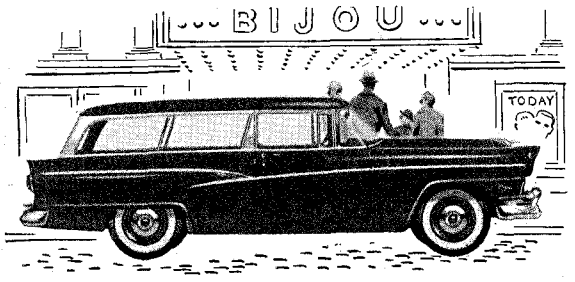
To top it all off, Fords are the only wagons with Lifeguard Design . . . a new family of safety features which help protect you and yours from the major causes of injuries in the event of accidents. Come in soon! Choose *the* Ford station wagon to fit *your* living scheme.



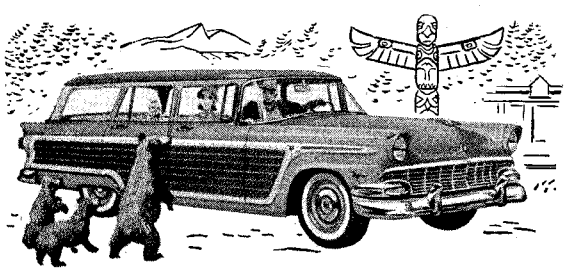
8-passenger Country Sedan—This 4-door beauty gives easy access to both front and rear seats.



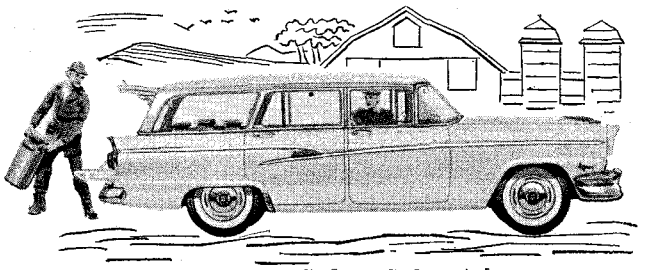
Ranch Wagon—This all-around favorite for work or play has two big doors, easily holds 6 big people.



Custom Ranch Wagon—It's a 2-door, 6-passenger fashion plate. Easy-to-clean interior can take it.



Country Squire—Mahogany-finished steel panels give woodlike beauty. 4 doors, 8 passengers big.



6-passenger Country Sedan—It has 4-door convenience and, like all '56 Fords, has Lifeguard Design.

They sell more because they're worth more!

'56 FORD

STATION WAGONS

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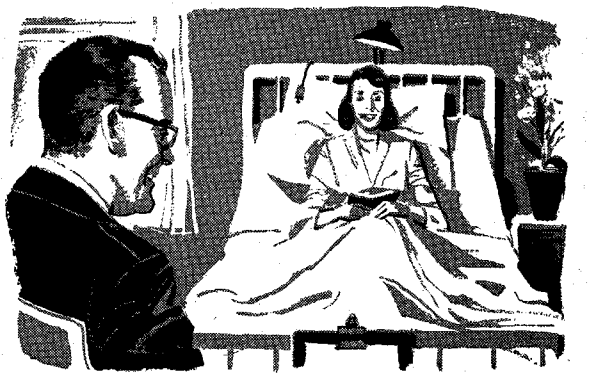
"Paying the hospital bills
for my wife's burns would
have put us in debt for years!"

"I'm sure glad we belong to BLUE CROSS!"

Says Police Patrolman **Walter C. Medley** *of Louisville, Kentucky*

"I was just leaving to go on duty *when I got the call —and bad news. My wife had been terribly burned and was being rushed to the hospital. I got there fast!"*

"She'd been visiting her mother. *Fire from an open grate caught on her dress. Before the flames could be smothered, Jacquelyn had deep body and leg burns."*



"82 days in the hospital, *in all, was the result. Dressings, drugs, operating room—the cost ran into four figures. Blue Cross sure saved us a big debt."*

Blue Cross Plans serving locally from coast to coast bring Americans this famed program for prepayment of hospital care . . . the only one officially approved by the American Hospital Association.

A lengthy hospital stay means big bills—but even a *short* stay can eat up savings or hurt the paycheck. That's why people value the special kind of security Blue Cross brings.

This protection is unique! The one aim of Blue Cross is to provide for you and your family the *hospital care you need*, rather than fixed dollar allowances. This means basic hospital services, and many necessary "extras", as well.

Just present your Blue Cross card when you go to the hospital. Your Blue Cross Plan then handles the details of your care directly with the hospital. You don't even have to file any claims.

A working "partnership" with the hospitals enables Blue Cross Plans to give this unusual service locally. Because of this, Blue Cross *alone* is officially approved by the American Hospital Association.

The cost is low. Blue Cross Plans are organized to serve members without taking a profit. Every cent you and other members pay in, except for low operating expense, is set aside to help pay for hospital care. And to bring even greater value, benefits and dues are set *locally* to meet local needs and conditions. You can see why Blue Cross can give broad protection to your entire family for pennies a day.

49,000,000 people now belong! Each day thousands more join Blue Cross Plans to ease their worries over costs of hospital care. America's first effective safeguard against hospital-care expenses, Blue Cross is today's best-proved protection.

Here's how to join. Ask your employer about Blue Cross. Most people join through a group where they work. Should you change jobs or retire, you may have your Blue Cross protection continued through a very simple arrangement. The Blue Cross Plan serving your locality is listed in your phone book. Rural families in many states can join through local farm organizations. *Blue Cross Commission, Dept. 305, 425 North Michigan, Chicago 11, Illinois.*

BLUE CROSS®

HELPS MEET
HOSPITAL BILLS!

Blue Cross and symbol registered by the American Hospital Association

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(Continued from Page 54) parties all night, every night. Marijuana jags. But it's a wonderful thing for the town. All that money moving in. Famous actors and artists coming down for the weekends. And they really love the place. They're willing to pay anything to ——"

"Myra! Surely you wouldn't be so irresponsible as to sell to people who would turn the town into a sinkhole of immorality?"

Mrs. Midford could not answer. She was staring in speechless horror at Marilyn, who went merrily on, "We have to sell to the highest bidder, naturally, Miss Harrid. Business is business. Of course, if you and Mrs. Blenkham ——"

"We shall consult," said Miss Harrid stiffly. "I'm sure Hester will feel as I do, that the community welfare is worth some sacrifice. How much did these people offer you?"

"Twenty thousand," Marilyn said glibly.

"Preposterous! The place isn't worth half that!"

"Of course, it isn't. But you know how such people are. Irresponsible and extravagant." Marilyn giggled. "They paid a fabulous price for an old chair. Simply because they wanted to put its stark agony under their Modigliani."

At the mention of this foreign word, Miss Harrid gave a little start and blushed deeply. "Well! I must say, Myra, I never would have thought it of you. But at least we know who's who and what's what. And I warn you not to go too far in this. I'll take it up at the town meeting if necessary. After all, we have to think of the corruption of the young."

Miss Harrid stood up to leave. "I hope you didn't part with one of your good chairs."

"Just the old straight one. The one you were sitting on yesterday."

"I had quite made up my mind to buy that myself, Myra, when you auctioned off your things."

Mrs. Midford answered with acid sweetness, "I'd have saved it for you, Edith, if I'd only known."

"If you'll excuse me," said Marilyn, "I have to get back to my work in the barn."

She took her dishes to the sink and went out the back door. Miss Harrid watched her with disapproval. "That girl's entirely too thin, Myra. She needs building up."

"She likes to be thin. She does it on purpose."

"She needs more internal fat. Otherwise the organs will fall."

"Where to?"

Miss Harrid ignored the question. "You should give her grape seeds."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I know it's a lot of trouble, but proper food always is. You simply remove the seeds from the grapes, put them in a good stout bag and hammer them until they're mashed. That releases all the vitamin C. Grape seeds are one of our richest sources of vitamin C."

"Then what do I do?" asked Mrs. Midford, fascinated.

"Then you steam them in very little water for a couple of hours. You don't want them to get too soft. The secret is in having them cooked through, but not letting them get soggy. You want to keep that delightful crunchiness so characteristic of grape seeds."

"When do you eat them? For dinner, like a vegetable?"

"Good heavens, no! They're a cereal. I take mine for breakfast with a little blackstrap and yoghurt."

"Don't you have quite a lot of grapes left over?"

"Well, of course, Myra, if you want to quibble! I was only trying to be helpful. I ——" At that moment the front door slammed and David Hanna came in.

He called, "Mrs. Midford! I've got something to show you!"

"I'm in the kitchen, David!"

He entered, carrying a load of books and a newspaper. "There's something here about ——" He saw Miss Harrid and stopped. "Oh, I beg your pardon."

"I was just leaving," said Miss Harrid stiffly. "No, don't bother, Myra. I'll run out the back way."

"Thank you so much for the bread, Edith."

"I shall be back," said Miss Harrid darkly, looking at David with the distaste she always showed for anything blatantly male.

When Miss Harrid was safely in the street, Mrs. Midford turned to David with a soft sigh, half an expression of resignation, half of pity. "David, what is a Modigliani?"

"How do you spell it?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"Then what language is it?"

"I don't know. Marilyn made it sound frightfully risqué. She embarrassed poor Miss Harrid to death."

"Maybe it's psychiatric lingo. Some kind of complex."

"Oh, I don't think so. Those people who saw the house yesterday bought a chair because it had lines of what they called stark agony. They wanted to put the agony under their Modigliani in the hall."

"Oh, it's a picture. Modigliani was an artist. Poor Miss Harrid!" He sat down at the table, doubled up with laughter.

"She's very pathetic and lonely," said Mrs. Midford severely. "We shouldn't bait her and make fun of her. She means to be kind."

"You sound just like my mother," said David, unfolding the newspaper. He pushed the paper, folded open to a back page, toward her. "Doesn't this concern you?"

It was an item of a dozen lines sandwiched between a beer ad and a political speech. MASSACHUSETTS GIRL MISSING. It was an AP dispatch from their own town.

New York police are searching for Susan Midford, a promising young actress, who has disappeared, leaving no trace. On the threshold of a brilliant career, Miss Midford may be the victim of amnesia, though the possibility of foul play cannot be ruled out. She has light red hair, gray eyes, height about five feet five, slender. When last heard of, she was living at 15etaoinshirdlu slender ——

"Why do they always have to garble things when they're important?" asked Mrs. Midford.

"It's not important to them. A small-town girl missing in New York—that's only filler for a big Boston daily."

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 54

1. Maine
2. Tennessee
3. West Virginia
4. California
5. New Mexico
6. Maryland
7. Georgia
8. Oklahoma
9. Kansas
10. Rhode Island
11. Michigan
12. Minnesota

"And I hate to think what my wife's surgery could have cost us without BLUE SHIELD help!"

Says Patrolman **Medley**

***"The doctor's first, quick action** saved my wife's life! Then came the long pull—the burns were so bad she had to have three separate skin grafts. Surgery like that costs money. That's why having Blue Shield help to pay the bills is so wonderful!"*

BLUE SHIELD®

Sponsored by doctors in their own local areas . . . Blue Shield Plans help people meet surgical-medical-maternity expense.

Each week, Blue Shield Plans pay out over $5,000,000 for members. Here is proved protection that can bring your family a real sense of security from the costs of surgical-medical care.

How Blue Shield helps. You *join* a Blue Shield Plan—usually with other employees where you work. In return for the small amount you pay in regularly, the Plan helps you meet doctor expenses. It's that simple!

Liberal, specific sums are paid for hundreds of different surgical procedures – many nonsurgical services, too. Often Blue Shield pays the entire bill.

Just a few cents a day will provide Blue Shield protection for your entire family. Service – not profit – is Blue Shield's aim. Every cent Blue Shield Plans receive, except for necessary administrative expense, is set aside to help pay members' doctor bills. Dues and benefits are *locally* adjusted to fit needs and conditions where you live.

Your family doctor almost certainly works with Blue Shield daily. For it is the doctors' plan, sponsored by medical societies in each Blue Shield area.

Protection you can keep! Through simple arrangements, Blue Shield can be retained even when you change jobs or retire – an important advantage!

12,000 new members join each working day! Such a rate of enrollment proves Blue Shield Plans are giving the kind of protection people want!

Here's how you join. Ask your employer about enrolling where you work. Blue Shield serves in small firms as well as large. Your local Blue Shield Plan is listed in your phone book. Rural families in many states join through local farm organizations. *Blue Shield Commission, Dept. 305, 425 North Michigan, Chicago 11, Illinois.*

BLUE SHIELD®

HELPS MEET DOCTOR BILLS!

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"I won't have a minute's peace when our own paper comes out."

"That's what I figured. I came home" (he said it so naturally that neither of them remembered the house had been home to him for only one night) "because I thought you might need some help. Somebody to answer the telephone. Try to fend them off."

"Oh, David! Would you really do that?"

"Sure. What'll I tell 'em?"

"Nothing. Just plain nothing."

"That's not a good line, Mrs. Midford. It's when you give 'em nothing that the tabloids really go to town. She hasn't really disappeared, has she?"

"I don't know. We can't find her. She ——" Mrs. Midford turned away from him. "But she's all right, David. She must be. Sue's too level-headed to ——"

The telephone rang. David ran to answer it. She heard him say, "Oh, I forgot all about it. Sure. I'll speak to her right away." He came back into the kitchen. "Mrs. Midford, I forgot to tell you, but there's a fellow wants to move in here, if you don't mind. He ——"

"But I do mind! The whole situation's impossible! I can't rent rooms to people when I'm going to sell the house any minute!"

"I told him that. But he's new here. Just got in this morning. He came right over to the labs, and since there was nobody around, he latched onto me. He's been studying in Europe, but his first look at the U.S. kind of bowled him over—scared him, I think. He didn't expect it to be so big and busy. So I thought maybe if you would take him in for a month or so, until he had a chance to look around, it'd be a big help. Even a week would be a help."

"Well, I suppose that would be all right. If he really understands. What's his name?"

"Wong."

Mrs. Midford looked startled. "Wong?"

"Um. Wong from Hong Kong."

"A Chinese! Really, David. I don't think —— After all, we've never had a Chinese in the house before."

"They're a great addition. No house should be without one. Wonderful sense of humor." He was laughing at her prejudice, reproving her with laughter, and she had the grace to feel ashamed.

"I only meant ——"

"I don't think you know exactly what you meant, Mrs. Midford. But Wong's a quiet, lonely sort of guy. All his immediate family were killed by the Reds in Shanghai. He was the only one to get away. Of course, it happened six or seven years ago, when he was just a kid, but ——"

"Oh, tell him to come. It would be awful if he thought we didn't care."

"That's the way I figured it."

"Does he speak English?"

"Perfectly. He's especially fond of Ho-Kay. I suppose because it sounds so Oriental." David sat down again by the telephone. "I'll tell him to come right over. And by the way, Carl Kraft said to tell you he'd be bringing his stuff over about four."

"Good heavens! His room's full of junk from the closets. I'll have to get on with it."

"You do that. And I'll sit here by the phone and study my German."

Mrs. Midford returned to the halfway room. The telephone rang twice, but she felt no alarm. Busybodies. David made short work of them. Although she had left the door open so as not to miss anything, she could not hear what he said. Such a likable, dependable boy, she thought. It was a relief to have a man in the house—somebody on whom she could shove the whole tangled mess while she concentrated on cleaning closets.

Marilyn came in with an armload of cartons. "Will these be enough?" She dumped them on the floor. "Good Lord, mother, I never saw so much junk in my life! No closets on earth could —— Oh, by the way, there's a Chinaman downstairs."

"His name's Wong. He's going to live here too. David rented him a room. I've no idea which one."

"You don't say! Things certainly move fast when they get started, don't they?"

"What does he look like?" asked Mrs. Midford anxiously.

"Immaculate and dapper. He bows from the waist and smiles all over his face. I think he's scared to death we won't like him. Where are you going to put him?"

"Well, let's see. Mr. Kraft in here, David in there —— How about grandma's old room?"

"The poor thing will probably go into a decline trying to get along with all that gloomy old walnut furniture."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Midford, "it's only temporary."

Marilyn called downstairs, "David, will you send Mr. Wong up?"

He was indeed dapper and smiling, and—Marilyn was right—inwardly shy. Although he was a full-grown man, and his face, at least to Mrs. Midford, was inscrutable, there was about him a quality of timid hope. He looked a bit like an orphan waiting to be adopted. It was a look of wanting desperately to be liked, of wanting not to have to suffer still another rejection.

He bowed, smiling. "Is great honor to be received in your noble house."

For no reason, a lump came into Mrs. Midford's throat. "You flatter us, Mr. Wong. We're awfully glad to have you, if you can put up with us until we get things straightened out. But perhaps David warned you what a mess we are in?"

His face grew serious. "Yes. The disappeared daughter of the house. Is great trouble. I help in all possible ways."

Marilyn said, "Mother didn't mean that, Mr. Wong. She's only trying to apologize because your room isn't ready. We don't want to inflict our troubles on you."

He was short, but he drew himself up with dignity to look tall. "I have trouble with no place to live in a strange country, therefore you help me. You have trouble, I help you. All men are brothers."

The situation had an Alice in Wonderland quality which, Mrs. Midford thought, was rather stunning. The only thing to do was to play up to it, go along with it. "We are deeply grateful, Mr. Wong."

He grinned until his whole face beamed like a jack-o'-lantern. "Call me Charlie. Everybody calls me Charlie."

"O.K., Charlie," said Marilyn. "Let's go. I'll show you your room."

"Ho-Kay!"

Marilyn and Wong had barely left when David called up to Mrs. Midford, "There are some men outside taking pictures of the house. Is that all right?"

"Who are they?"

"Could be the press. Shall I try to stop them?"

She leaned over the banister toward him. "I don't see how you can. It would only make a noisy fuss. But try to keep them out of the house, David. I don't want to talk to them."

"You're the boss!" he said, going back to answer the telephone, which had begun to ring insistently.

When Marilyn came back, she said, "Mother, that room isn't fit for a dog to sleep in. There's two inches of dust on everything. When you walk over the carpet, clouds arise."

"Oh, dear! I do hope he didn't notice."

"I've always heard that the Chinese are an immaculately clean people."

"I'm glad to hear it, but I can still do only one thing at a time, and I'd never heard of Wong until two hours ago. Besides, there are men outside taking pictures of the house, and David thinks they're reporters." Mrs. Midford bent down and began to throw old clothes into a carton. "Did he show you that thing in the Boston Herald?"

"Yes. . . . Hey, wait a minute! What's that?"

"Your great-grandmother's sealskin cape. I'm going to give it to the rummage sale."

Marilyn grabbed it and threw it over her shoulders. It came down to her heels with rippling fullness. "You are not! Sue or I can make a jacket out of it."

"Now I've heard everything. That I should see the day when you'd want to make over old furs!"

"Times have changed. It's not such a bargain to wear mink if you have to take George along with it." She crossed the room and began to sort out the old toys, putting some in one carton, some in another.

"What did you think of it?" asked Mrs. Midford. "The thing in the paper, I mean."

"It made me sort of mad. Dismissing Sue like that on Page Thirty-two. But maybe things'll pick up when they get hold of a picture of her."

"What do you mean, pick up?"

"Well, if you have to get yourself in the paper, you ought to do it with a splash. But once they find out how pretty she is ——"

"Marilyn, you don't really think anything's happened to her, do you? You couldn't talk that way if you did."

"I think something's happened, but it's not kidnaping or amnesia or anything drastic. She's just decided to go off and sulk and be a brat for a while."

"And when she reads the papers, she'll know we're worried and she'll come home."

"Yes. But not if she stays on Page Thirty-two. Nobody ever reads Page Thirty-two."

"Then perhaps ——" Slowly Mrs. Midford straightened up, staring across the room at her daughter.

Marilyn also straightened up. The two women looked at each other, a wicked little smile playing over Marilyn's mouth. "Yes. Mr. Page was way ahead of us, wasn't he? After all, everyone should co-operate with the press. Unless they've got something to hide, of course." The doorbell rang. "It's Carl! And we're not half through!"

But it was Mrs. Blenkham's bellow that assaulted them, "Who're you? Never saw you before in my life!"

And David's reply, "I'm Modigliani. Are you with the Times-Star or the Boston Herald?"

"Don't mumble, young man! Kindly tell Mrs. Midford I'm here."

David shouted, "Mrs. Midford just left for Siam!"

Mrs. Midford, up in the halfway room, broke into an uncontrollable giggle.

"Salem! Why should she go to Salem?"

"Not Salem; Siam! Where Anna met the King. Would you care to leave a message?"

Marilyn also began to giggle. She pulled her mother toward the bed, where both of them collapsed, clinging to each other in violent, stifled laughter.

"Well, I suppose she'll be back on the five o'clock!" shrieked Mrs. Blenkham. "But it's not important! I only wanted to tell her that redheaded girl of hers has been kidnaped!"

"Is that a fact?"

"Don't you read the papers, Mr. King? Well, I always said it would happen! She's only got herself to thank if ——"

"The name is Modigliani!" shouted David.

"Oh!" bellowed Mrs. Blenkham. "I thought you said she went to Salem!"

"Her hearing aid must be broken," whispered Marilyn.

"She's too stingy to get a new battery, is all," gasped Mrs. Midford.

Wong came in to find them thus, doubled up with laughter. Marilyn put her finger over her lips to caution him not to speak, but, disappointingly, they heard the front door close.

"What a shame!" said Marilyn. "But it was good while it lasted, wasn't it? . . . I suppose you think we're nuts, don't you, Charlie?"

"Most charming ladies," said Wong, bowing. "I came to help." He had changed his sleek clothes for rugged English tweed trousers, a slightly purple sport shirt and a pull-over sweater.

"O.K., brother," said Marilyn. "Dive in. This box and the rocking chair go down cellar. I'm going to sell them in my antique shop. Come on, I'll show you the way."

TO BE CONCLUDED

"Well, another year—another $4,376.82."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"The Most Impossible Job in the World"

(Continued from Page 25)

employees, this career diplomat resisted personal publicity almost as fiercely as does another celebrated native of Sweden, Greta Garbo. Then, in the winter of 1954–55, he decided to make a spectacular flight to Peking in order to rescue fifteen American fliers imprisoned by the Red Chinese during the Korean fighting. Thus he found himself cast in a role which became almost melodramatic, involving Oriental plots and counterplots as well as top-level global politics. All this kept the news spotlight fixed upon Mr. Hammarskjöld personally over a period of several months, and his friends declare that he has not been the same man since. Having preached for years the value of an "anonymous" Secretary General, he was startled to discover how much can be accomplished by one flamboyant gesture.

Every poll shows that U.N. prestige has reached new heights all around the world during the past year. The sharpest rise followed Mr. Hammarskjöld's China venture. Here was a bold move which everybody could appreciate, and it set off a sort of chain reaction in the U.N. which hasn't ended yet. The Swedish diplomat has followed up his Chinese success by hitching the United Nations firmly to the most powerful new force of this century: atomic energy and nuclear fission. The story of Mr. Hammarskjöld's experiences with Red China and nuclear fission, some of it told here for the first time, explains his unusual personality better than any conventional character sketch could do.

Some of Mr. Hammarskjöld's experienced associates considered his flight to Peking a rash gamble. He ignored expert advice when he seized the opportunity presented to him by the ninth U.N. General Assembly in December, 1954. The Assembly passed a resolution introduced by American Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge calling upon the Secretary General to exert "continuing and unremitting efforts" to free the American fliers who had fought in Korea under the banner of the United Nations. That resolution did not demand immediate action, and it was assumed that Mr. Hammarskjöld, deliberate by nature, would move even more cautiously than usual. His advisers warned him that the prisoner case might get the U.N. mixed up in American domestic politics, something U.N. policy makers always try to avoid.

The domestic political angle was a disagreement over Far Eastern policy between the Eisenhower Administration and some Republican members of Congress. When the jailing of the fliers naturally aroused widespread popular indignation, some Republican legislators demanded a naval blockade against Red Chinese ports unless the Americans were promptly released. But President Eisenhower was determined first to explore every possibility for a peaceful settlement. Ambassador Lodge is one of the President's closest advisers, and it can be assumed that he was largely responsible for turning this problem over to the U.N. Mr. Lodge has declared that only through the U.N. could the Americans have been released without resort to war.

As events proved, Mr. Lodge's tactics had excellent results for everybody concerned. But in the early stages some nervous members of the U.N. secretariat suspected that the American Government was handing a very hot potato to the global organization. If Mr. Hammarskjöld entertained such suspicions he never showed them. He astonished his closest associates by the suddenness with which he decided to request a personal meeting in Peking with Red Chinese leaders—a project which had not even been hinted in the Assembly resolution. The U.N. chief apparently surprised even himself by such uncharacteristic dash. When a reporter commented at a press conference, "This trip will be spectacular," the Secretary General replied wryly. "Too spectacular!"

That was Mr. Hammarskjöld's first visit to the Far East, and he could not know what kind of reception to expect in Peking. He had never seen, even at a distance, Red Chinese Foreign Minister Chou En-lai, although the two men had been in Geneva at the same time. But thanks to Krishna Menon, head of the Indian delegation to the U.N., Mr. Hammarskjöld had expert advice from a noncommunist who had visited Peking several times and was on familiar terms with Mr. Chou En-lai and other top Red Chinese.

The simple grandeur of Peking charmed the Swedish diplomat as it has done thousands of other foreign visitors. There is probably no other city in the world which exerts such a hypnotic influence upon all kinds of people. With its towering walls within walls, hardly touched by centuries of wars and revolutions, that ancient seat of emperors induces a feeling of philosophic calm in the most restless spirits. And the Secretary General was treated in Peking with precisely that degree of reserved courtesy to which he had been accustomed as a trained European diplomat.

The Chinese leaders received him and his small U.N. staff daily during one January week to hear the U.N.'s arguments for the release of the Americans. They listened attentively to the U.N. envoy's explanation that he was exploring new ground in those negotiations, with no precedents to guide him. Those were the first direct negotiations between the global organization on one side and a powerful nonmember government on the other. The advantage was that no ideologies were involved—the U.N. Secretary General represents communist as well as noncommunist governments.

That week in Peking thoroughly convinced Mr. Hammarskjöld that his calculated risk would pay off. He never wavered in that belief during the long months of deferred hopes which followed.

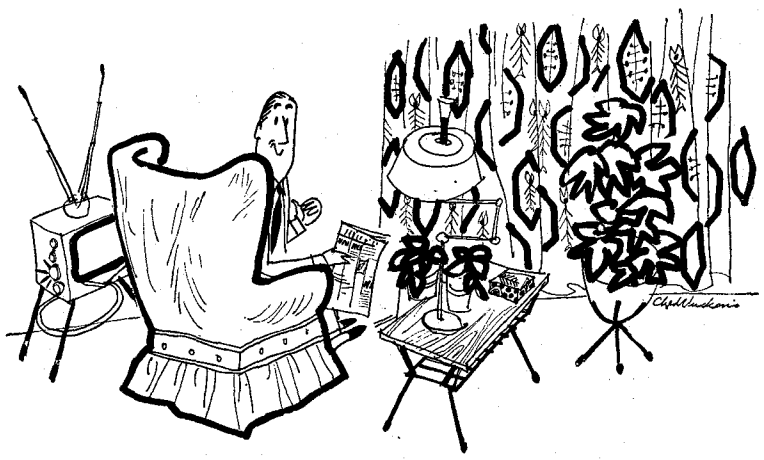
But the Chinese talks produced one crisis after another, and called upon all the Secretary General's skill and patience. At one point it looked as if the negotiations had been torpedoed by an attempt to assassinate Premier and Foreign Minister Chou En-lai. That attempt almost succeeded when an Indian-owned transport plane, believed to be carrying Mr. Chou and his principal assistants to an Asiatic conference, was blown to bits in the air. Investigation showed that an anticommunist Chinese agent, posing as a maintenance worker at the Hong Kong airport, had planted a bomb while the plane was being serviced there. But Mr. Chou and his party had decided to take a later plane, so that the bomb's victims were less important officials and reporters. On another occasion the negotiations were even more seriously threatened when the Chinese civil war broke out again temporarily around the offshore islands opposite Formosa.

During the closing week of last July, however, Mr. Hammarskjöld's Peking venture finally reached its happy conclusion at a time when he was taking a few days off to celebrate his fiftieth birthday by fishing for cod in the icy waters of the Scandinavian north. That vacation did not produce a single cod. But when he returned one evening to the remote Swedish village where he was lodged, he was handed a very welcome birthday present—a cablegram from the Red Chinese Foreign Minister promising prompt release of the American fliers. That meant a spectacular personal triumph for the Secretary General as well as a great boost for the U.N. Shortly thereafter Mr. Hammarskjöld declared: "Many things have happened during my time as Secretary General for which I have reason to be very grateful, but no event ranks higher on that list than my trip to Peking."

One important by-product of the Peking trip was the mutual respect which developed between the U.N. Secretary General and Ambassador Lodge. These two able men are temperamental opposites. The American, accustomed from childhood to controversial politics, has not always appreciated the habitual cool detachment of the Swede, whose country has practiced its own version of neutrality for almost 150 years. But in the Peking negotiations Mr. Lodge's prestige was as much at stake as was Mr. Hammarskjöld's. Right-wing Republicans, headed by Sen. William Knowland, of California, never have shared Mr. Lodge's hopes for the United Nations, and they were openly skeptical about the U.N.'s ability to do anything in the prisoners' case. If those negotiations had failed, Mr. Lodge's rating in Washington might have suffered. But Mr. Lodge went out on a limb as boldly as Mr. Hammarskjöld did. During the many months the two men worked closely together on that affair, they discovered that their ideas were by no means so far apart as both had suspected.

The Peking negotiations thus decidedly improved teamwork between the Eisenhower Administration and the U.N. This has been particularly effective in another project which got started and reached its climax during the same period, and has been in some respects even more dramatic. This second achievement has become popularly known as the atoms-for-peace program, and probably has done more than anything else since Mr. Hammarskjöld assumed command to increase the U.N.'s prestige. The Swede's personal role in the atoms-for-peace program has not been so widely publicized as his negotiations with Red China. But his moves behind the scenes have been equally impressive. He has been the "man in the middle" between the American and Soviet governments. His skill has helped to bring under the United Nations the world's most promising cooperative venture today—development of the peaceful uses of atomic energy and nuclear fission.

Not long before his heart attack, President Eisenhower told a friend that, in his opinion, history may rate his atoms-for-peace program as the outstanding achievement of his administration. When the general took office in 1953 almost everybody was talking about the horrors of atomic warfare. An atmosphere of doom had been created in which men and women everywhere almost completely overlooked the enormous potential benefits to mankind which the nuclear scientists were swiftly bringing closer. The man in the White House, reading the secret progress reports from the Atomic Energy Commission, knew how misleading this emphasis was. He was considering how to give the American public a more balanced view when Ambassador Lodge, late in 1953, suggested that it might be a good idea for the President to address the U.N. General Assembly, then meeting in New York. Mr. Lodge did not have any particular subject in mind. It was the President's own idea, Mr. Lodge



The Perfect Squelch

Mr. Charrum, an easygoing man, didn't object when his wife decided to redecorate and refurnish their home. He watched without criticism as the old familiar chairs and tables disappeared and were replaced by modern pieces. Even when Mrs. Charrum invaded his den with bright curtains and pictures, he said nothing.

But when she decided to get rid of the battered but very comfortable chair which he had been using for twenty years, Mr. Charrum finally reacted. He learned about this proposed chair-shift quite abruptly. His wife simply walked into his den, frowned at the chair and said, "That old chair. I wonder what trade-in they'll allow me on a new one."

Mr. Charrum's eyebrows went up, but he kept his voice down as he answered, "You should get a good price—because I go with it."

Bill Kerr

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told me, to talk to the U.N. about the peaceful uses of atomic energy.

That speech, delivered to the representatives of sixty nations on December 8, 1953, was particularly impressive because it came from the former supreme commander in World War II. The President said: "It is not enough to take this weapon out of the hands of the soldiers. It must be put in the hands of those who will know how to strip its military casing and adapt it to the arts of peace. . . . The United States knows that if the fearful trend of atomic buildup can be reversed, this greatest of destructive forces can be developed into a great boon for the benefit of all mankind." General Eisenhower then proposed creation of an atomic-energy agency within the framework of the United Nations to show that "the great powers of the earth, both of the East and of the West, are interested in human aspirations rather than in building up the armaments of war."

The President's earnest appeal seemed to make no impression whatever upon the Russians, and they merely repeated their well-worn argument that nothing could be done about atoms for peace unless and until the Western powers agreed to outlaw atoms for war. But General Eisenhower was not content to let his proposal be talked to death. He was convinced that atoms for peace was a project upon which East and West might get together. He therefore suggested private two-power talks with the Russians without any publicity, thus ruling out another propaganda contest. The Russians agreed to such talks in mid-January, 1954, and discussions continued through mid-September of that year.

During those eight months Secretary of State John Foster Dulles talked privately several times about atoms for peace with Soviet Foreign Minister V. M. Molotov, whenever the two met at international conferences. A detailed blueprint for an atomic-energy agency linked to the U.N. emerged from those discussions, but the Russians contributed little to it because they kept insisting that atoms for war must be outlawed first. Finally, as the ninth U.N. General Assembly was gathering in New York, the American Government exercised its privilege of referring atoms for peace back to the U.N. In an address to the Assembly, Mr. Dulles urged its members to make this a U.N. project, and a large majority approved. On December 4, 1954, just one year after the President's U.N. speech, the Secretary General was instructed to arrange for an international conference of nuclear scientists under U.N. auspices in mid-1955. The American sponsors hoped that such a conference would be the first step toward giving top priority in the United Nations to atoms for peace, and that is what it proved to be.

Mr. Hammarskjöld acted as swiftly and resolutely as he did in the Red China crisis which came before him during the same period. To take maximum advantage of atoms for peace he selected as his right-hand man in the U.N. secretariat Dr. Ralph Bunche, the American Ph.D. whose brilliance as a negotiator and organizer has been frequently demonstrated. But the Secretary General's master stroke was to persuade Russia as well as the United States to keep politics out of the atomic-conference arrangements. Mr. Hammarskjöld reasoned that scientists can cross ideological barriers more readily than politicians can, and he was right. Moscow named nuclear scientist D. V. Skobeltzin as its chief representative on the Advisory Committee, and Washington named Nobel-prize winner I. I. Rabi, of Columbia University.

That committee of scientists got along more smoothly than any other U.N. East-West group for years, under the Secretary General's tactful chairmanship. They worked so quietly and with so little publicity that the spectacular success of the world's first atoms-for-peace conference at Geneva last August came as a complete surprise to most of us. Very few of the 2000 reporters and photographers who flocked to Geneva to watch the July meeting between President Eisenhower and Russian leaders were present a few days later when the atoms-for-peace conference began in the same building. Those reporters hadn't bothered to wait, assuming that the scientific gathering would not produce much first-page news. They missed what was probably 1955's most historic event.

But as early as last May the usually imperturbable Mr. Hammarskjöld began to get really excited about that conference. After attending a meeting of his Advisory Committee in Paris, he flatly predicted sensational developments at Geneva, saying, "The attitude of all concerned transcends power politics and may become in itself a constructive influence toward reducing political tensions." A little later, after seventy-three governments had submitted papers to be presented at Geneva by their foremost scientists, Mr. Hammarskjöld's enthusiasm soared. Every government, including Moscow, had declassified an amazing amount of hitherto secret information about atoms for peace. Hammarskjöld predicted last May that the conference would blueprint an economic revolution based upon the atom comparable to the industrial revolution which was based on coal and steam, opening up entirely new sources of supply for human needs. Moreover, Mr. Hammarskjöld pointed out, the scientists in Geneva would show "a new kind of co-operation across frontiers among those working in the atomic field, a new public philosophy concerning the atom." He added that this "new highly dynamic element in the world economy" offered a new approach to the age-old problem of how to prevent wars.

Yet even Mr. Hammarskjöld was overwhelmed by the August meeting. He said afterward, "I did not foresee the enormous impact upon all those present." Ever since last August's conference the United Nations has fulfilled General Eisenhower's hope, expressed in 1953, that atoms for peace would become its No. 1 project. That is due in large measure to the Secretary General's prompt and imaginative appreciation of what atoms for peace could accomplish for the world in general and for the U.N. in particular. He found it much easier to persuade Eastern and Western scientists to co-operate than he did Eastern and Western politicians, but the projected atomic-energy agency has become Mr. Hammarskjöld's favorite project as well as President Eisenhower's.

This is a brand-new organization which will not have to operate under the severe limitations still imposed upon the U.N. proper. According to the blueprint for the atomic agency, eighty-four nations will be immediately eligible to participate in its work, as compared with the U.N.'s present sixty and there will be no veto. It is probable that this autonomous agency, although linked to the U.N., will have a big head start on its sponsor. It could become the first truly universal organization devoted not only to scientific co-operation but also to employing the incalculable new forces of nuclear energy to help eliminate the causes of war.

Today, as Mr. Hammarskjöld sits chatting easily in his roomy office on the thirty-eighth floor of the U.N.'s administration building overlooking Manhattan's East River, he gives the impression of a man who fits his job so snugly that it rarely worries him. Yet his predecessor, Trygve Lie, the only other man who has been U.N. Secretary General, told Mr. Hammarskjöld in 1953, "You are taking on the most impossible job in the world." At that time, Hammarskjöld was inclined to agree. At home he had been a big frog in a small puddle, member of one of Sweden's most distinguished families, a wonder boy who became chairman of the State Bank at age thirty-six, and soon afterward chief of the permanent staff of the Foreign Office. His superior education in law and political economy and his fluent knowledge of several languages led his government to assign him first to the Marshall Plan, then to the U.N.

But he was as much astonished as everybody else when he first heard that he was being considered for the U.N.'s top post, one of the biggest jobs anywhere. The U.N. staff was several hundred times larger than any he had bossed, he shared most of his countrymen's dislike for power politics, and his chief pleasures were solitary—quiet evenings at home or weekends of mountain climbing or fishing without companions. During his first week in office he told a reporter for The New Yorker magazine, "What has just happened to me is like being lifted by the scruff of the neck, as if I were a little dog, and being plunged into all these newsreels and flash bulbs. It's like a mirror suddenly held up before you in which you are distorted. It's like a very bad photo taken by a very bad photographer. I hope I shall survive."

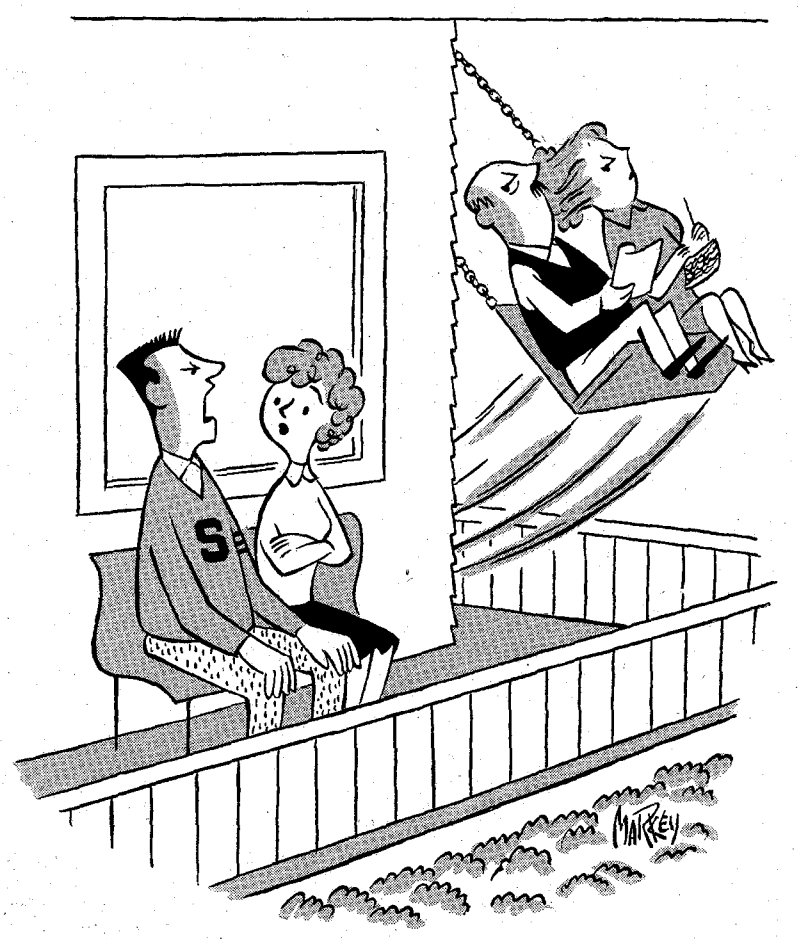
Certainly Mr. Hammarskjöld has survived, but he has not attained one ambition he proclaimed when he first assumed his present post. He said then, "In my new official capacity the private man should disappear and the international public servant take his place." The past year has seen the "private man" coming into sharper focus for the general public, and Mr. Hammarskjöld has become resigned to being treated as though he were not entitled to a private life. He once told friends that he made two bad mistakes when he was first interviewed as Secretary General by admitting (1) that he enjoys reading poetry and (2) that he climbs mountains. "After that," he complained, "I heard nothing except mountain and poetry talk. Believe me, I got sick of it!"

Mr. Hammarskjöld has been accustomed from childhood to vigorous physical exercise, and has never got out of condition. He enjoys salt-water swimming and fishing as well as he does mountain climbing, and takes long weekend walks whenever possible on and near his eighty-acre farm in New York State. He looks and acts at fifty like a man ten or fifteen years younger, and he can, when necessary, work twenty-four hours at a stretch. Since he has never married, he does not disturb anybody when he works through the night. Official entertaining is one of his chief duties, and he does it extremely well. His tax-free $20,000 salary and $35,000 expense allowance enable him to maintain an eight-room apartment on New York's Park Avenue, smoothly serviced by a Swedish butler and housekeeper, a Norwegian secretary and an American chauffeur.

During Mr. Hammarskjöld's first week in office, in April, 1953, The London Observer reported that the U.N. had "bought a pig in a poke, but they may have made a lucky choice." That depended, declared the English newspaper, upon whether the Swedish diplomat realized that the Secretary General of the United Nations must be something of a world leader as well as a premier civil servant. The paper concluded: "All who wish him well hope that his sense of mission may triumph over his personal preference for anonymous dedication."

Not until the past year did Mr. Hammarskjöld cease to be practically anonymous to the general public. He once coined the phrase "quiet diplomacy" to describe the kind of negotiations he prefers, and, ever since, U.N. correspondents have been calling him the "quiet diplomat." Recently Mr. Hammarskjöld ruefully regretted that he had ever used the phrase, because, he said, it keeps echoing through U.N. headquarters like a singing commercial. And the phrase is, in fact, outdated, because Mr. Hammarskjöld has become, in spite of himself, a personality in his own right as well as a United Nations personage.

THE END



"Sometimes I think your parents don't trust me."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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How to get more time for fun

Here's an atom worker who does, thanks to Idaho's road program. He saves money in daily driving costs, too.

That's Bob up there now—heading down Dollar Mountain toward Sun Valley Lodge in Idaho. On working days he drives between Idaho Falls and his job at the Atomic Reactor Testing Station near Arco. But whether he's skiing or commuting, he gets the benefits of his state's progressive highway program.

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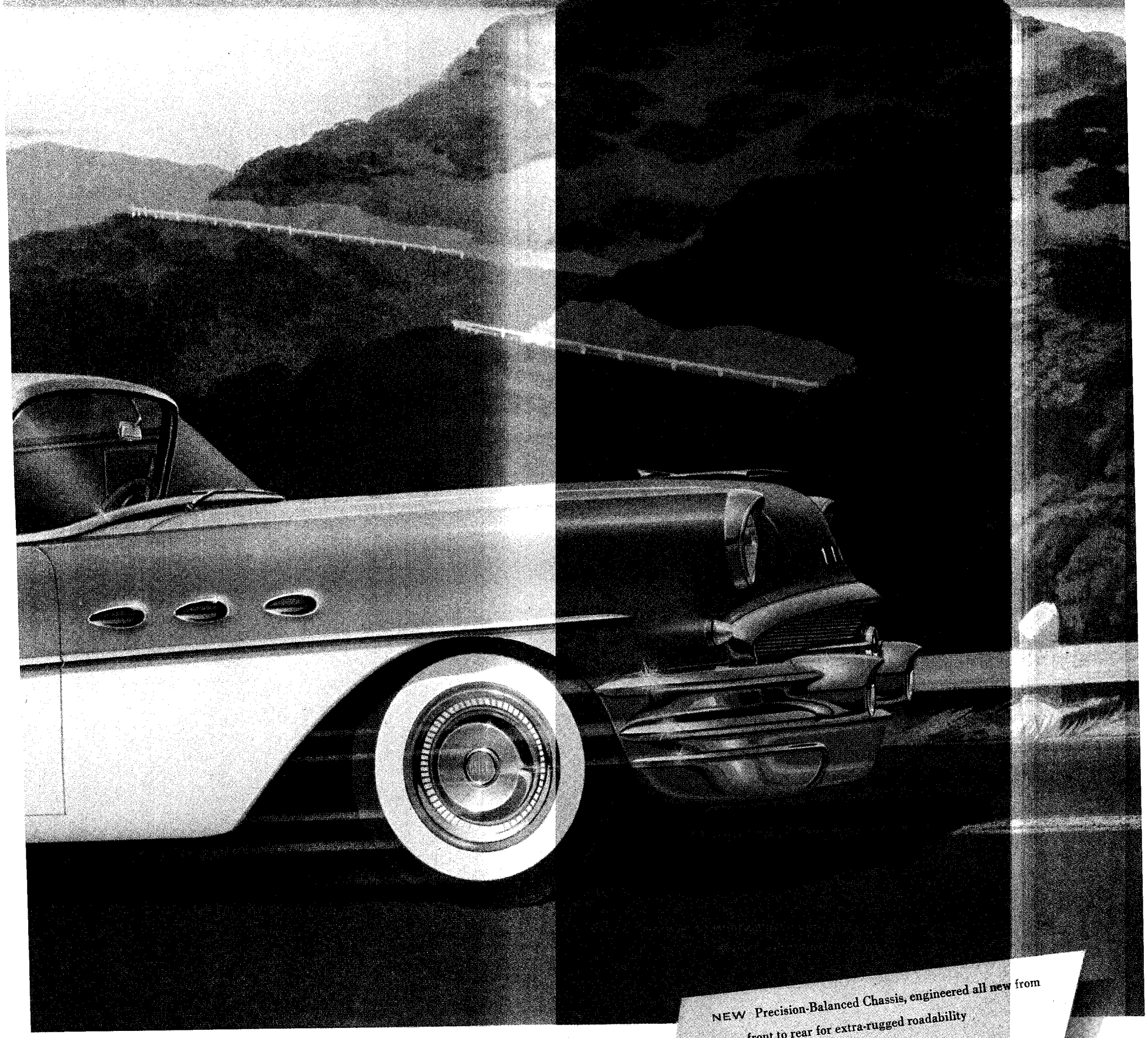

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Oh, Where Did My Money Go?

(Continued from Page 23)

while I was champion, in return for defending the heavyweight title in 1937 against me instead of Max Schmeling.

3. I lost tremendous sums playing golf with professionals, who were able to hustle me in because I overrated my game.

4. I was the softest touch of all time.

All these reasons are as wrong as they can be.

First of all, I'd like to put that story about Mike Jacobs to rest once and for all. While I was in the Army during World War II, I borrowed $75,000 from Jacobs, all of it while I was in the States, except for $7000 I phoned for when I was in Alaska. Uncle Mike didn't give me the money to keep me under his control though. He didn't have to. I would never have fought for anyone but Uncle Mike, and he knew it. Who else was there to fight for, anyway?

Uncle Mike gave me money whenever I asked for it, and he gave it to me without a question. He gave it to me because he was like a father to me. If anybody was getting hooked, it was Mike. Nobody knew how long the war was going to last in those days. I could have been an old man when I got out. I could have been killed.

Mike never asked me to pay it back. I paid him back out of the Conn money, because I thought that was the right thing to do.

About Braddock: Jim Braddock never got one cent from me. Not one cent. When Braddock signed to defend his title against me, Mike Jacobs agreed to give him 10 per cent of the promotional end of all championship fights I'd be involved in over the following ten years. That was the money Braddock got.

Now about those golf losses. In all my life, I have never bet more than $100 on a golf match. That's not $100 a hole; that's $100 a match. And I shoot in the low 70's, so I couldn't have lost all the time.

I've often wondered how that story got started. I've never played any newspapermen or sportswriters for money, and I've never seen them on the course while I was playing anybody else. I hope this puts an end to that story, too, because I've been embarrassed plenty of times to find that my partner figured he had to bet me a fortune before I'd want to play with him.

Another thing I've read over and over and over is that I handed out money to anybody who came up in the street and asked me for some. Well, I don't see anything wrong with being generous with people who haven't been as lucky as me, but if I was as soft a touch as they say, I'd owe six times as much as I do.

And I owe enough. To get back to the beginning, I had a tax bill of $98,000 when I went into the Army. Sure, I shouldn't have let myself get in a hole like that, even though I'd had to pay out a lot of my purses up to then in taxes, managers' cuts, expenses and investment losses. Anyway, there was no way I could settle that $98,000 tax debt out of the twenty-one dollars a month I was netting as an Army private.

At one point I had an agreement—or thought I did—to get the whole bill exempted. I had fought Buddy Baer for the Navy Relief Fund just before I went in, and I had fought Abe Simon for the Army Relief Fund right after I went in. In both cases I'd waived my end of the purse. After the latter, Billy Conn and I signed to fight a return championship bout for a War Relief drive. The understanding was that I was going to waive my purse again, and, in return, the Government was going to write off the $98,000 tax debt off the books. I got through from the 1st Cavalry at Fort Riley, Kansas, and went on up to Greenwood Lake, in New York, to start training. The first night I was there, Mike Jacobs called to tell me they were not going to forgive the tax bill after all.

So I didn't go through with the fight, and when I came out of the Army in 1946, I owed the $98,000 to the Government, $75,000 to Mike Jacobs, and $31,000—also borrowed while I was in the service—to my comanager, John Roxborough.

John Roxborough was the man who started me fighting professionally. I'd been fighting in the amateurs around Detroit as a light-heavy, and having some success—after my first fight, in which I got knocked down seven times. I was going to Bronson Vocational School to study how to be a cabinetmaker, and working weekends on an ice truck. Whatever spare time I had, I'd run over to the Brewster East Side Gym to work out.

One day George Moody, who ran the gym, said to me, "Joe, I know a man who's interested in helping kids. He's put a lot of bright young boys through college, and I think he might be interested in helping a promising young fighter."

So George Moody took me to the law office of John Roxborough in an office building on the corner of Beacon and St. Antoine. After George told him a lot of nice things about me, Mr. Roxborough took me right down to the drugstore in the first floor of the building and told the owner, "Any supplies this boy wants, anything at all, you give him."

I got the best of everything. In all the time I was fighting, I never had any trouble with my hands, and I've always felt it was because I had all the tape and bandages I needed when I was getting started, unlike most of the other amateur kids.

When I decided to turn pro in 1934, Roxy sent me to Julian Black, a friend of his in Chicago. Roxy and Black became my comanagers at 25 per cent each. So they got 50 per cent of my purses, but that was the gross purses—the training-camp and other expenses came out of their end.

I signed a ten-year contract with Black. Roxy and I never had anything but a handshake. Anyway, when I arrived at the station in Chicago, I was met not only by Julian Black but by a thin, bald little man.

"Hello, Chappie," he said, sticking out his hand. That was Jack Blackburn, the man who was to teach me everything I know about fighting.

There is an old story that Blackburn didn't want to train me at first, because he didn't think a colored heavyweight had a chance to go anywhere. In a way, that's an insult to the kind of man Jack Blackburn was. It was exactly the opposite. Blackburn was training a couple of promising white heavyweights up in Minnesota, and he didn't want to give them up, until the people he was working for told him, "What do you want to tie yourself up with a colored fighter for? A colored fighter can't go nowhere."

Without saying another word, Blackburn turned his back on them, packed his stuff and came on to Chicago.

That was in 1934. By 1946, when I signed for the Conn fight after I came out of the Army, Blackburn was dead and I had two other managers. Roxy—a kind and generous man—couldn't manage me because he'd had some trouble with the law. My break with Julian Black came out of a personal problem of my own.

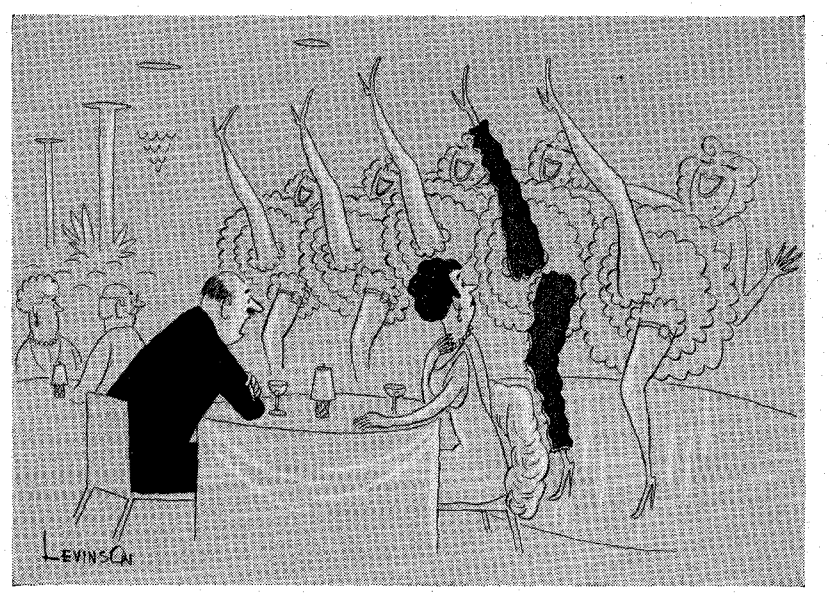
My wife, Marva, was divorcing me, and instead of paying out alimony, I offered to give her a $25,000 cash settlement plus the apartment building we were living in, which was in her name anyway.

Marva was willing, so I went to Black and asked him to advance me the $25,000. He wouldn't do it. My contract with him had run out, so I went back to Marva and offered her Black's 25 per cent—which was worth far more than the $25,000—with the stipulation that half of everything she collected would go toward the future of our two-year-old daughter, Jacqueline.

When I called Mike Jacobs in New York to let him know what I was doing, Uncle Mike said he'd have Sol Strauss fly right out to make sure everything was legal. Sol and Marva's attorney sat up all night in the Morrison Hotel drawing up the contract.

For my other comanager, I went to Marshall Miles, of Buffalo, an old friend of Roxy's and mine. We all agreed—Marva, Miles and me—that they would not begin to cut on the purse until all my debts—including the estimated tax—were taken off the top. After all the figuring was done, Marva got $66,000.

To try to keep me from getting back into tax trouble, I wasn't paid for the Tami Mauriello fight, which came three months after the Conn fight in 1946, until the new tax year. Marshall Miles agreed to waive his share of the purse, so I kept the entire $103,000. Marva wasn't involved any more, because we had remarried a month after the Conn fight.



"I understand one of the girls got out of a sickbed to be here tonight."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

So Marva cut only one fight. And that one cut has been causing me trouble ever since. The income-tax people disallowed the whole thing on the grounds that I was really giving her a cash settlement, not a manager's share.

My accountant had also deducted most of the debts I'd run up in the Army, because they had been incurred while I was meeting the responsibilities of being champion. Even when he's in the Army, a champion has to pick up the checks, maintain his publicity staff, be generous with his time and money. It's a problem I still have, because I still like to live up to my name.

My new accountant says I should carry pencil and paper with me and write everything down. Take somebody to dinner? Write it down. Cab fare? Write it down. Tips? Write it down. I'd be walking around with blocks of paper in my hand all the time.

I wonder, to be honest about this, whether you could expect anyone outside boxing circles, including the revenue boys, to be really understanding about these kinds of deductions. Anyway, they disallowed them. But what really hurt was that they didn't disallow them until early in 1950, three years after we filed the return. The assessment I got, not counting interest, was $246,055.79 Since I had originally paid $115,992.82 for 1946, my tax for that year wound up coming to more than $362,000.

Here's the complete breakdown on 1946. The Conn purse doesn't include a few thousand dollars I got later on from the fight movie.

Conn purse	$591,116.44
Net from other sources	5,818.70
Income	596,935.14
Income tax paid in 1946	115,992.82
Income tax assessed in 1950	246,055.79
Interest on assessment through 1954	113,509.24
New York state income tax	28,695.02
Managers' shares of purse	140,492.01
Debts paid out of purse	204,000.00
Outgo	$848,744.88

In other words, I ended up a quarter of a million dollars in the red after the biggest purse of my life. Any questions?

By 1950, when I got the bill for 1946, I had retired and was trying to get started on a business career with Joe Louis Enterprises, a corporation I'd formed with a couple of Chicago friends, Truman Gibson and Ted Jones. I just wasn't making that kind of money any more. Not that I would have been able to pay it off, no matter what I was making.

I only had two more fights as champion after the Mauriello fight—the two fights against Joe Walcott. There isn't much to say about the first one except that I got a split decision. It was a lousy fight. I could see the openings, but my right hand couldn't see them. The right wouldn't move out by itself like it had before. I had to tell it to move, and by then it was too late.

It had always been my ambition to retire as undefeated champion, but I couldn't quit then; not when I knew I hadn't really beaten Walcott. Not that I thought Walcott deserved to win either. A man knocks the champion down, he's supposed to come after him. If he don't want the championship bad enough to come and get it, he don't want it bad enough to win it.

"After I beat Walcott legitimately," I told my friends, "then I'll retire."

Six months later, in June of 1948, I knocked him out in eleven rounds. There weren't any real contenders around, and after Mike Jacobs took to a sickbed, there wasn't even anybody to get an elimination tournament started. While I was going around the country on an exhibition tour

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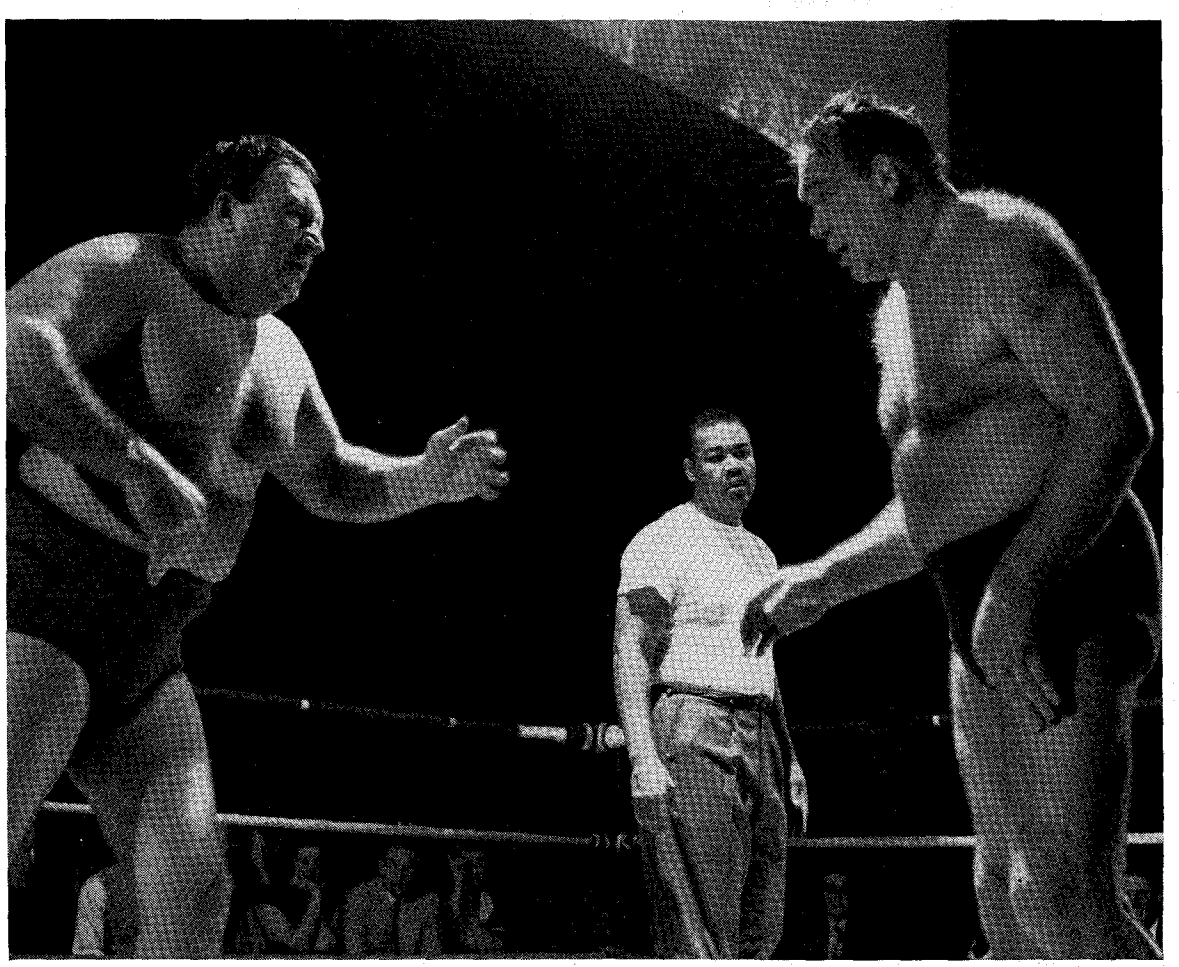

Joe Louis gets $350 a match as a wrestling referee—enough to keep the wolf, but not the tax collector, from the door.

the next winter, I wrote out my resignation and mailed copies to Abe Greene, of the National Boxing Association, and Eddie Eagan, of the New York Athletic Association.

A few days later I was in my room at the Mary Elizabeth Hotel in Miami, listening to the Ezzard Charles-Joey Maxim fight, coming from Cincinnati. Charles won without too much trouble, and the announcer kept saying, "This makes Charles one of the top contenders for the heavyweight title."

At first I didn't think too much about it. Then a plan kind of hit me in one whole piece. I would sign the four leading contenders to contracts with Joe Louis Enterprises, on the understanding that they'd get to fight for the title. Then I'd sell the contracts to Jim Norris and Arthur Wirtz, of Chicago, and give my blessings to a round-robin elimination tournament. The tournament never did come off. Gus Lesnevich and Lee Savold, two of the men I signed, dropped out of it. The other two, Ezzard Charles and Joe Walcott, fought for the championship.

Anyhow, with Harry Mendel, who was doing publicity for my exhibition tour, acting as go-between, Joe Louis Enterprises sold the contracts to Norris and Wirtz for $150,000. The International Boxing Club was set up, with Norris, Wirtz and I each owning one third of the stock. After we bought out the 20th Century Club, Mike Jacobs' old outfit, my share dropped to 20 per cent. No matter what percentage they want to call it, however, my "holdings" are worth exactly $333.33. We capitalized the corporation for $1000, and the contract states that if I sell my share, I have to sell it back to the corporation for the original purchase price.

There are no dividends either, because—believe me—the IBC does not make money. In the Marciano-Moore fight, last summer, the big fight of the last few years, the IBC's profit, out of a gross gate of just under a million dollars, came to only around $40,000.

The IBC has been a great thing for me, though, because it has given me a steady income down the years. As a director, my annual salary was originally $15,000. Last year it was increased to $20,000.

But that kind of salary, no matter how steady, won't go far toward chipping away at a tax debt like mine. When the bad news broke in 1950 about that 1946 tax assessment of a quarter of a million dollars, there didn't seem to be any possible way of raising anything like that kind of money except by fighting again. So I signed to fight for the title against Ezzard Charles, who still wasn't recognized as heavyweight champion by New York, although he had been recognized by the NBA.

I honestly felt that I could lick Ezzard Charles. Not only did Charles beat me, though, but the purse was nowhere near what we hoped it would be. I cleared just $36,919.01. We put it aside to be applied against the tax bill, and asked the Internal Revenue Service to look over my finances to see if we couldn't work out some kind of a settlement.

Meanwhile, I thought that if I kept fighting I might be able to get another shot at the championship and be able to show them a bigger pile of money. I knew I'd gone back some, all right, but I never really believed I'd gone back as far as I had. You can't do what you want in there, so you tell yourself that you trained down too fine or didn't train down fine enough; that you ate too much the day of the fight or didn't eat enough. Mostly, you tell yourself that you just need one more fight to get your timing back.

I fought eight times in the first ten months of 1951 and never found that timing. The last of those eight fights—after I'd won the first seven—was against Rocky Marciano. I'll say this about Marciano: I'm lucky he wasn't the fighter then that he is now. He had two good hands, all right, but he didn't have anything like the combinations he's shown over his last couple of fights. And he didn't stay at me like he stays at his opponents today. I'd say Rocky has improved 100 per cent since I fought him.

Out of those eight fights, I was able to put aside only $10,000 more for the tax people. New complications set in when I got hit with another big tax assessment. Marva and I had broken up again, and I had made the same kind of managerial deal with her in the corporation that I had made before the Conn fight. We were divorced for the second time early in 1949, and we weren't to learn that the first managerial arrangement was going to be disallowed until 1950. Toward the end of 1952, I got a new bill covering the years 1948 and 1949. This one was for $295,333.81.

Finally, the bureau agent we were negotiating with—Worley Wilson—recommended a settlement based upon the acceptance of the $46,000 we had set aside, plus another $36,000 which I would pay out of my IBC check at the rate of $1000 a month.

But in December, 1953, just when it looked as if the settlement was going to go through, the service hit upon the trust funds Marva had set up for Jacqueline and for the son of our second marriage, Joe Louis Barrow, Jr.—Punchy, we call him.

Marva had set up a $30,000 trust fund for Jacqueline according to our original agreement. After our second divorce, she decided it would be unfair to the boy if he didn't have a trust fund too. She took the apartment house—which she had remodeled—and got a $34,000 mortgage on it. Then she took the $34,000 and brought it to another bank to set up Punchy's trust.

The service is trying to attach the trusts on the grounds that I was insolvent when they were set up. Their argument is that the trusts were nothing more than a means of using the money for the children instead of paying off my income tax.

As far as the girl's trust is concerned, Marva didn't actually set it up until a year after the Conn fight, long after we had got back together. As far as the boy's trust is concerned, she used money she had got by mortgaging the apartment house, and the apartment house had been in her name for almost twenty years.

My lawyer, Mr. Aaron Payne, and I couldn't see how they could possibly touch the boy's money, and we felt that the girl's money was fairly safe too. But, to try to get this thing settled, we decided to make the following offer:

We would consent to join with the Government in asking the court to give up the girl's $30,000, and we would add that money to the $46,000 we've been offering all along. That would give them $76,000 in cash. Then I would give Mr. Payne the power of attorney to collect my IBC check, from which he would pay them another $24,000. After that was paid out—and it would take almost fifteen months—he would keep on getting the check until he had put the $30,000 back into Jacqueline's trust fund. That would take another eighteen months.

In other words, the Government would get $100,000, and Jacqueline would still have her trust. I'd be out of the woods in just under three years.

During that time, of course, I would still have to pay the income tax on my IBC salary. It would be up to me, with what I now know, to make sure I didn't get back on the treadmill.

All this was before that additional claim for $507,610 was filed by the Government last November twenty-ninth. Where that leaves us, I don't know at this time. I'm not even sure what the new claim is based on, since we haven't got the details yet. All I know as I write this is that the claim covers taxes and interest for 1949, 1950 and 1951.

My gross purses during my ring career came to a total of $4,606,721.69, and I never will know exactly where it all went. I had three different accountants before my present one, and none of them seem to have retained my records after they left me. I do know that half of my purse money—with the exceptions I've told you about—went to my managers. And more than half of the net that was left has already gone to the Government for taxes.

I've also mentioned the costs of "living like a champion." And then I personally have made some bad investments. As one result, my corporation, Joe Louis Enterprises, was dissolved in 1954. Taxes had nothing to do with the end of the corporation. A Negro weekly, the New York Age, lost $30,000 for us. A Chicago night club, the Rhumboogie, which I started with my brother, Pat Brooks, lost $35,000. A chicken shack and bar in Detroit cost us another $10,000.

Although we also made some good investments, they weren't the kind that last. We built 200 middle-priced homes—$12,000–$14,000—in Los Angeles, but once they were built and sold, that was the end of it. We opened a trade school in Chicago to train returning veterans to become automobile mechanics, but by 1954 we had run out of veterans.

My current sources of income, in addition to my IBC salary, are the Joe Louis Milk Company, my fees from refereeing wrestling matches, and the Joe Louis & Billy Rowe Enterprises, a public-relations firm.

Four years ago, a Chicago friend of mine, Jess Thornton, had his milk company burned out from under him. He wanted to reorganize under my name, and he pays me $200 a week.

During the winter I can referee almost as many wrestling exhibitions as I want, at a net of about $350 after expenses. My old friend, Jimmy Cannon, one of my favorite sportswriters, is always hurt at the idea of my getting into the ring with the wrestlers, but frankly, I have a lot of fun. I think it's a good game, and I think wrestlers are good guys. I'd think they were even better guys, though, if they weren't always trying to help out the show by taking swings at me.

I've got a lot of hope for the public-relations firm I started last October with Billy Rowe, who was a deputy police commissioner of New York City under Mayor Impellitteri, and a newspaperman for sixteen

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years before that. We started with entertainment figures like Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Steve Gibson and his Redcaps and Wild Bill Davis in our fold, plus a couple of commercial accounts whose names wouldn't mean much, but who are actually the backbone of the business.

It is our belief that there is a huge market—a $15,000,000,000 market—that has been pretty much ignored by most of the big companies: the Negro market. I'm excited about this because—while I won't try to tell anyone I'm not in it to make money—we think we can be a real help to both the buyer and the seller. What we want to do is to go to the manufacturer and tell him that the best way he can publicize his product in this market, and at the same time create good will for himself, is by supplying badly needed public services to the Negro community.

For instance, we want to see if we can't get some company, or maybe a lot of companies, to back Teen-Age Clinics around the country. I have always felt that kids always ask the right questions—the trouble is that they often as not get the wrong answers. We'd like to set up community boards made up of, say, a doctor, a lawyer, a policeman, a clergyman, a psychologist. This would give the kids a chance to talk out their problems with people who could give the right answers.

Of course, if any of them should have any questions about taxes, I know a broken-down heavyweight who might have a few words of advice. Seriously, I do have a couple of ideas on what could be done to keep people from getting caught in the tax squeeze.

The best thing that could be done for fighters would be to take the tax money out of the purse before they even see it, just like the regular payroll withholding tax. If they can't do that, they should check the tax returns of people like athletes and entertainers as soon as they come in. The Revenue Service must know the kind of people who get into trouble by now. What's the sense of waiting three or four years until the money is spent?

Another thing the Government should consider, in all fairness, is spreading income over a period of years for tax purposes.

That would give a real break to a man who has one or two years way above his normal income. Take Rocky Marciano. He never had a real big purse until the Archie Moore fight. The way things look right now, he may never have a big purse again.

It's surprising what a difference a spread would make. If a man earns $500,000 in one year nowadays, he has less than $100,000 after taxes. If he could spread it over ten years, he'd be able to keep $250,000.

But the easiest way to stay out of tax trouble—and the nicest way—is not to owe so much money to begin with.

Marriage Money (Continued from Page 24)

married on. Ask her. And stay away from the horses."

Jane came in the bar then. A little thing. Slender and pretty, dark hair and eyes. She walked like she was dancing. Worked on classified ads for the Register. I said, "Hello, Jane," and got busy putting up the glasses and let them talk.

The next afternoon, after they were through on the Register, they came in together, sort of holding hands, but not looking too happy about it. They sat down at a table by themselves, talking low. I liked those kids. Don't ask me why. Maybe it was because they were young and ambitious. Or maybe it was because I always figured I'd've made a good newspaper writer myself, if I had the education.

I took them a couple of glasses of beer. "Well, when you kids getting married?"

"When we save enough money," Jane said, and she was very, very serious.

"Listen, kids," I said. "There ain't never enough money. If you're ever going to do a thing, just do it. Or just forget it. Why, if it's only money, why—well, I'd loan you up to a thousand, if you ever actually need it. What's money?"

They got married soon after that. They got married on a weekend and were both back to work Monday morning. When they came in that afternoon, Jane showed me her ring. With a magnifying glass maybe you could see the diamonds. They'd always have just one glass of beer apiece, but I opened up a bottle of champagne.

"May you raise a big family," I said for a toast, "and call the first boy Lancy."

They drank to that, but Jane said, "We'll have to wait quite a while for a family, Lancy. Walt and I want to get a paper of our own first. Don't we, darling?"

"We'll live on my salary and put Jane's in the bank," Walt said. "It'll take—oh, it'll take a while. But it's worth it."

"Sure," I said. "Sure."

How many times have I heard that dream? Tending bar right here around the corner from the Register building, I've known a lot of newspaper people. I've seen them come and go, and come and stay. I've known poor ones and good ones. I haven't known very many that didn't dream, one time or another, of someday having their own paper in a country town.

"Walt is a good news man," Jane said, smiling at him, very, very proud. "The best. They don't know it on the Register, but they're in a rut. All he gets to do is things like the weather—unless it's real hot or there's a bad storm, and then someone else ——"

"They're in a rut," I cut in. Because I saw that Walt was looking embarrassed. Sure. A rut only a million dollars deep.

"Jane's a good business woman," Walt said. "When we get our paper, I'll run the news and editorial end, and Jane will take care of the advertising and business."

"It'll work out fine, kids," I said.

They played with their dream. A couple of green kids. I'd heard it all before, as I said, but I listened. You could get a weekly for anywhere from fifteen to twenty thousand and up, a third down and the balance on a contract. You'd work hard, keep your shop pay roll down by doing a lot of things yourself, and the paper would pay itself off. The town would grow, the paper would grow, you'd end up in clover. You'd sit back and just be boss. Publisher. When my boss, Roy, came in to take over, they were still talking about it.

Oh, I could have told them what would happen. They'd both work along. Someday Jane would have a baby and quit her job. They'd take the money they'd saved and pay down on a house. And in time Walt would develop into a pretty good reporter. He had the makings. Maybe it would be a rut, but it would be a comfortable rut.

Well, sir, those kids saved money. Jane made out a budget and Item 1 was the savings account. Sometimes they'd drop in to see me and not even have a beer, just to say hello. They were saving fifty a week without fail. Twenty weeks, that's a thousand dollars. And when the account got to a thousand, they came in and showed me the bank book. What Walt said surprised me.

He said, "Lancy, you know, if it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have this. Or we wouldn't be married."

"What you mean?"

"If you hadn't said you'd lend us up to a thousand dollars if we ever needed it. That gave us a feeling of—security. I guess you make a lot of money on the horses, huh, Lancy?"

"I do as well as any of them." I said. "Sure. It takes years."

They both got raises and, while they didn't say so, I knew they were saving more than fifty a week. The way they were living didn't change.

They were both all excited one day when they came in. Walt showed me a small inside story in the Register which said that a new paper-box factory was going to locate in the town of Oakville, which is a hick town somewhere north of the city.

"Sure," I said. "So?"

"Well, there's no paper in Oakville!" Walt said just like Columbus would've said, "Well, there's America."

"No? It's only a wide spot in the road," I said.

"A box factory means jobs! Families! Readers!"

"Circulation and advertising," Jane said.

I didn't understand.

"Maybe we could start a paper," Walt said.

"Start a newspaper?"

"Every paper had to start sometime," Jane said.

"And cut out the starches."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I think I'll take Saturday off and go up there and look the town over," Walt said. "I wish Jane could go, too, but we need the money."

I looked at Jane. "How much money you got saved now?"

"One thousand, eight hundred and seventy-five." She didn't even have to look in her bank book.

I rubbed a towel over the bar for a minute. "You better take off Saturday and go with him, Jane."

I could see she was anxious to go, the way she said "Why?"

"Two heads is better than one. You'd have to live in the dump."

"If we had a paper anywhere, it would be—heaven. Walt, and our own paper, and me. . . . I do want to go, Walt!"

So they both went. They talked to the grocery store, the service station, the post office, the bank, a preacher, even. They told me all about it. I guess they talked to everybody in Oakville that would listen. Would you like a weekly paper in your town? Sure, everybody said. The kids found that someone had tried running a paper there once and had gone broke. The town didn't like him.

People were encouraging. Sure. Was it their money? Were they taking a chance on losing everything they'd saved? I tried to get this across to the kids. It didn't figure. No soap.

Well, I don't know much about the mechanical end of a newspaper, but I do know more than I used to. All Walt could talk about was drum cylinder presses, and typesetting machines, and casting boxes, and type faces. He took to hounding used-printing-equipment houses and studying secondhand price lists in trade papers. He took jaunts out to the country and talked with publishers and printers. He read books. It was all Greek to me, but I'd listen. And Jane would sit there gazing at him with that you're-just-wonderful look.

Then it happened. An equipment house made them up a package deal. Everything they'd need to start, set up in Oakville. Forty-five hundred. Old equipment, sure. Junk, probably; but they said it was guaranteed usable. Fifteen hundred down and a hundred a month.

"Just one thing, Lancy," Walt said to me. "We'll have less than five hundred working capital. If we run short, can we borrow from you—up to a thousand?"

I made a drink for the fellow down at the far end of the bar. On the house, and was he surprised! I rearranged bottles on the back bar. Then I went back to Jane and Walt.

"Sure," I said. "I'll lend you up to a thousand—if you ever actually need it."

Two weeks' notice and they quit the Register. My ulcer was acting up and I didn't sleep good, and the horses —— Well, two weeks and the kids were gone.

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They sent me their first issue. I saved it because Jane had written something nice on the margin of the front page and they both signed it. She wrote, "To a swell guy." But the paper was awful. It was so small. Only four pages. And you could hardly read it for the blurred print. It was a mess.

Next week it was some better—the print—but no bigger, though there were a few more ads. I read Walt's editorial about how Oakville was going to grow and how the community leaders must pave the way for progress. Most of the news was babies born, somebody dying, women entertaining each other—stuff like that.

Each Friday I'd get the paper, and I got to looking for it. Then on a Saturday morning the kids came in. Was I glad to see them! But they looked different. They looked tired. Somehow, though, they looked satisfied.

"Lancy," Walt said—the first thing he said—"Lancy, Jane is going to have a baby. We came in to see the doctor."

"Huh! I mean, don't they even have a doctor in Oakville?"

"Oh, yes, but no hospital. So she'll have him here in the city."

"Him?"

"Of course," Jane smiled, real proud. "He can help Walt in the shop with the paper."

"Sure. . . . How's the paper coming, kids? Looks mighty good. Best paper I ever read." I gave them a beer. "You making any money?"

Well, sir, they both started talking at once. Walt was learning to run the typesetting machine, and Jane said she could feed the press already. They only had one printer and they had to help him out. Everybody in Oakville was so nice. They were joining everything in town and Walt was secretary of the merchants' association. They'd run a little short of money and Mr. Blakely, the town banker, had lent them a hundred dollars to make the first month's payment on equipment. Now receipts were just about balancing expenditures, in the first month! I couldn't keep track of all they told me. They didn't touch their beer. I hated to see them leave.

The paper kept on improving. It was printed better. The headlines seemed to balance up better. And it changed in size from four to six pages. Every week Walt would write an editorial about something the town needed—an automatic stop light at the bank intersection, streets cleaned once a week, a local hospital, a new schoolroom to be added to the old building.

New schoolroom—that was what turned the town of Oakville upside down. Walt made a series out of that and ran something on it every week, and what he printed got hotter and hotter, more and more arguments for a new schoolroom.

The chairman of the school board was Blakely. Walt ran an interview in which he quoted Blakely as saying the school board was working on the matter, but hadn't reached any definite conclusions. Then he ran an editorial picking Blakely's statements to pieces. In the heat, somebody resigned from the school board and they had to appoint a successor. I read it all.

Well, election was coming up, and Blakely himself was a candidate for re-election. The president of the PTA filed to run against him, and Walt picked her to win. She was progressive, Walt wrote, and Blakely was reactionary. Well, I can figure horses and I can figure that kind of election. Walt's filly didn't figure. Blakely won, of course, way out in front.

Walt and Jane stopped in to see me the next Saturday. They looked whipped.

I set up a couple beers for them. "Kids," I said, "somebody always loses. Next time be on the winner."

"We're not through," Walt said.

"Oakville really needs more classroom space," Jane said.

"Sure. Where does this leave the paper?"

They looked at each other. They both looked at me. Walt said it.

"Lancy," he said, "we'll have to ask you for that loan. The note at the bank is due. A hundred and three dollars. There's the payment on machinery. We have to give the doctor seventy-five dollars now. And I've got to have some for the hospital. The doctor says about six weeks. If you could let us have about three hundred and fifty ——"

I lifted up each of their glasses and rubbed the bar. "Drink up, kids. Beer's getting warm." But then I threw it out and got fresh beer.

"The paper's making a little money," Jane said. "We can pay you back ten dollars a week."

"Sure." It was hard to say anything. Kids like that. In a fix like this. Everything ready to go down the drain.

"We knew we could count on you, Lancy," Walt said. "It's hard to say thank you. If it wasn't for you, we'd not even be married and have a paper of our own. And now we'd lose everything."

"Sure." I opened a fresh bottle of soda and dropped it. It busted, but I let the pieces lay. "The banker's name—is Blakely."

"How'd you know, Lancy?" Jane asked.

"I read the Oakville paper. He won't lend you the money?"

"I wouldn't ask him," Walt said. "He wouldn't, anyhow."

"How do you know? Banks like to get interest. You ought to keep your business in town."

"We're political enemies. It's out of the question!"

"Sure."

I looked at the clock. Not quite noon. I looked at the phone booth in back. Empty. The juke box was playing, so I pulled the cord.

I got some change out of the cash register and went back to the phone booth. I got long distance, and I got the bank in Oakville, and I got Mr. Blakely.

"This is Lancelot Jones," I said. "I'm thinking of putting some money on—I mean in—the Oakville paper."

He was pleasant, courteous. Sounded like an elderly man. I went on and told him how I knew Walt and Jane real well and how proud I was of the kids and how I'd be willing to back them, up to a thousand dollars, if they needed it. But they'd gone this far on their own, and I'd like to see them make it the rest of the way on their own.

You know, he surprised me. Surprised me!

He did the talking after that. . . . I hung up and went back to the kids.

"Walt, Jane," I said, "I've decided not to lend you the money. I was just talking to Mr. Blakely back there on the phone. He says he ain't mad and likes your spirit and the way you work so hard, and what you wrote in the paper has convinced the board they'd better hurry up and build a new school. A whole new school, not just add a classroom onto the old school. He said come in and see him about a loan. He said how the town needs your paper."

"He said that?" Walt spilled his glass.

"Sure."

Well, Jane had their baby. As soon as they sent me the card, with the blue ribbon, I asked my boss, Roy, for an advance on next week's pay.

He let me have ten, and he said, "Lancy, the horses keep you broke, don't they?"

Which I won't deny.

"Sure," I said. "But this ain't for the horses. This is for a present for a new baby boy. Name's Lancy." THE END

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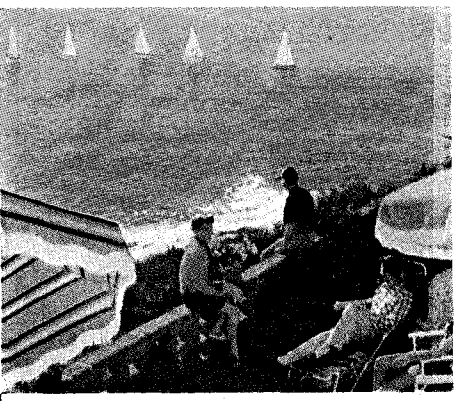

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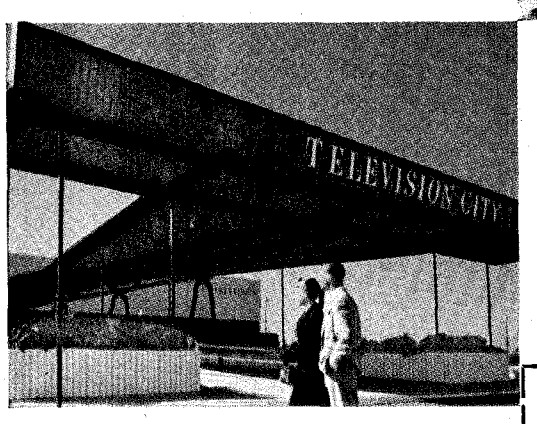

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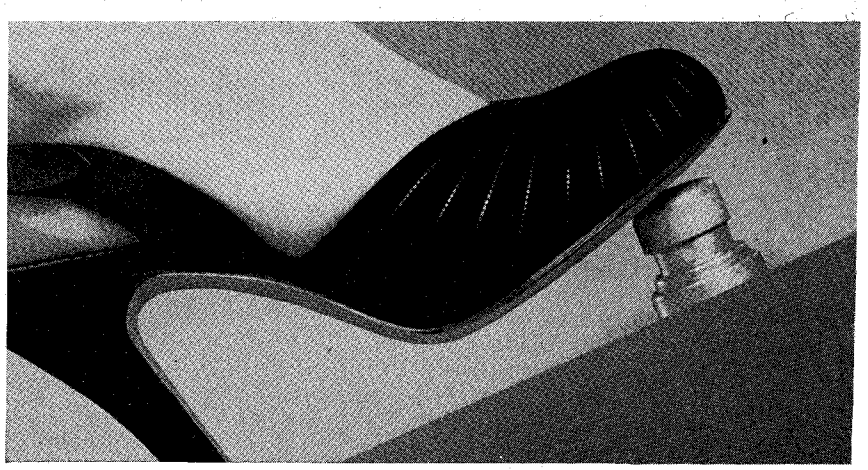

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No Man For Nancy (Continued from Page 33)

was one of the most splendid spectacles Hoboken ever saw. I do wish ——"

Maggie Hilton said, "Just what is wrong with Red Hannegan, baby? He seems more your style."

Nancy stood up to her full height. "Red Hannegan! That roughneck! Why, I wouldn't ——"

Her mother said, rather wistfully, "He's one of the most handsome men I've ever seen."

"My best student," her father rumbled meditatively. "That boy knew more about Zeno than I did. And an All-American tackle for two years."

"All-American lout!" Nancy stormed. "He's ——"

They all heard the door open; they all winced as it slammed. Their eyes turned in concert to the young man who beamed at them. He was almost as tall as Nancy's father and his shoulders filled the doorway. His hair was flaming red, his blue eyes were as merry as his grin, and somewhere in the past he had managed to get his button nose broken. On a person of normal size his chin would have been overlarge.

He said, "Hiya, Pete," to Nancy's father. He eyed her mother's hip line and winked. "Looks like you're putting it on a little, Maggie." Then he turned and smiled at Nancy. "Put on your bonnet, you lucky, lucky child. I'm taking you to dinner."

Nancy looked at him and there was fury in her eyes. "You're not taking me anyplace, you—you truck driver!"

Red's grin faded just a bit. "That's why we're celebrating, baby. I bought another one today. Another truck."

"Bragging will get you nowhere," Nancy said. "You're a truck driver!"

He stared at her. "There's something wrong with that? Occasionally I have to drive one of the loads. This makes eighteen trucks I have. Each one is busy all the time. Hannegan Trucking is a booming business." Then he grinned again. "The next one I get, I'm going to have it fixed like a bassinet. The kids we have will be so outsize that ——"

"You're an oaf!" Nancy screamed. "You're a—hoodlum! Go home!"

Red held up a huge forefinger. "Temper! Temper!" His grin did not fade. "Someone steal your dolls? Just so ecstatically happy at seeing me that it upset you?"

Nancy's anger abated. She smiled archly. "It just happens that I have a date. With a gentleman."

Red frowned. "You mean someone like George? Or Bernard?"

"What was wrong with George or Bernard?"

"Well, nothing, I guess. It's just that that type runs a little light to the barrel for a girl your size. You ever think what would happen if you got angry with one of those ——"

The girl advanced on him with upraised hand. He grinned and backed away. The doorbell rang, and Red said, "Saved in the classic fashion."

Nancy went to the door, and in a moment she came back with a young man in tow. The three other people in the room examined him critically. He was rather handsome, with finely cut features topped by horn-rimmed glasses. He was slender and very well-dressed and might have gone to five feet eight.

The introductions were made. Nancy walked to her mother, who was seated next to Red, and put a loving hand on her shoulder.

"Mother, this is Henry Hardy." She turned to the young man with a smile. "Mother was in musical comedy at one time, you know."

Henry bowed. "Mrs. Hilton."

"At one time is correct," Red muttered in an undertone that reached only the girl. "Far left on the chorus line and billed as 'The Biggest Blonde on Broadway.' After that, nothing but Blinsky's."

Nancy's glare was pure fury, but she carried on. She gestured across the room. "And this is father. Dad is dean of philosophy at the university."

"And I wonder what the board of trustees would say," Red whispered, "if they knew he was also Ivan (the Horrible) Troska."

"And Mr. Hannegan," the tall girl said with loathing.

Henry Hardy advanced into the room for the customary handshakes, and then he stood stock-still and his jaw dropped open as the two monsters got to their feet. He made a lightning recovery and bravely put his hand into the terrible piece of bone and muscle at the end of Pete Hilton's arm.

"I'm pleased to meet you, sir," he said, and Pete rumbled, "Hello."

The performance was repeated with Red, and Nancy watched him like a hawk to see if he put the squeeze on. He refrained out of an innate gentleness.

There was only a momentary exchange of polite conversation before Henry said, "I think we'd better hurry, if you don't mind, Nancy. My sister, Mathilda, is waiting in the car."

"Why didn't you bring her in?" Maggie Hilton said.

"We're parked down the block near a fire hydrant," Henry smiled.

They said their good-bys, and left, and the three huge people in the room stared after Nancy. She ambled beside Henry Hardy in an unnatural slouch, her knees loose, her shoulders sagging. She managed to compress herself to within an inch of Henry's height and still walk.

When they had left, Maggie said, "He seems to be a very nice boy."

"It's a shame they didn't start feeding him until it was too late," Pete observed. "He'd have made a good-looking man."

Red shook his head. "What has that sprite of yours got against people who weigh more than a hundred pounds? I've known her since she was fifteen years old and she has nothing for me but abuse."

"I think it was about the time she was fifteen that you started calling her 'Stretch,' wasn't it?" Maggie asked. "Fifteen-year-old girls do not consider the term complimentary."

"I haven't called her that in two years," Red protested. He turned to Pete. "Tell me secrets. How did you get to marry this doll?"

"In my youthful pursuit of the arts I spotted this naiad at Blinsky's. I was twenty and she was nineteen. As soon as I was sure she could read and write I asked her to marry me." Pete's expression was smug. "She accepted, needless to say."

"I was desperate," Maggie said. "Every girl wants to get married, of course, but I knew I'd look silly walking down the aisle with someone who'd have to reach up to put the ring on my finger. When the monster appeared, I took a chance. He also plied me with talk of diamonds and mink."

Maggie turned to Red. "You have honorable intentions toward our dainty flower? You're really gone on the kid?"

"I never had it before, but it must be love," Red told them both. "Prettiest thing I ever saw, and is wonderful company during the times she isn't overboard about one of these preshrunk characters. Also, she's the only girl I know who I can speak to without doing knee bends."

"We need a plan," Pete said.

"She wants someone soft-spoken, someone well-dressed, someone tender," Maggie sighed. "So do I."

Pete snapped his sausage-sized fingers. "You've hit it, in your awkward fashion. Nancy wants a gentleman. *Ergo*, Red becomes a gentleman."

"That?" Maggie asked, pointing.

Red tossed his chin in the air. "Please!"

"The bum becomes soft-spoken and well-dressed." Pete was enthusiastic. "He is no longer in the trucking business, but in the transportation line. It wouldn't break him to send a few flowers over once in a while." He frowned in concentration. "In her present state of mind, which did not seem to me to be amicable, it might be wise, Red, if you just sent flowers for a few days. Then you take Nancy out. And not to some beer joint. The Stardust Room, El Bazzar—places like that. And you wear these summer evening clothes I see in the magazines. Pink jackets, horizon-blue jackets. You do that country-club routine, and it's a tender bunch of violets one evening, a small perfect orchid the next. In two, three weeks, you've got romance."

Maggie nodded. "Sounds as if it might do the job. And if it doesn't work on her, try it on me."

"Me in a pink jacket?" Red screamed. "I'd look like a strawberry-ice-cream cone. And what the hell would I be doing at El Bazzar?"

"Dancing dreamily," Maggie told him. "Whispering sweet nothings. You better go on home and start buffing your nails. Pete and I will plan some more."

He left, mumbling something about bleeding-heart bow ties.

Maggie picked up some sewing and Pete settled back with his book and his beer. She said, "I wonder what it would be like to have grandchildren our size."

"I don't imagine they would be, at first."

"Pete, why don't you take me dancing any more?"

"I do enough waltzing with Charley Ginsberg and Otto (the Butcher) O'Neill. And you must have had enough dancing during your—er—career to last you for a lifetime. However, some evening ——"

Maggie leaned forward. "When?"

"As soon as the knee is better and I have dealt with those dastards, the Messieurs Ginsberg and O'Neill."

"Promise?"

"Scout's honor."

They spent their usual quiet evening at home, and they were about to retire, in the neighborhood of midnight, when Nancy came home. She entered the room, but seemed to linger in the shadows.

"Nice time, baby?" Maggie asked.

"Dinner and the pictures. Mathilda dropped us off. It wasn't bad."

"Henry seemed like a very nice boy," Maggie said.

"That's just because he is, mom." Nancy's voice had as ethereal a quality as is possible in a girl who is six feet tall.

Pete was staring at her. "Come here, kid. Into the light."

With evident reluctance, Nancy stepped into the field of greater illumination. She had one of the most beautiful black eyes Pete had ever seen. He said, "There must be a story here someplace. I didn't think Henry was capable of ——"

"Don't be silly," his daughter told him. "We were walking home from the picture when three hoodlums gave me the big whistle. Henry protested."

Her mother said, "And?"

Nancy turned to her with a hint of sharpness. "You don't expect a fellow like him to be able to fight, do you?"

There was a moment of silence. Pete said, "Please continue."

"Nothing." Nancy shrugged. "Boarders were repelled, with Henry courageous, but on the deck. I used a couple of those throws you taught me."

Maggie looked at her husband. "A quiet, scholarly life was another thing you told me." She turned to her daughter. "There's a piece of steak in the icebox, darling. Come on along and I'll put my baby to bed."

Ten days passed. Each one was filled with flowers accompanied by notes which, Pete was sure, Red had grabbed red-hot from Bartlett's Quotations.

Nany was impressed. She was heard to say, "Why, that swine can be almost human!"

Henry Hardy was seen about frequently. He had a quiet charm, Maggie observed, and Pete found in him a strong vein of excellent humor and an unusual knowledge of wines.

Red phoned one day and spoke to Maggie. "How's the campaign going, Mag?"

"Well, she sometimes speaks of you without spitting," Maggie admitted.

"You think the magic hour has arrived when I can ask for a date?"

"The worst you can get is a big fat 'No.'" Maggie had little deceit in her. "This agent must report that Mr. H. Hardy seems to be making time."

Red's sigh was as meaty as his shoulders. "Thanks, X-1. I'll call the subject later."

Maggie spoke to her daughter when she came home. "Seen Red lately?"

Nancy shook her head dreamily. "Henry is calling for me tonight."

The word "Henry" seemed to affect her like six sleeping pills. For two weeks, now, Maggie acknowledged to herself, this beautiful giantess of hers had been walking around, punch-drunk.

"Red called," Maggie told her daughter. "Said he might call later."

"Who?" Nancy asked from her cloud.

"Red. Red Hannegan. The young man who taught you how to roll with a right hand. You must remember."

"Oh," Nancy said. "Him." She floated upstairs in her own little fog.

A half hour later the phone rang. Maggie answered it downstairs on second summons. She picked up the receiver just in time to hear Nancy on the upstairs extension, say "Hello?"

It was Red Hannegan. Maggie debated the issue with her conscience for fully half a second, then listened.

Red was charming. Asked if Nancy had liked the flowers. She had liked them. Was she still as lovely as ever? He was told not to be a schmo. Well, Red said, it seemed there was a dance Thursday night. Would she go with him? The Truckmen's Association was having its annual blowout. Maggie winced. Nancy said that she was very sorry, but that was the night Henry Hardy was taking her to El Bazzar. It was an anniversary, really. They would have known each other one month that evening. Red said oh. Nancy was kind. Why didn't Red pass up the Truckmen's affair and

Just in Case

By Grace Stillman Minck

When you go in the Pearly Gate,
If you should find me there
(Who rated a far different fate)
I beg you, please don't stare.
If you're amazed, let it be so
In silence, don't parade it;
I wouldn't have the angels know
How narrowly I made it.

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come with them? He could escort Henry's sister, Mathilda.

And then Red blew up. He would not have any bespectacled frump foisted off on him. If she wanted to go out with Meatless Tuesday, that was all right with him, but he wasn't going to slobber around with any female fright the Hardy family had been hiding under the stairs these many years. The phone went "crash!"

Maggie put hers down and rubbed her ear. She shook her head. The romance in the man! The Truckmen's Association! A moonlit sonata that would undoubtedly wind up with thrown bottles and brandishing baling hooks. She made a mental bet with herself. On Henry. And Red was such a nice boy.

Red called later in the evening, but Nancy was out at the pictures with Henry. Maggie offered quiet consolation. Red said he wanted to apologize, that he'd had a little tiff with Nancy on the phone earlier.

Maggie said, "Oh?"

There was this dance, see, and he was the vice-president and had to go, and he'd thought Nancy would like it. Red was very depressed.

Maggie mentally examined Pete's schedule, then tried to brighten him up. "We'll go with you, Red. Maybe we can stop around to El Bazzar when the dance is over. Nancy will be there, and maybe you can sneak in a mambo or two and patch this thing up."

"You're a doll," Red told her. "You're just a little old genius-type doll." Then he said, "You know what that beautiful brat of yours tried to sell me? Henry's sister. Waltzing Mathilda. What do you feed that kid to supply her with so much nerve? I'll see you Thursday about nine, Toots."

At dinner on Thursday, Maggie said, "Pete, tonight is the night you're taking me dancing."

The enormous man looked at her as if she had suddenly been taken by pixies. "What was that again, darling?"

"Your knee is well enough so that within the last week you have been tortured and defeated by Charley Ginsberg in Detroit, turned the tables on him in Boston, and then staggered to a stunning triumph in New York over Otto (the Butcher) O'Neill. This evening we trip the light fantastic. Your evening clothes are all laid out on your bed," Maggie said. "There's a new jacket, and I don't want any screaming. If you don't take me out tonight, Blinsky still has a place in Chicago, and he's written to me, and I will ——"

"Blackmail," Pete snarled. "In my own home. I'd thought to spend the evening doing a little paper on Gersonides, and now this!"

Nancy said dreamily, "Do as you're told, pop. Why fight it?"

She was not eating. Henry would call for her in a few minutes, and they were driving some place for dinner before hitting El Bazzar. She was lovely in a printed cotton that revealed her perfect shoulders, and Maggie looked at her and sighed.

Henry arrived in due time. His full acceptance by the family had warmed him, and he joked with Pete and Maggie as Nancy got her wrap.

Maggie said, "Your sister going along, Hank?"

Henry nodded. "We're to meet Matty and her date later." Then he said, "It's too bad you can't come with us."

Maggie shrugged. "We might drop around if we have nothing else to do."

Nancy and Henry left. Maggie said, "It's nice that they got someone to take the sister out."

"Red is smart," Pete rumbled. "A man who won't be trapped can't be trapped. He's smarter than I am. . . . Where are these buffoon's trappings you spoke of?"

He shouted when he saw the burgundy jacket and the slate-gray trousers. "Suppose I should meet a pupil?" he screamed. "Or a wrestler?"

Persuasion and threats got him accoutered, and the full-length mirror did the rest. He went to it in panic and remained to prance. Maggie said, "Did it hurt?"

A half hour later, when she went downstairs in a thin silk that was all a dress could be and still be called a dress, Red had arrived. He wore a pink jacket, pink-and-black striped bow tie and cummerbund, and charcoal trousers.

She looked at them and grinned. "You look like a couple of skyrockets."

Then she was aware that they were both staring at her. Pete said, "Wow!" in a roar. Red said, "Wow," in a polite whisper.

She wiggled her hips. "That's the kind of talk a girl likes to hear."

The Truckmen's Association Grand Annual, held in a huge ballroom at a hotel downtown, was an unquestioned success. Maggie was stared at beyond flattery and loved it. Her escorts had to establish their identities on three occasions to avoid violence. They left just as the first casualty was being carried out.

A cab took them to El Bazzar. They were seated at a good table, and after some scouting, they spied Nancy and Henry an acre of tables away. There was a second girl present, but her back was toward them.

Pete interrupted the study of the couple. "We have distinguished company. The pride of the city." His gaze was directed at a heavy, squat man whose visage was not enhanced by buck teeth. He was flanked at his table by two big men whose pictures had certainly been taken at one time with a row of numbers across the chest.

"Georgie Gonfalon," Red said. "A year ago he tried to muscle into my business. He now wears a plate, upper front. The dentist did a nice job." Gonfalon's eyes, it seemed to Red, were riveted on Nancy. He said nothing to her parents.

In a few moments the band started a set. Red got to his feet. "If I don't frighten her in this outfit, maybe I have a chance."

Maggie told him, "The least you can do while you're over there is ask the sister for a dance, if Nancy won't."

Red grinned as he shook his head.

Making his way through the maze of tables, he noticed that his progress almost paralleled that of one of the strong-arm boys from Gonfalon's table. The man was just ahead of him. Red reached what proved to be their common objective just in time to hear the man say, " . . . an' the boss wants the big broad should dance with him."

Henry got to his feet, took off his glasses, then heroically and myopically took a great swing at the man. He very nearly hit Nancy. The muscle man did not miss. Henry bounced.

Red tapped the thug on the shoulder. The man turned, which was a mistake. He lost dignity, teeth and his balance. And the Gonfalon cohorts swung into action. The bodyguard seated at the table with the gangster was on the scene immediately, and another had apparently been standing in an entryway to lend assistance should such an occasion as this arise. He entered the lists.

Red was a busy man and he fought with joy. There were also two waiters who were more concerned with the welfare of Mr. Gonfalon than that of Mr. Hannegan, and they suffered the fruits of their mistaken allegiance.

At the distant table, Maggie said, "And you just sit here?"

Pete smiled. "I like to watch that Red work. Besides, I'm ineligible. These"—and he held up shovellike hands—"are considered lethal weapons when used without pay. I would be jailed. Just sit and watch, my dear."

Red worked well, but the results he was obtaining were a trifle startling. One man went down before he hit him, and another staggered from a blow Red certainly had not delivered.

It was only then that he noticed a tiny figure beside him. It moved with fury and with purpose, and it swung what Red recognized as a salt cellar wrapped in a napkin.

He jerked someone off his shoulder, drew back his right hand; then watched the man fall as if shot. To his left, Nancy executed a perfect flying mare and wrecked a table ten feet away. And beside Red the small fury piled on the punishment.

The forces of evil were subdued in a surprisingly short time. The carnage was immense and Red wiped his bloody mouth and looked at the scattered bodies. There was silence in the big room for a moment, and then, astonishingly, applause. Gonfalon and his henchmen were hardly appreciated in the community.

So Red walked to the gangster's table. The man stood up, threatening and heavy. Red whirled him, got one hand on his collar and the other on the seat of Gonfalon's pants, and tippy-toed him to the door. The management opened it and Red heaved.

Maggie said, "Gee, this is better than the Truckers'."

When Red returned from his errand, the party was at one large table. The debris had been removed and quiet restored. Nancy's hair was slightly disarranged.

She glared at Red. "Why don't you mind your own business? I could have handled that."

Red had no ears for her, nor any eyes. Seated next to the valiant and revived Henry was the loveliest girl he had ever seen in his life. Her hair was golden-red, her eyes as blue as any sky, her nose tip-tilted, her mouth smiling.

She stood up and shook hands with him. "It was sweet of you, really."

He had a chance to observe that she was most delightfully curved and that she didn't run an inch over five feet. His heart turned over four times rapidly and he smiled in a daze.

"You and the salt cellar," he said.

She nodded. "Rather a handy implement in a difference of that nature." Her voice was hauntingly similar to one Red knew well. The accents, the tonal quality.

He shook his head as if to clear it. "You couldn't possibly be Mathilda," he said, and was amazed to discover that the band was playing again and that he and this miniature Venus were dancing.

"Isn't it a ghastly name, Red?" Her eyes on him, Red realized with a shock, were adoring. She said, "Why don't you call me Chickie or something like that?" She snuggled close to him. "Isn't it simply grand that my date called at the last minute, saying he couldn't make it?" And Red found himself going into the collapsing routine he had seen Nancy affect.

"Heard so much about you from Nancy," Mathilda said. "Hates you, you know. In a nice way. I knew I'd love you the moment I saw you. She's had so much muscle around her all her life, and now she wants something to guard and protect. Well, she has it. I've been taking care of that Henry all my life. He's a doll, but he can't fight a lick. I've always wanted someone to take care of me." She shivered deliciously in his arms. "I do have someone like that now, don't I, Red?"

He grinned idiotically. "You said it, Chickie."

"It's been an evening," Maggie sighed. She looked at the dancing couples—Nancy towering protectively over Henry; Red handling Mathilda as if she were a porcelain doll. "Red was mistaken about how he felt concerning our kid, Pete."

Pete's eyes were on the dance floor. He nodded. "It was approval instead of passion. But he sure isn't mistaken about that little babe he's got now."

Maggie got to her feet and wiggled the dress into line. "Father," she said, "it's just about time you danced with mother."

THE END

The Perfect Squelch

A veteran diplomat from a Near-Eastern nation which was having its troubles with Russia was presiding over a United Nations press conference in New York City. A strange correspondent very nearly disrupted the conference by his persistent, noisy conversations with persons around him. With diplomatic suavity, the presiding officer turned toward the noisy one and remarked, "I notice an unfamiliar face among the ladies and gentlemen of the press."

Catching on, the correspondent said rather ungraciously, "Yes, if you mean me, I am new to this."

Facetiously the presiding officer named a Russian news service in saying, "You must belong to Tass."

"Oh, no," the correspondent answered proudly, "I am from Poland."

"Ah," the presiding officer quipped—"Demi-Tass."

Melchor P. Aquino

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I've Had Enough!

(Continued from Page 31)

When shall I make calls? Shall I make them early in the morning, when I ought to be washing or ironing or cleaning, and when the people I call are busy at similar tasks?

Shall I call at that "arsenic hour" when mothers are listening to the problems of school children, quieting babies, watching the clock for father and trying to get dinner, with five-year-olds wanting something to eat right now? A committee chairman called me when I was rushing dinner the other night. I scarcely heard what she said because of noise in her house.

She explained, "It's our thirteen-year-old. He simply teases the life out of his little brother whenever I'm on the phone."

At one point I resolved never to take another phone-call-assignment. But one day I weakened; after all, the Y.W.C.A. Centennial Fund did seem vital to me, and I had eighty-six blue-and-white cards with eighty-six telephone numbers on them piled on my desk "pending attention."

As a newcomer in my town, I can spend my energy on causes I prefer, but women long settled in a place are much harder pressed. Jobs they have done before are given back to them year after year, and new jobs are thrust upon them. A reputation for faithful service makes resignation difficult.

Now, I think it is right that women like me—women with good education, and husbands to support them—should serve their communities. I think that churches and schools and philanthropic organizations have a right to expect volunteer workers to carry out the expanding programs which, incidentally, people like me are demanding. I know that millions of individuals must be organized for service if our public schools are to cope with modern needs and an expanding population, if churches are to keep values abreast of technology, if democracy is to be maintained, if international understanding is to be strengthened, if juvenile delinquency is to be checked—in short, if the kind of life we cherish is to survive in this atomic era. But I think that the time has come when we must do some top-level thinking about all these mother-manned committee meetings—where they are leading to, and where the balance lies between community service and our duties as wives and mothers. After all, we have to keep our sanity and our sense of spiritual direction.

It seems to me that my responsibility as a mother involves something more than seeing that the children are fed and clothed and taken to the dentist and doctor every September. It is the "something more" in home life that is seriously in danger of being stolen away by excessive outside demands on mothers.

Many women my age may have all their children in college. I am not concerned about them. They are the ones who need to be busy with the affairs of the world. I have two college children, but I also have a thirteen-year-old girl and a seven-year-old boy. The thirteen-year-old needs me to be very much available for consultation and planning, and she needs me to be free enough to be flexible. The seven-year-old needs me to read a great deal with him, to tuck him in bed at night and to be relaxed enough to be reasonable about the endless "boy tracks" left by him and his pals.

These children need me to create an atmosphere of homeyness where they can be themselves, and at the same time be bound together in a happy family. They need me to know their friends and notice their hobbies. They need the smell of hot gingerbread in the kitchen on wintry days. They need me to hold them to responsibilities, to mediate, to give comfort. They need me to have lights turned on each evening and a nourishing breakfast ready each morning.

They need me to keep special days special. How great this kind of need is came to me on one Sunday noon when a neighbor child was in our kitchen. With my church sleeves pushed up and my prettiest apron on, I pulled a roasted chicken out of the oven. "I wish," she said, "that my mother would cook Sunday dinner and lay a white cloth." Her mother worked like a Trojan all week with outside jobs, all related to the welfare of children. She felt she had to rest on Sunday and let everyone fix his own lunch.

If I am absent too often when our children come home from school, if I am on the phone when they want my help or companionship, if I am hurrying away night after night "to an important meeting, precious"—how precious are they going to think they are to me? How well prepared are they going to be for the future, when it will be too late for me to help them?

And what of their father? I stood before an assembled congregation and promised to love, honor and cherish him above all others. He carries a terrific load at the office. He is at a critical age, heart-wise, with professional responsibilities at their peak and his economic load at an all-time maximum. Must he come home and find me weary from trying to finish the ironing while I start the dinner, while I stop three times to discuss committee work on the phone? Or am I to leave him as soon as I've fed him—"I promised Hazel I'd go to this preliminary session"—or drag him along with me on the few nights when he isn't out doing his own community work? Is it only the leftover bit of me that is to love him?

Wednesday held the promise of a rare evening for us. We had taken the last of a series of house guests to the airport. We were both tired after a strenuous two weeks in which we had scarcely had a wide-awake moment together. But the rest of the evening was all ours. I curled up on the sofa with sewing. Jerry opened a new book to read aloud.

Our thirteen-year-old said, "Did you see the note on the telephone, mummy?" I hadn't gone to my desk when we came in, but there it was—"Mrs. Ferris wants you to call her if you are in before eleven." The line was busy. I went back to the sofa. Then back to the phone—back to the sofa—back to the phone. When I had finally completed the call, I returned to the sofa again, but not to enjoy Jerry's reading. I was conscious only of being depressed, and I had to interrupt.

"Jerry, I told her I wouldn't."

"You wouldn't what?"

"I wouldn't let the nominating committee put my name on the slate."

"You did the right thing. You're already overloaded."

"Yes, but I feel terrible saying I am too busy, especially for the work of the church."

"But you do work with the church. There is your church-school class."

I teach a church class of high-school young people. Believe me, it takes a good many hours of thought and study during the week to keep ahead of their questions. But whenever I begin to have a feeling of satisfaction in my work with them, just then I'm liable to be asked to take on some other work. Either I water down my efforts all the way round or else I worry about saying no to people like Mrs. Ferris, who does more herself than she is asking me to do. She said I'd just need to attend some meetings and make some reports.

"Maybe I ought to call her back," I told Jerry. "Maybe I ought to try ——"

"What you ought to do," he said, "is go to bed."

The next morning, while I put sweaters through suds, I decided that I would have to think out for myself a clear-cut philosophy to guide me in accepting or rejecting outside jobs. I can't drift along year after year feeling guilty about saying no so often.

I know that I am not alone in trying to solve the problem involved in home maintenance and community leadership. Mrs. H. is thinking pretty hard too. She has been a leader in her community's church groups for years. She has worked unceasingly to build up a competent public school board, pioneered in better race relations and worked at all levels of the P.T.A. program. She is still in her forties and her children are still at home. A national organization recently offered her its top volunteer job in her city.

Her husband said, "If you take it, I'll get a divorce."

She went to the women who had been leaning so heavily on her leadership, and said, "I can't accept the nomination." The talk of divorce didn't upset her, because her marriage has deep roots. But she did realize that she couldn't go on without pausing to consider the needs of her husband and her children, and the limits of her own strength and serenity. This stock taking gave her the courage she needed to say, "I can't accept."

Another friend, Mrs. Y., has lots of time to think now because the doctor has put her to bed for a month—maybe for six months—in an effort to save an expected baby. She said to me, "It's been a rat race. I'd planned to do lots of things with Bill and the twins during these holidays, but it seems that every organization I belong to is trying to get its committee together early and choose next spring's drive captain."

Take Mrs. N., who has only one child left at home, a fifteen-year-old sophomore in high school. His mother's name is known across the nation and is printed on the letterheads of various boards. I chatted with her recently at an "official" social affair. She said, "Louise, we were terribly sorry you felt you couldn't serve on that new committee, but I've thought a lot about what you said about there being no one else who might serve as you can with your own family. Our Fred is such a big boy now—a young man, really—and, of course, he isn't afraid to stay alone. But when I put his supper on the table before leaving to come here, he said, 'Oh, mother, must you go out again tonight?' Maybe we leave him too much on his own."

None of these women has time for the superficialities of society. We don't exhaust ourselves with bridge or cocktail parties, or purely social clubs, or power-for-power's sake politics, or fashion-world fashions, or beauty-shop beauty. Too many women care only about these things and give little thought to the welfare of their families, the state of the nation or the fate of the world. It would be a blessing if someone could crack the shell of their indifference and line them up for dedicated duty on the human-welfare front.

No, the women I am speaking for are already converted to a belief in brotherhood and a faith in progress. We make our mistakes. We fail to live up to our ideals. But we try to be good wives and mothers and to help build good communities. We're not concerned about rewards, and we are not trying to find an easy way out. There is no uncertainty about our motives. But there is real consternation in our ranks as the demands upon our time and energy become greater and greater each year.

For my part I have arrived at this much of a working formula:

1. My family must come first, because it is my responsibility in a unique way. If I say no to the P.T.A., they can recruit someone else. If I say no to my family, there is no one else they can appeal to. Therefore, if there must be a choice, I will favor my commitment to cherish my husband and to rear our children intelligently, lovingly and in the knowledge and fear of God. This doesn't mean silly pampering, but it does mean wholehearted giving of myself.

2. Housekeeping takes time. Give me all the electrical gadgets there are, and I still must rinse the dishes for the washer, carry

"Looks like Collins is finding it difficult to keep his New Year's resolution."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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the clothes to the laundry room, starch the petticoats, iron the blouses, pick up yesterday's papers, push the vacuum, defrost the refrigerator, wax the linoleum, empty the ash trays, make the grocery list, sew on buttons, prepare two or three meals a day—you know the rest. To hope for hired help is out of the question. A cleaning woman for just one day would cost seven dollars in our locality. Most of the mothers I know must get along without any domestic help except a sitter now and then. We've just got to face the fact that high-standard family living requires from six to fourteen hours of domestic work a day, depending upon the number and ages of the children and on the degree of graciousness we want to maintain in our family living. So here I am, saddled with housekeeping work that can't be put off. I ought to be efficient about it, and I needn't be a slave to it. But my outside jobs must be budgeted along with the tangible inside jobs and the intangible services that only a wife and mother can give.

3. A lot of little things are worth a big place in the program of a mother. I mean little treats and remembrances for our husbands and youngsters. And more: a friendly call on elderly neighbors, flowers to a lonely widow, recipes copied for a bride. I mean Burmese students for dinner, family friends for tea on Sunday, letters to relatives. I mean unhurried friendliness to man. I can't teach our children how to be friendly; they catch its meaning only as they share in friendly acts. I must leave room on the time chart for these things and not weigh their value in "practical" terms.

4. Even during these years when I have children at home, I must find some time for community service. The community needs all of us, and my children need to know that I feel responsible for others, and I need to feel that I am doing my bit. But as long as we have children at home, I should give major efforts to only one or two outside projects at a time. Now and then I may be able to undertake an additional responsibility. I shouldn't take on these extra jobs impulsively or just because I can't refuse a persistent promoter. I have got to fit them in according to their merits and in relation to the sum of my existing obligations.

5. Once I have made a decision, I ought to accept it. It's wrong to torture myself and my long-suffering husband with monologues about whether it was right to say yes or wrong to say no.

6. I dare not let the pressure of activities push out of my life opportunities to partake of the things of the spirit. To walk in the woods in search of a blue gentian; to read current poetry as well as current news; to study the Scriptures; to dig in my rose garden; to sit quietly in a sanctuary every Sabbath morning. These are not luxury items which I should deny myself when the time budget is tight. These things replenish the spiritual fund on which all my efforts depend.

For the benefit of organizations that are recruiting unpaid workers, I'd like to offer a few suggestions. First, let the one you are approaching be completely free to make up his own mind. Let the candidate know what the demands on his time and abilities will be. Don't underplay the cost of the job!

Second, don't be tempted to look for your captains among mothers of very young children. They themselves are often in need of community help. Let's remember that these young women bringing up little children are already on full-time duty building the foundations of the "community of God." Look more carefully for leadership among women who are fifty plus and even sixty and seventy. There is much vigor and capacity for work among women who are beyond the child-rearing period. Many of them already have their days organized into productive service, but others have time on their hands and are there just waiting to be asked. Let's invite these senior women back into work with children and young people as well as into top administrative positions in the adult organizations of their community.

A few other suggestions:

Keep your programs as simple as possible, so that no energy is wasted on nonessentials; let's not feel that projects just of necessity get "bigger and better" each year.

Consolidate your fund-raising efforts, so that fewer man-hours need to go into soliciting or money-making jobs.

Offer jobs to shy and inexperienced people and help them get started. Don't work the experienced ones to death.

But enough of firm resolutions and recommendations. I've had a terrible thought. Someone in our community will read the title of this article, turn to the woman who is helping her address envelopes, and ask, "What is this all about?"

And the other woman will say, "Dunno. Who wrote it? Louise Winfield? Sounds familiar. Louise Winfield. Oh, you know, Mrs. Gerald Winfield. They live right here—bought the white rambler down on Virginia. I didn't know she could write. Listen, she's just the one we need to take over publicity. Give me the phone book!"

When the telephone rings, will I be carried away by flattery or will I remember the pile of sheets on my laundry table? They are clean enough—all but sterile, in fact, on the guarantee of the washing-machine manufacturer—but they are wrinkled and rough. Shall I get busy writing publicity pieces and leave the sheets unironed until someone in the family grabs a couple of them and puts them on a bed? Or shall I take the eighty-four seconds it would require for each one if I shake them and fold them squarely, iron the folds and give a firm press to the final lap? And the minutes I'd need to carry them to the linen closet and pile them neatly—colors together, singles and doubles in separate piles—to await the morning when I'll carry them around to the beds I've been airing, to spread them carefully and tuck the covers over them smoothly, giving the pillows a special fluff before I slip on clean cases, ironed slick but soft because I've taken time to give them just that little bit of starch?

When I hear one of the members of our family snuggle into bed with an "um-m—fresh, smooth sheets," I can feel reassured about my decisions and efforts, and I can know that something has been added to the stockpile of stability in our chaotic world.

Mr. Henry's Empire (Continued from Page 41)

school to teach all five of Mr. Henry's children—unfolded a huge picture of a cat with the letters C A T underneath it.

"Henry," the teacher said, "what is this?"

"I guess it's a cat," Henry said. "But it's the biggest damned cat I ever saw." At this point Miss Yowell put down her pointer, picked up Henry by an ear and removed him to the water pump to scrub his mouth with soap.

He was more successful as a cow hand than as a scholar. His first job paid fifty cents a day and he furnished his own horse. "When I got up to a dollar a day, I knew I was rich." Meanwhile his own cow had had a calf, and later the calves had calves. When Henry sold a couple of steers he used the money to buy another cow. When he was fifteen he bought his first piece of land, paying a dollar an acre for it.

"At that time," Mr. Henry says, "all this country was open range. There wasn't a fence between here and Okeechobee, and my daddy thought I was crazy to buy land to run cows on. But I had an idea that someday if I didn't have any land, I might not be able to have any cows. So I reckon it was because I loved cows that I bought land."

It is generally agreed in Osceola County that Mr. Henry is a natural-born cowman. Big cattlemen were hiring him to mammy the calves while he was still in his teens, and mammying calves, a Florida cattleman will tell you, is a gift, a touch of genius more than an acquired skill.

"The fellow who is doing the mammying," says J. R. Gunn, a rancher who for more than thirty years was also Osceola County's agricultural agent, "rides along back of the cows and calves when they are being driven toward the holding pen at roundup time. As they cross the prairie a bunch of cows, some of them with calves, will join the group from one side; then here come some cowboys herding in some more from the other side, and so on. The fellow doing the mammying watches the calves to see which belongs with which cow, and what brand is on the cow. At the pens the calves are cut away from the cows and the branding starts. The fellow doing the mammying climbs up on the fence, and each time the others catch a calf to brand, he calls out the brand that goes on it. I saw Mr. Henry mammy a herd of better than two hundred cows. There were a hundred twenty-five calves and twenty-four different brands in the bunch. Mr. Henry sat there and called every one right until, just as they were putting the brand on one, he yelled, 'Damn it, I missed that one!' And when they put the calves back with the cows he was right on that one."

When he was eighteen, Mr. Henry married Bertha Lee Bass, the pretty seventeen-year-old daughter of a neighboring cattleman, and together they started raising their own ranch hands. "I was a daddy before I could vote," Mr. Henry says. In the next fourteen years there were five children: Oscar and Edward—known to everyone but their mother as Slim and Geech—Henry—even his mother calls him Doc—Earl and Katherine.

"We always wanted to keep our children together," Mr. Henry says. "I've seen a lot of families where the first thing the kids wanted as they grew up was to get away from home. So I figured that if I wanted them to be interested in the ranch, thing to do was to give them an interest in it."

To do this, he followed a custom fairly widespread among Florida cattlemen. At birth each child was given a brand of his own and a cow. The male calves from this cow went back into the parent herd, but each female took the new brand. Other cows were given on birthdays and Christmas. "Every one of our children had a pretty good herd by the time he was ten or twelve years old," Mr. Henry says.

Mrs. Partin says that as children her boys played at ranching when not actually working at it. "They'd build corrals out of sticks, use oranges for cows and brand them with their pocketknives."

Katherine preferred horses to dolls and owned two horses when she was seven. "We were kind of top-heavy with horses at that time," Mr. Henry says, so he decided to sell one of Katherine's. She balked. "You know that baby grand piano I bought you?" her father jested. "Well, if we don't sell a horse to pay for it, the men are going to come and take it away."

Katherine considered this awhile. "All right, daddy," she said. "You let them take the piano." She kept the horse.

As the boys grew up, each one began gradually to take over certain phases of the ranch work. "I just watched them," Mr. Henry says, "and whatever each one liked and did best, I just sort of assigned him to it." Each works as a cow hand when necessary, but Slim, the oldest, now does a good part of the executive work. Although there is no absolute chain of command, Slim's decisions usually stand when Mr. Henry is away. Geech is the horseman; he was the first to bring in registered quarter horses from Texas, and for a while he traveled about the Southeast taking part in the roping and calf-tying events in rodeos. Doc is the herdsman. "A natural-born cowman," J. R. Gunn says. It is Doc who now does the mammying of calves—no small trick, since the Partin family alone now has twenty-nine separate brands.

Earl, the youngest son, is in charge of the Heart Bar's large collection of mechanical equipment, and Tommy Bronson, Katherine's husband, works with the cattle and is responsible for developing new pasture land.

None of the Partins has ever considered leaving the ranch permanently or doing anything but ranching. "If anything ever happened to the ranching business," Geech says, "I don't know what would happen to me. I don't know anything else. Besides, who would want to do anything else when they can be out here?"

The answer, obviously, does not include any Partin up to this time. Slim spent one semester at the University of Florida and decided that what they had to teach him was not worth the discomforts of life in a city. Earl was nine months at the Wright Aeronautical School in California, two years in the marines, then came back home as promptly as possible. Geech makes occasional visits to Texas and Arizona to see what the ranches are like, but these are strictly visits. Katherine and Doc are, as Mr. Henry puts it, "happy as pigs in the sunlight right where they are."

Doc's wife says, "We even take our vacations down at the camp on Canoe Creek. Doc and the boys like to fish there and hunt wild hogs. Sometimes I take the girls over to the beach, but the boys would rather stay on the ranch."

As Mr. Henry's children married, each got a house and, roughly, 160 acres of land in his own name. This is because of Florida's Homestead Exemption Law, which allows an individual his own home—up to $5000 assessed valuation—tax free. Everything else is jointly owned under the name

Without Parallel

By LUKE NEELY

This, if you please,
Is the trouble with skis:
When they aren't merging,
They're diverging.

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of Henry O. Partin and Sons, with a joint bank account on which all six families draw. The homes are from a half mile to two and a half miles apart.

"We spaced them like that," says Mr. Henry, "so that if anyone wanted to sell out or break away from the partnership, there would be a house and a good chunk of land in each unit. The only restriction is that if anyone does decide to sell out, he give the others first chance to buy."

So far, no Partin has considered selling out. Even the grandchildren—those old enough to have expressed any view on the matter—plan to continue living on the ranch. Hank, the oldest, will go to the university this year at the insistence of his family. He expects to major in animal husbandry, though the family hopes that later he or one of the other boys will take veterinary medicine. "It used to be," Mr. Henry says, "that when a cow got sick you just let it die. You can't afford to do that with these blooded cattle." And though he and his sons are no mean amateur veterinarians, the monthly veterinary bill on the Heart Bar runs between $200 and $800.

It was in 1917 that Mr. Henry bought some Brahman—Florida cattlemen pronounce it Braymuh—bulls from the first large lot of them ever shipped into Florida. These were not purebred, but they were better than the scrawny, semiwild cattle of the Florida prairies. By 1930, Mr. Henry was agent for the J. D. Hudgins ranch, of Texas, bringing into Florida 100 purebred Brahman bulls a year, and buying as many of these himself as he could afford. In 1935 he bought 131 head of purebred Brahman cows from Hudgins, paying $100 each, plus twenty to twenty-five dollars a head shipping costs.

"I gave Hudgins a check for part of the money," Mr. Henry says. "Then I had to get back here and raise the rest. When I told my banker what I had paid for those cows, he damn near threw me out. Would have, if he hadn't been too weak from the shock."

There was cause for the banker's consternation. Only a year before, the Government had started its emergency-relief program in Osceola County, buying cattle at from five to nineteen dollars a head. More than 10,000 cattle had been sold in the county at this price and plenty more were available.

Even so, the bank came through. Mr. Henry got his cows, and a year or so later he got a bull he'd been after since he first saw it in the early '30's. This was Imparistre, son of an imported bull named Imperator. One of Imparistre's first sons by a Partin cow was named Emperor. "And there," Mr. Henry will tell you, pointing with pride at Emperor, "is the man that put me in the Brahman business."

The American Brahman Magazine once said that Mr. Henry "either invented the science of genetics . . . or he had know-how and foresight." Mr. Henry says merely that he wanted to put blocky beef on his cattle, "and Emperor was the man who could do it." Ninety per cent of the Heart Bar Brahmans now have some of Emperor's blood, and the old boy, at fifteen, is still working. He has been grand champion of every show in which he was ever entered, and is perhaps the only Brahman bull ever shipped from Florida to Texas for breeding purposes. Buyers from Colombia, Dutch Guiana, Venezuela, Cuba, Israel, Canada, Panama and Ecuador have come to the Heart Bar to purchase his children and grandchildren.

But it remained for one of Emperor's sons, Emperor Junior 10th, to attract popular attention. Junior was the bull whose picture appeared in a national picture magazine standing on his hind feet to eat grapefruit off a tree.

It was one of Emperor's grandsons that brought the highest price for which a Heart Bar bull ever sold. "And," Mr. Henry says, "I didn't get a cent of it."

The sale was in 1953. The year before, as president of the American Brahman Breeders Association, Mr. Henry had been invited to a convention of South American breeders in Bogotá, Colombia. "They know how to entertain a man down there," Mr. Henry says. (Mr. Henry is a man who takes seriously the responsibility of being a good host. During Kissimmee's Fourth of July parade a few years ago he rode his horse into a main-street bar, refreshed himself and rode out without dismounting. "I heard," he explains, "that there were some visitors who wanted to see a cowboy ride his horse into a bar. And I don't want visitors to our town going away disappointed.") Under the influence of Latin hospitality at the Bogotá convention, Mr. Henry offered to donate the best young bull from his ranch to be auctioned off and the money used for the association. At auction this bull brought $9000 and was resold a day later for more than $10,000.

South America is at present the best market for Heart Bar Brahman. "A fellow down there told me," Mr. Henry says, "that he had eighty-five thousand head of cattle on one ranch, and had several ranches. That means he can use a lot of bulls." While he spoke, his sons were rounding up seventy-five purebred Brahmans for shipment by air to Colombia—one of several lots the Heart Bar has already sent south this year.

Mr. Henry can grow so ecstatic over the adaptability, the ruggedness and the meat-producing qualities of the Brahman that he is sometimes referred to locally as "The Old Humpback." "I figure I ought to love them," Mr. Henry says. "They been mighty good to me." His devotion to the Brahman, though, has occasionally made him the butt of practical jokes.

For years Mr. Henry and M. L. Sikes, proprietor of a Kissimmee barbershop, have labored mightily to play pranks on each other. Mr. Henry will sometimes find an unwashed bum and pay him to enter Sikes' shop, then refuse to be shaved by anyone except Sikes. It was after one such occurrence that Sikes secured a picture of Mr. Henry leading a prize Brahman and, with the aid of a local photographer, doctored it into an almost life-sized portrait of Mr. Henry leading a Hereford, an animal for which Mr. Henry holds no esteem. Then Sikes told neighboring merchants to be present the next time Mr. Henry was in his shop.

With Mr. Henry stretched out in the barber chair, his face buried under hot towels, Sikes produced his picture. The audience stared in amazement; though Mr. Henry could hear their remarks, he could not see what caused them. Each time he lifted his head, Sikes pushed down on the towels. Finally Mr. Henry struggled upright and saw the picture.

"He just stared at it for a while," Sikes says. "Then he got up, put on his hat, and didn't come back to town for two weeks."

There is no such thing as a typical day on the Heart Bar. There is usually a weekend conference during which the work of the next week is roughly sketched out. On an average day Mr. Henry is up at five, has breakfast, which Mrs. Partin prepares, at five-thirty, and by six is on the phone—a private line connects the six ranch houses—discussing details of the day's work.

From that point on, anything can happen. "Sometimes we eat dinner at twelve," Mr. Henry says, "and sometimes it's two. Sometimes there's just me, and sometimes there's a dozen cattle buyers that may have dropped in. Sometimes there's supper at six or it may be any time after that. My wife's broke to it now, but any woman marries a cattleman gets part of her hell right here on earth. Like as not, in the middle of the night the Highway Patrol will phone that some drunk has run into a fence twenty miles from here and cows are getting on the road. So some of us have to go down there and round up the cows and repair the fence."

It is during the annual roundup that the work is the hardest and, for the Partins, most enjoyable. Here the work day is from "can 'til can't" with every undiapered member of the clan participating, most of them on horseback. Here is the glow of the gas furnace in which the branding irons now are heated, Doc calling the brands to Geech, who does most of the branding, the bawling of the cattle and the smell of the barbecue. Mrs. Henry Partin heads the barbecue detail, along with any mother who has small fry too young to ride.

Mrs. Partin is the one member of the family who does not care about horses. "When I was a girl," she says, "girls stayed in the house more and stuck with housework. So I just never did ride much. But I love to fish, and on the roundup, when I'm not cooking, I'm fishing."

For the Partins the roundup has become such a family festival that a few years ago when Hank, the oldest grandson, was bedridden, the entire business was suspended for a week until he was well enough to attend as a witness if not a participant. And Katherine and her husband cut short their wartime honeymoon to return to the Canoe Creek roundup.

Ranching is a dangerous business at times. As Doc says, "When you run a horse around a prairie full of gopher holes, snake holes and owl holes, anything can happen." All the Partins have been banged up at one time or another. Mr. Henry was once gored by a bull, and on another occasion had his leg broken when a horse fell on him. Steve, Katherine's son, was thrown by a horse when he was three, but insisted on getting back in the saddle and riding home. There it was discovered that his collarbone was broken. And Mike, Geech's second son, barely escaped serious injury three times before he was seven: once when a horse threw him while jumping a ditch, once when his horse was swimming a canal and he fell off and had to be fished out of water over his head, and once while riding with a rodeo relay team. After he passed the hoop, Mike was so interested in the progress of the race that he forgot to look where his own horse was going and smashed into the fence.

Such things the Partins take calmly enough. But neither Mr. Henry nor his wife likes their progeny to play football. "That stuff is too dangerous," Mr. Henry says, and will rarely go to a game. Even so, all four of his sons played at Kissimmee High School, and last year the two oldest grandsons were on the All-Conference team.

Mr. Henry expects his dynasty to continue. "I don't want my grandchildren to forget me," he says. However, "There is getting to be such a passel of them the ranch may not hold 'em. And we can't buy more land, because there's not any more around here to buy. So we've got to start putting in citrus groves and improving more pasture. It takes about thirty-five acres of scrub pasture to support the same cow that one good acre planted to pangola or Bahia grass will keep."

On the Heart Bar now there are already two citrus groves and between 4000 and 5000 acres of improved pasture. Katherine's husband has a hankering after grove land, and so may some of their children. The increasing mileage of dikes and canals turns land that was once flooded every rainy season into lush pasture. Any one of Emperor's blooded sons may be worth the price of several hundred of the old range steers. As Mr. J. E. Lupfer, who owns the Osceola Hardware Store in Kissimmee, says, "The odds are Mr. Henry's family is going to be running a ranch out here for some time yet."

THE END

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Mrs. Bixbee, a fine figure of a woman, undulated into Pardee's Department Store to rummage through a post-Christmas sale, and was delighted by a hat with a veil. Seating herself before a mirror, she put on the hat and pulled down the veil. At that, a hatpin stuck in the veil by a previous shopper scratched her face badly. She sued the store for damages for the pain and medical expense.

"So many women are utterly thoughtless, particularly when they go shopping, that the store should have inspected its hats frequently to make sure that no shopper booby-trapped them with hatpins," Mrs. Bixbee argued. "As it did not, it was negligent."

"We are sorry Mrs. Bixbee scratched her face," store attorneys replied. "But she is blaming the store for what was really the carelessness of some other shopper. The store shouldn't have to pay for that."

If you were the judge, would you make the store pay?

• •

The store did not have to pay. The court ruled that "a store cannot be held responsible in negligence for mishandling by customers of ordinary goods placed on public counters" unless such mishandling is clearly dangerous. That usually is not the case, it added, with hatpins.

Based upon a 1955 New York decision.

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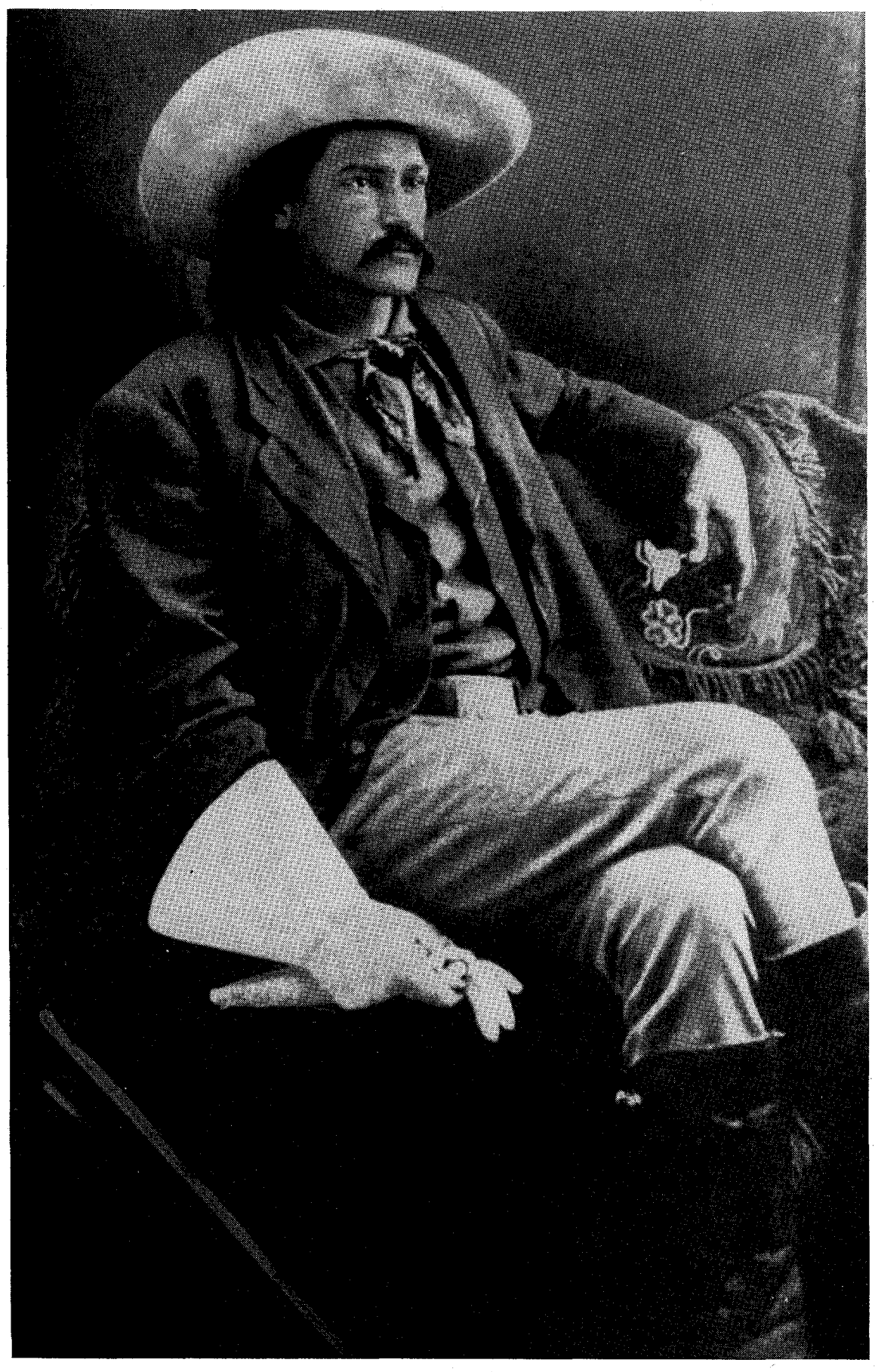

His calling card had claws on it

LUTHER KELLY lied about his age and got into the army at 15. They sent him West in 1865 and the wild new country suited him. He stayed.

He liked living off the wilderness. Game abounded. In Trappers' Lake, "trout were so thick they obscured the bottom."

Hostile Indians were also pretty thick. But when two tried ambushing him, he fought his way out, killing both with his Henry .44.

He learned Sioux and sign language, read Shakespeare and Scott.

One day, he visited General Miles, sending a huge fierce-clawed bear's paw to Miles' tent as his calling card. Miles, seeing that man matched card, made him chief army scout against the Sioux.

But by 1885, the country was taming down, and Yellowstone Kelly left it.

Almost two decades later, Teddy Roosevelt praised the heroic treasurer of Surigao in the Philippines who saved the town from outlaws. Name: Luther S. Kelly.

Yellowstone Kelly's body now rests at Kelly Mountain in Montana. But his restless, pioneering spirit lives on in the heart of today's America. For it is the courageous, trail-blazing spirit of 165 million people that makes America great, and that provides the real strength behind one of the world's finest investments: our country's Savings Bonds.

Why not guard your security with this strength? Invest in U. S. Series E Savings Bonds regularly. And hold on to them!

It's actually easy to save money — when you buy Series E Savings Bonds through the automatic Payroll Savings Plan where you work! You just sign an application at your pay office; after that your saving is done *for* you. The Bonds you receive will pay you interest at the rate of 3% per year, compounded semiannually, when held to maturity. And *after* maturity they go on earning 10 years *more*. Join the Plan today. Or invest in United States Savings Bonds regularly where you bank.

Safe as America — U.S. Savings Bonds

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The Case of the Missing Poison

(Continued from Page 47)

the contents, the technician knew exactly how much cyanide was in the jar. He had to carry on the experiment he was conducting by dropping in a little more cyanide until he secured just the reaction he wanted. Then the mixture had to sit over a thirty-six-hour period. When he had finished his experiments he knew how many cyanide pellets he had put in, but just in order to check, he weighed the cyanide jar. That was when he found there were about two dozen pills short. So he asked me what I had been using the cyanide for. I told him 'Nothing,' that I hadn't opened the jar. So then he checked his weights again, and it became apparent that some two dozen pills were short."

"What did you do?" Mason asked.

"I told him that there must have been a mistake as far as the weight was concerned or that his scales must have been off balance. I could see that he wasn't convinced. I was able to put up a good front because at the time the explanation hadn't dawned on me."

"When did it dawn on you?"

"Several hours later. I kept thinking over the thing and wondering what could have happened. We suspected the janitor and gave him a going-over, and then suddenly I remembered that Nadine had been in the laboratory with me that night and I had pointed out the cyanide jar to her."

"So what did you do?" Mason asked. "Did you get in touch with her?"

"I tried to. It wasn't a thing you could very well take up by telephone. Of course, the first thing that occurred to me was that something had happened and —— Well, you know what I would naturally think under those circumstances."

"Suicide?" Mason asked.

Locke nodded.

"So what did you do?"

"So I went to see her. I didn't trust to the telephone. Believe me, I dashed out there as fast as I could."

"To the place where she was living?"

"Yes. Mosher Higley's house."

"You'd been there before?"

"Heavens, yes. I was friendly with Mosher Higley. In fact, I met Nadine through him. My family and Higley's have been friendly for years."

"Tell me about the cyanide."

"I got there and Nadine wasn't home. She'd gone down to the market. I wanted to go to her room, but there wasn't any way I could do it. The nurses were there around the house, and Cap'n Hugo is nobody's fool. He's a shrewd, watchful individual and —— Well, I made the mistake of showing my excitement when I came rushing in and asking for Nadine. After that he wouldn't take his eyes off me."

"So what happened?"

"So," Locke said, "I finally confided in Cap'n Hugo. I told him that—I just told him what had happened. I asked him first if he'd noticed anything strange about Nadine."

"Had he?"

"We both had. She'd been under a terrific strain. She was trying to act normal, but she was overdoing it, and —— You know how it is."

"All right. You told Cap'n Hugo. What did you tell him?"

"I told him the truth. I told him that I had reason to believe Nadine had taken some cyanide pills from the laboratory, that if so, she must have them in her room, and I wanted to get them."

"And what happened?"

"Well, I couldn't very well go there, with the nurses around and Nadine due back any minute, but Cap'n Hugo, he's an understanding sort of chap. He'll talk a leg off of you at times, but at times when the chips are down he's true blue."

"What did he do?"

"He told me to wait. He went to Nadine's room and found a bottle that had some pills in it. It needed only one smell to tell me what they were."

"How many pills were in the bottle?"

"Just about the number that were missing."

"Now wait a minute," Mason said. "Your associate weighed the bottle containing the cyanide before his experiment and afterward?"

"Yes."

"And he knew exactly how many cyanide pellets he had put in his experimental mixture?"

Locke nodded.

"So when he said there were two dozen pills short he wasn't guessing; he ——"

"Actually there were twenty-five pellets short, according to his calculations."

"How many pellets were in the bottle that Cap'n Hugo gave you?" Mason asked.

"Frankly, I didn't count them. I estimated them."

"Why didn't you count them?"

"Because there wasn't time."

"What happened?"

"I wanted to get out before Nadine returned."

"And you did so?"

"Yes. Actually I passed her just as she was leaving the market. She didn't see me. I was driving rather fast."

"How far was the market from the house?"

"About two and a half blocks."

"When did all this happen?"

"The Saturday that Mosher Higley died."

"What time?"

"Around eleven-thirty."

"Did you see Newburn's car?"

"Not his car. He wasn't there, but Mrs. Newburn was upstairs visiting with Mosher Higley."

"What was Cap'n Hugo doing when you arrived?"

"Washing windows in the dining room."

"To get to Nadine's room, it's necessary to go through the kitchen?"

"That's right."

"You didn't go as far as her room?"

"Just to the head of the stairs leading to the basement. I waited there to warn Cap'n Hugo if she should come in."

"Did you notice whether there was chocolate cooking on the stove?"

"Yes. There was chocolate melting in the double boiler, but the fire had been turned off."

"Later on, did you ask Nadine about the poison?"

"I intended to question her that afternoon, but —— Well, you know what happened. Mosher Higley died and she was all broken up. The doctor gave her a sedative. She slept for nearly twenty-four hours, and after she wakened she was like a changed woman. I—I knew Mosher Higley had been treating her like a dog and—I just felt it wasn't necessary to have any conversation with her then. I felt there was no chance she'd try to—well, to do away with herself."

Mason drove for several seconds in thoughtful silence.

"So now," Locke said, "you can understand how it happened that I confided in Cap'n Hugo about that confession. I didn't want you to think I was a completely irresponsible gossip. But you can see what happened. After Doctor Denair got that tape-recorded statement from Nadine she told me about it and, of course, that put an entirely new slant on things, so I reassured her as best I could and ——"

"Did she tell you then about having taken the cyanide from your laboratory?"

"Yes."

"And what did you tell her about what had happened to it?"

"Nothing. She said it was missing from her room and I—well, I didn't say a word because I knew that it couldn't have been used in connection with Mosher Higley's death, and I felt certain that sooner or later we could convince her that Higley had died a purely natural death."

"But you did go to Cap'n Hugo."

"I went to Cap'n Hugo and told him about the tape recording and about what Nadine felt had happened."

"And then what?"

"Cap'n Hugo said that he thought the proper thing to do was to let Mrs. Newburn know about that confession."

"Why?"

"Because Mrs. Newburn would start an investigation, and after the investigation was started Cap'n Hugo could tell about having removed the poison from Nadine's room and the whole thing could be cleared up; otherwise he was afraid Doctor Denair would preserve her confidence as a professional secret and she'd have that thing weighing on her mind."

"You detected the distinctive odor of cyanide about those pills?" Mason asked.

"Yes. I unscrewed the top of the bottle and smelled."

"But you don't know how many pills were in the bottle?"

"No."

"Let's have it straight," Mason said. "Could you make an estimate?"

"Well, frankly, I didn't think—I didn't count."

Mason looked at him and said, "Locke, you're lying."

Abruptly Locke's lips quivered.

"Go on," Mason said; "how many pills were in the bottle?"

"Twenty-one," Locke said.

"That's better," Mason told him. "Now I understand why you don't want to talk with the police."

"Mr. Mason, I'll never admit that to the police. I'll—I'll lie."

"You think you will," Mason told him. "You don't have any idea of what you're going up against. You aren't a good enough liar to convince the police. Your associate will tell the police how many pills were short. He'll also tell the police that he told you the number of pills that were short. The police won't believe for a minute that you took that bottle of pills from Cap'n Hugo without counting them. . . . Now, did Cap'n Hugo count them?"

"I don't know."

"Did you ever ask him?"

"No."

"Why?"

"I—I was afraid to."

"Exactly," Mason said. "Now then, the police will break you wide open. They'll get the truth out of you. And when they get the truth, it'll make a case of cold-blooded, deliberate murder against Nadine Farr. They'll feel that she had taken four cyanide pills out of that bottle and had them ready to put into Mosher Higley's chocolate, that she did put them in Mosher Higley's chocolate and that he died of cyanide poisoning. . . . What did you do with those pills?"

"I drove into a service station, flushed the pills down the toilet, washed out the bottle several times; then put it in the wastepaper container."

Mason thought over that information.

"I tell you I won't tell them, Mr. Mason. I—I'd let them ——"

"You're talking to keep your spirits up," Mason said. "You know very well that when the party gets rough you can't hold out on them."

"All right," Locke said desperately. "What am I going to do?"

Mason's face was grim. "Right now," he said, "I'm darned if I know."

Mason turned his car into the freeway.

"Where are we going?" Locke asked.

"Just at the moment," Mason said, "we're going wherever traffic is the heaviest. The police are looking for you. They're probably looking for me. I thought that I'd get you and that we'd try to find Nadine before the police found her. Now the main problem is to keep the police from finding you until we work out some method of handling this thing."

"What method can we work out?"

"If I knew the answer," Mason said, "we wouldn't be driving around. I can tell you one thing: If Nadine is guilty of murder she's going to have to face the facts."

"She isn't. Mr. Mason, I can assure you absolutely and positively that she isn't."

"How do you know?"

"Because I know Nadine."

"Because you have faith in her," Mason said. "That's your only reason. And the reason you have faith in her is that you're in love with her."

"Don't you feel the same way?"

"Not right now I don't," Mason said. "I'm not in love with her—not by a long shot."

"Well, we can't drive around this way all night," Locke said. "If the police are looking for me, they'll —— I tell you, Mr. Mason, I don't have to tell them this. I can keep my own counsel. I know I can."

Mason's silence was an eloquent refutation.

"Couldn't I get an attorney to represent me? Couldn't he advise me not to answer questions on the ground that it would incriminate me?"

Mason shook his head; then, after a moment, said, "You'd simply make matters worse."

Della Street caught Mason's eye after looking at him significantly for a few moments. "Do you suppose," she said, "Paul Drake has something to report?"

"It's a thought," Mason admitted.

"He may have the whereabouts of the person ——"

Mason nodded, then interrupted by turning to John Locke. "Look here, John," he said, "I want you to be frank with me. You knew that something was troubling Nadine?"

"Yes."

"Did you have any idea what it was?"

"At the time, no."

"You have now?"

"I understand that Mosher Higley had told her she had to go away and—well, that he wouldn't permit us to get married."

"Do you know why?"

"No, I don't!" Locke said angrily. "Mr. Mason, you try not to hold things against the dead, but every time I think of that it makes my blood boil."

"Did he perhaps have some idea that Nadine wasn't good enough for you?"

"Probably the other way around," Locke said, "although—of course I'm not exactly an angel—I think I'm perhaps average. Mosher Higley lived such a completely isolated life I don't think he ever—well, he never had any human emotions. He was just an old ——" Locke caught himself in the midst of what threatened to become an angry tirade.

"Nadine never told you what he had—what he was holding over her?"

"All he was holding over her was an arbitrary authority," Locke said. "You didn't know Mosher Higley. You have no idea how cold that man could be, how petty, how overbearing, how completely domineering. I tried to be respectful to him. He was a friend of my family and—well, of course, he was an older man."

"All right. Now let's get back to Jackson Newburn," Mason said.

"You don't mean his wife?"

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"No, I mean Jackson himself."

"All right, what about him?"

"How did Nadine feel toward him?"

"More friendly than she did toward any of the others. Jackson tries to be reasonable. And I think Jackson saw a lot of things."

"Any attachment?" Mason asked. "Anything personal?"

"Between Jackson and Nadine?" Locke asked in surprise.

Mason nodded.

"Good heavens, no!"

"Sure?" Mason asked.

"Of course I'm sure. Jackson is married to Sue, and Nadine is —— Why, Nadine's affections are spoken for."

"Meaning with you?" Mason asked.

"I didn't want to express it in just that way and in just those words," Locke said, "but Nadine and I are in love and want to get married."

"She has nothing in common with Jackson Newburn?"

"Nothing."

Mason eased the car over to the right and left the freeway on one of the cross streets.

"Where are we going?" Locke asked somewhat apprehensively.

"I'm going to a telephone," Mason told him. "I have a detective working on the case and I want to find out if he's learned anything. While I'm telephoning I'd like to have you think over every possible place where Nadine might be. Perhaps you'll think of some place where you can reach her by telephone."

"Suppose I don't go home tonight at all—won't that look bad?"

"That would look very bad indeed," Mason said. "You don't want to do that. You don't want to do anything that will make the police suspicious. But you have two hours, or perhaps three hours, before you have to show up. You can tell them you were doing some research work."

"Suppose I say I was at a movie?"

"They'll ask you to describe it and all about it."

"I can do that. I'll pick out one that I've already seen."

"It'll have to be in a big theater," Mason said, "where no one will remember you. Buy a ticket, walk in, keep the stub of the ticket; then, after a few minutes, walk out. I'll take you to a theater as soon as I can find a phone. There doesn't seem to be much along this street. . . . Oh-oh, here's a phone booth."

Mason had to drive around the corner in order to find a place to park the car. "You two wait here," he said; then walked back to the phone booth and called Paul Drake.

"Hello, Paul," Mason said, when he had Drake on the line. "What's new? Anything?"

"Nothing particularly startling."

"Located Nadine Farr?"

"No, but I've located Jackson Newburn."

"And she's with him?"

"Definitely not."

"Why do you say definitely not?"

"I intimated that she might be and got a very, very cold turndown."

"How come?"

"I had a man trying to get Newburn located on the phone. I was calling every possible place where he might be. I guess the police were probably doing the same thing. Anyway, I got to him first, or at least I think I did."

"Where?"

"I looked up all the clubs he belonged to and called them all, leaving word that it was important that he call me as soon as he got in. I left the same message at every one of the clubs. Finally he called in from the Wildcat Exploration and Development Club. That's a small group of plungers who go in for wildcat wells. I understand it's quite some club—lots of action and horseplay and that sort of stuff. According to the story Newburn told me, he'd just walked into the club. They'd given him my message and he'd called. Well, I told him that it was a matter of considerable importance, and that I had to reach Nadine Farr right away."

"What happened?" Mason asked.

"His voice got cold. He told me that he believed there was a phone in the house where she was staying, that the phone was listed under the name of Mosher Higley, and that if I'd call up and ask for Nadine, she'd answer, otherwise he had no suggestions to make."

"Then what?"

"I told him that we'd been calling the house and had no luck."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, I told him that I understood she'd been with him earlier in the evening. He said that I had been misinformed, so then I couldn't resist trying to drop a bombshell. I told him that one of my men had reported that Nadine Farr had checked out of a motel at the beach and that he had been with her when she checked out."

"What did that do?" Mason asked.

"Well, that had to be either kill or cure," Drake said, "and it definitely wasn't a cure. He told me that I was completely and absolutely mistaken, that he didn't like the insinuation I was making, that he didn't like the tone of my voice, that he had not been with Nadine Farr, and that if I repeated that statement or if any of my employees repeated that statement, he would be forced to take action."

"Then what?"

"Then he hung up—rather he slammed the receiver into place so it sounded like an explosion."

"Where is he now?"

"At that club, as nearly as I can tell. I started a man over there to check on him and report, but the man hasn't had time to get there yet."

Mason said, "I want to see him, Paul."

"Well, why not come up here and wait until my man reports? Then ——"

"Because I'm hot, and I have somebody with me who is even hotter than I am."

"Nadine Farr?"

"Don't be silly."

"Then it must be ——"

"No names, Paul."

"O.K., the person you went out to contact."

Mason said, "I have some information that'll be very valuable. I'll take a chance on Jackson Newburn being at that club. I think I want to try and interview him there."

Drake said, "I have a few clients who are in the oil business. I'm quite certain one of them is a member of the Wildcat Club. Do you need a guest card?"

"It would simplify matters if I had one, but I can't spare the time. I'll just go to the door and ask for Newburn. If he refuses to see me ——"

"O.K., if you run into trouble, let me know and I'll see what I can do."

Mason hung up, walked back to his car, opened the car door and said, "Hello, what's happened to Locke?"

"He thought of something."

"What?"

"He felt certain he knew where he could find Nadine."

"Well, that's fine," Mason said. "I wanted him to telephone her and ——"

"He thought he could get to where he could see her and he might not be able to get her on the phone."

"Did he say where she was?"

"No."

"You should have found out," Mason said. "I don't like the idea of his running around loose."

"Will the cops catch him?"

"Sooner or later."

"He seemed to understand the necessity of keeping away from the officers."

"Hang it," Mason said, his voice edged with annoyance, "I told him to stay here and wait. You heard me, Della."

She nodded.

"You should have kept him here."

"He's nervous and impulsive, and when he gets an idea through his head, it gets in there all at once. He suddenly realized where Nadine must be and he wanted to go to her."

"Well, how did he go?" Mason asked. "He didn't just start out walking."

"He talked to the driver of a car that was getting gassed up at the service station across the street. The man gave him a ride."

"All right. Who was the fellow?" Mason asked. "What was his license number?"

She shook her head.

"What kind of a car?"

"Well, it was a sedan—sort of black."

"Big or little?"

"One of the medium-sized cars."

"Old model or new?"

"Well, fairly new, but not right spanking new."

"In other words, you didn't notice."

"Frankly, chief, I didn't notice."

Mason started to say something, caught himself, started the car, drove back toward the freeway, then suddenly pulled in to the curb.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

Mason said, "Look at me, Della."

She raised her eyes to his in surprise.

"That wasn't like you," he said.

"What?"

"You heard me tell Locke to stick around. You could have held him until I had finished telephoning."

"He's hard to hold. When he gets an idea through his head he's gone."

Mason regarded her thoughtfully for several seconds, then said, "All right, come clean."

"On what?"

"His departure."

She was silent. For a moment she tried to meet his eyes, then she hastily averted her own.

"What were you doing?" Mason asked.

She smiled wanly and said, "I was practicing law."

"Doing what?"

"Practicing law. I thought I knew the answer, and I thought it was an answer you didn't want to give him. He kept asking me what he could do, so I told him."

"Which was what?" Mason asked, his voice cold.

"They're in love," Della Street said. "They'd been wanting to get married. Mosher Higley prevented them. Then, after Mosher Higley's death, it wouldn't have looked exactly right for ——"

"In other words, you told them to get married. Is that it?" Mason asked.

"That's it," she said. "I told him if he married her there was no power on earth that could make him testify; that if he didn't marry her they could force the testimony from him, and the fact that he was in love with her would make it all the more damaging."

Mason was silent for several seconds.

"Angry?" she asked.

"No," Mason said, grinning. "You did about the only thing you could have done, but I hope the Bar Association Committee on the Unauthorized Practice of Law doesn't get hold of you, young lady."

She smiled. "Gosh, I'm glad you aren't mad, chief, but he had put you in an impossible position. Once he told you about finding the cyanide and knowing that there were four tablets missing—well, no matter what you did after that, you'd be vulnerable. After all, he wasn't your client. He's a witness. He told you a very material fact. If you had tried to suppress that fact or if you had told him not to tell the police, you would have been in an impossible position legally. I know sufficient law to know that.

"I also know that if he ever gets on the stand and tells his story, the jury will convict Nadine Farr. They'll hate to do it because John Locke seems such a nice young fellow, but the district attorney will point out that, after all, the greatest kindness the jury can do the young lover will be to keep him from marrying a murderess.

"So when he told me that he had one hunch, one place where he thought he could locate Nadine, that if she was there the police wouldn't be looking there, and that if he could find her there the police wouldn't locate him, I—well, I told him that you quite probably wouldn't want to be put in the position of telling him so, but that if he and Nadine managed to get across to Yuma and got married before the authorities picked them up, they couldn't force him to testify against her, and in all probability the case would blow up."

"Of course," Mason said, "you know what the newspapers will do. They'll feature statements by the police and the district attorney. It will look as though Nadine was guilty of murder and they covered it up by a hasty marriage."

"I know," Della Street said. "It will take them a long while to live it down, but if she's convicted of murder and sent to

"Now let's talk about you—what do you think of my new hat?"

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prison, it would take even longer for her to live it down, in case she ever got out. And by the time she got out, her youth would be gone, her life would be gone and her lover would be gone. John Locke would eat his heart out for a few years and then some sympathetic girl would place his poor little aching head on her bosom, gently stroke his hair back from his forehead, sympathize with him, offer to be a sister to him and wind up being his wife."

"In other words, you don't think he loves her enough to wait," Mason said.

"He does now," she told him, "but who can stand the strain of years of waiting? Think of all the competition there is in the matrimonial market. Some smart little babe will be just waiting to dish up the sympathetic sisterly approach."

"All right," Mason said. "I'm glad you did it, Della. If we'd been able to locate her, I'd probably have suggested either Yuma or Las Vegas and a marriage."

"Well, you didn't suggest anything of the sort," Della Street said. "Your conscience is absolutely clear. I told him that, as a lawyer, you probably wouldn't want to suggest that he marry the defendant in order to keep from testifying against her, but that if he acted on an impulse and went ahead and married the girl, he couldn't be put on the stand as a witness against her."

Mason said, "O.K. I've got a line on Jackson Newburn. Let's go see what he has to say."

"I'll bet he puts on an act of righteous indignation and denies he was with Nadine," Della Street said.

"He already has, to Paul Drake, over the phone," Mason told her.

"Suppose it's a case of mistaken identity?" Della Street asked.

"In that case, I'm going to lead with my chin."

"You don't think ——"

"No. I think Jackson Newburn is a cool, polished liar."

"And that you can break him down?"

"I can try."

Mason drove the car out to the Wildcat Club on West Adams Street.

"Want a witness?" Della Street asked as he parked the car.

"I want one," Mason told her, "but I can probably accomplish a lot more without one. Sit in the car, Della, and hold the fort."

The Wildcat Exploration Club was in a house which some thirty years ago had been an elegant mansion. But the growth of the city had surrounded it, and others as fine, with businesses and apartments. Finally the tenants had moved away, the houses had yielded to pressure and been given over to millinery shops, cleaning establishments, dancing academies, business colleges and similar activities.

The Wildcat Club had purchased one of these mansions and, finding it ideally suited for their purposes, had completely renovated the building so that it stood out as a bright spot against the drab background of once-proud houses, now badly in need of paint, awaiting the inevitable end in somber disarray.

Mason ran up the steps to the wide, illuminated porch, and rang the bell. A colored attendant in livery opened the door. Mason stated his errand.

"Just a moment," the man said. "I'll see if he's here."

He went back in and closed the door. Mason waited. Some two minutes later the door opened. A slender, well-knit man in the middle thirties, with penetrating gray eyes, and the quick step of an athlete, extended his hand.

"Mason?" he asked.

"That's right. You're Newburn?"

"Right."

They shook hands.

"You'll pardon me," Newburn said, "if I don't invite you in. There are quite a few club members here and you're rather well known. The interview might be—misconstrued."

"That's quite all right," Mason said. "I have my car parked at the curb. We can talk there."

"Are you alone?"

"My secretary is with me. I ——"

"Well, then, let's move over here to the corner of the porch. It's as good a place as any."

Newburn, without waiting for Mason's acquiescence, walked quickly over to the far corner of the porch, away from the direct illumination of the light. He turned back toward Mason.

"I had rather an annoying experience tonight."

"Yes?" Mason asked.

"Someone on the phone—some detective agency or other—insisted that I'd been with Nadine Farr earlier in the evening."

"You found that embarrassing?" Mason asked.

"Let's say that I found it annoying."

"Why?"

"Because I wasn't with her."

"You know her?"

"Naturally."

"Is there any reason why you should be annoyed at the suggestion that you had been talking with her?"

"Let's get this straight, Mason," Newburn said. "I'm married. My wife is broad-minded, intelligent and attractive, but she's feminine and human. She has an idea that Nadine Farr wouldn't be at all averse to having an affair with me. There's absolutely no foundation for any such feeling on my wife's part, but it exists. Therefore, any insinuation that I was with Nadine Farr this afternoon or evening would be exceedingly annoying. I don't know who employed the detective who made that insinuation, but if any such statement is made in the presence of witnesses, publicized or given to the press, I intend to sue whoever is responsible. Do I make myself plain?"

"Quite."

"Very well. Under those circumstances I'm perfectly willing to answer questions so that I can clear up any misunderstanding, but I have warned you about my position."

"In other words," Mason said, "if I make the statement to anyone that you were with Nadine Farr, you'll sue me for damages?"

"I'll brand the statement as false, and in the event that statement causes me any embarrassment at home I'll —— Oh, what's the use, Mason? You're a lawyer. You understand the situation. I'm trusting to your discretion."

"All right," Mason said. "There are no witnesses here, just you and me. Now, were you with Nadine Farr or not?"

"Definitely not."

"Did she telephone you this afternoon?"

"No, sir."

"Did you learn in any way that she was at a motel at the beach known as the High-Tide Motel?"

Newburn's laugh was the laugh of one who brushes aside an absurd statement. "Of course not, Mason," he said. "Good heavens, don't let these detective agencies fool you by turning in these thoroughly cockeyed reports. You've had enough experience to know that those operatives always try to send in reports that'll lead to more work. They find out what the client wants and ——"

"The manager of the motel," Mason interrupted, "said that a young man who answered your description drove up to the motel in a two-tone hard-top, that Nadine got into the car and the man drove away."

"You'll find thousands of two-tone hard-tops registered around here, and I'll bet there are several hundred thousand people who answer my general description," Newburn said.

"And," Mason went on, as though there had been no interruption, "the manager said she saw the driver of the car turn in at a service station just down the block. Now then, the records of the service station show that someone who was driving your car and using your credit card stopped in for gasoline, and the signature on the delivery slip seems to be your signature."

Mason stopped talking. Jackson Newburn looked at him in speechless consternation. Mason lit a cigarette.

When the silence had lasted for a good thirty seconds, Newburn said, "Who else knows this, Mason?"

"I know it," Mason said, "the detective agency that I retained knows it, and the police will know it when they interview the manager of the motel."

"Damn!" Newburn exclaimed in complete exasperation.

Mason lifted his eyebrows.

"I'm cursing my own stupidity in stopping in at that service station. I had no idea I was being watched."

"Managers of motels get a little curious about attractive young women who register alone and then are met by well-dressed men driving high-priced cars," Mason told him.

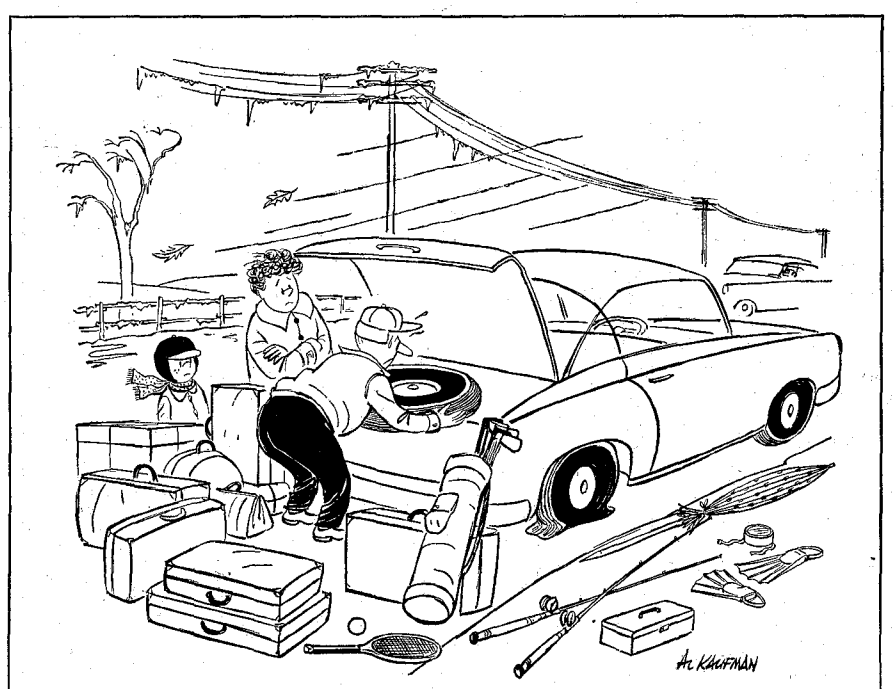
Newburn snapped his fingers two or three times in quick exasperation.

"Cigarette?" Mason asked.

He shook his head.

"Well?" Mason inquired after a while.

"I'm thinking."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That may not be the right thing to do."

"What do you mean?"

Mason said, "You're trying to think of a story that will satisfy me and give you an out. Don't do it."

"Why not?"

"Because a story which might satisfy me might not satisfy the police—not in the long run. And if they should catch you trying to cover up something, then the fat will be in the fire."

Newburn said, "The truth, unfortunately, is rather awkward."

Mason said, "Get this straight. You're dealing with a murder case. No matter how awkward the truth is, you can't fabricate a situation that will meet all of the requirements. You can't get a falsehood that will dovetail in with all of the facts. Sooner or later, all of the other facts will be known. If your story doesn't dovetail you'll have to change it. If you change it under pressure, the truth will then be ten times more awkward."

Newburn said, "Nadine wanted help."

"Financial?" Mason asked.

"She didn't say so."

"What kind of help?"

Newburn again snapped his fingers in quick nervousness.

"Relax," Mason told him. "A lie will simply get you in deeper."

"I don't like to be accused of lying," Newburn said coldly. "For your information, Mr. Mason, I don't lie."

"You tried to lie to me a minute ago. You lied to my detective, and you're frantically trying to think up a good lie right now, Newburn."

The lawyer's voice was impersonal, patient, tolerant and completely without antagonism.

Jackson Newburn squared his shoulders, looked up at the lawyer's granite-hard features; then laughed nervously.

"Well, I did lead with my chin that time, didn't I? The fact remains, Mason, that I'm not accustomed to lying and ——"

Mason said, "You're an athlete of some sort. What do you do? Play tennis?"

"How did you know?"

"The swing of your shoulders, the way you step around. How good are you?"

"Pretty good."

"Tournaments?"

"Sometimes."

"Win?"

"Not lately. I've been too busy to keep in practice."

"That's the point I was going to bring out," Mason said.

"What?"

"You have to keep in practice to remain a good tennis player."

"Well?"

"You haven't had much practice lying," Mason said. "It takes an awful lot of practice to make a good liar—one good enough to fool the police and the newspaper reporters in a murder case."

"I see," Newburn said after a moment.

Mason waited, patiently smoking the cigarette.

Newburn said, "All right, Mason, I'll give it to you straight. I'll ask you to keep my remarks in confidence. I ——"

"I'm not keeping any confidences," Mason said. "I'm representing my client. I'm making no promises."

"Then I can't tell you."

"Because I won't promise to keep a confidence?"

"Yes."

"The police won't promise to keep a confidence," Mason told him. "The newspaper reporters won't promise to keep a confidence."

Newburn thought that over.

Mason ground out the end of his cigarette on his heel, tossed it away.

"Well?" he asked.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The Dog That Loved Foxes

(Continued from Page 43)

lure them off. But often he parts company with the vixen as soon as the mating season is over and has little or no further connection with her or the young.

Smoke's friendliness and feeling of kinship toward the vixen and cubs—indeed, toward all foxes—would ordinarily have been unnatural in a dog, but in his case it was entirely understandable. When he was a small pup, I brought in a wild-fox cub only a few weeks old, to make a household pet of it, and the two of them grew up as playmates and companions. They tumbled around on the lawn together, had the same ideas about my bedroom slippers, slept together in a nail-keg den, and for well over a year were almost inseparable.

Later, when Smoke was five years old, I brought in another tiny fox cub, and the dog adopted it on sight. He always cleansed it carefully from head to tail when we got through feeding it, and when I'd pretend to be angry at the little thing, Smoke got so distressed that he'd crawl under the bed and whimper, the big goof. When Swifty grew up enough, Smoke proudly led it out mousing and hunting, very much as a dog wolf will teach its young. When Swifty was about a year old, he began going back to the wild, but for another year he would come around to the back door for a handout at lean times, and I know that he and Smoke frequently met outdoors and went hunting together, till finally Swifty, too, met some accident and disappeared.

So that was why Smoke, amiable and goodnatured to begin with, was friendly toward foxes. To him a fox was just a small, queerish dog that didn't come in to dinner. When he flushed a wild fox in the fields or woods, he would stand and watch it get gone, and you could see he was puzzled no end by its fleeing from him. I'm sure he never did figure out why that vixen read him the riot act every time he visited her and the cubs. I suppose he felt she was just one of those fuss-budgets and let it go at that.

Well, if Smoke was dumb about the vixen, I was equally dumb about Smoke. At that time I couldn't go out countryside with him very much, being chin-deep in work, and I just imagined he was a bit lonely and went over there mostly to soak up a little sociability. Undoubtedly his desire for association did figure some in his visiting that fox family, but his main reason was entirely different, something I didn't catch on to till it hit me bang over the head.

The full story of Smoke and that vixen taught me one thing—don't sell a good dog's intelligence short. Don't be so cussed sure you know everything he's feeling, everything that motivates him. And the same goes for most of the higher animals. Behavior based on instinct or emotion can be very intelligent indeed. Researchers in animal psychology say there is hardly one basic human emotion which the so-called lower creatures don't have—parental affection, cupidity, jealousy, a sense of dignity, a desire to excel.

Watching Flash and Smoke grow up together under identical conditions confirmed an opinion I'd already formed from observing foxes in the wild—that they are not naturally as smart as dogs, all the tall tales to the contrary notwithstanding. Of course, a fox that is well trained and educated, which means that his full potential is developed, makes the average dog seem like a lunkhead. And of course a fox is much quicker, flashier and more agile than a dog and, in a few respects, mostly connected with hunting, their instincts are sharper and more efficient. But the over-all picture is that foxes are less pliable, less versatile, harder to teach tricks, harder to housebreak, slower to catch on to things.

But in spite of this, a fox does make a unique pet and enjoyable four-footed companion under the right circumstances. Pretty and graceful creatures, they are wonderfully adroit at catching balls, doing ladder stunts and all the jumping tricks. But they are very freedom-loving animals and must be allowed to come and go. Even more than other creatures, a fox on a chain or in a cage is not a companion, but a prisoner, and it develops a bad disposition, even as you or I would.

After watching the fox den awhile, I walked on up to it and looked around at the signs. I saw a few wisps of rabbit fur, probably young rabbit; a few blackbird feathers; a couple of skins of young ground hogs, which were just then starting to emerge, and a couple of uneaten shrews. But the main item in the diet of the cubs, as I ascertained by examining their scats, was the short-tailed meadow mice, *Microtus*, from the nearby swamp.

I was tempted to lasso one of the cubs—an easy trick with a cord and a meat bait—and take it home for Smoke to raise, but those three were as large as half-grown cats and about eight weeks old, and that's much too late. You have to get a cub when its eyes are just open if you want a genuine friend and companion.

I whistled Smoke to me and told him, with signs and "No-no's," that he should stay away from that place and quit disturbing that fox family. He understood me all right, but he always had a mind of his own, Smoke did, and when he felt strongly that I was wrong about something, he did things his way. So he simply stood there wagging his tail in that short, jerky fashion which meant, "I'm not agoing to do it, guy," so I left him there and he didn't come home till nearly dusk.

The next afternoon he came into my study, nudged my arm and importuned me to go out with him. This was pretty much routine with us each afternoon. If I told him, "In a little while, fellow," he would wait patiently till I knocked off. Sometimes I would say, "I just can't go today, Smoke. I've got to work." Then he would turn and leave and go take a country rounds by himself.

This time, though, he came in an hour earlier than our usual routine and also he would hardly take no for an answer. Three or four times he came back into the study and argued with me to go along with him. Later on I remembered this unusual insistence of his and wondered —— Did he, in his inarticulate way, want me and my rifle along with him over there at that fox den? I can't say positively, but I do believe that's what was in his mind.

However that may be, he himself trotted across to that den and hung around most of the afternoon. And every day after that, when I couldn't go out with him, he went over there and lay in the sedge for two or three hours, asleep as often as not. The vixen always gave him a chewing out when he showed up, but after some days she would fuss at him for only a few minutes, then would lie silent in the sassafras and keep an eye on him and her bairns. The cubs got so they would come out and play while he was there, but I don't think they came near him or let him get close to them.

I kept expecting the vixen to move her cubs to some other den. Down-valley there was a woodland, buck-brush slopes and plenty of ground-hog holes. Almost always a vixen will abandon a den that is disturbed. I've had them move cubs merely because I visited the den one time and studied the signs. But this vixen stayed on in spite of Smoke's repeated visits. Though I didn't know it at the time, she was showing instinctive intelligence in not moving to the good fox cover down-valley.

In a couple of weeks she began taking her cubs out hunting with her, in the early whippoorwill dusk, and what eager, proud-stepping little tykes they were as they trotted along behind, beside and sometimes under her. Down at the swamp she taught them to catch frogs and mice, but always she brought them back to the whelping den for the day.

When Smoke finally stopped going over there, I knew that the fox family had abandoned the den, according to fox custom, and were lying out the days in some scatter of woods or deer bush, with a hole handy for the cubs to pop into. By this time I was aware that something out of the ordinary had been going on over there, and I'd made some guesses about it—all wide of the mark. *But whatever it was*, I thought, *it's over with now, thank goodness.* That was another bad guess. It wasn't over with by a mile and a toad hop, that little drama over on the brier hillside.

During the summer I glimpsed the swiftly growing cubs a few times, mostly around brooks and small ponds where frogs are plentiful. Frogs are easy to catch, and young foxes, not yet expert hunters, go for them in a big way, along with lots of insects and berries. But in late August the cubs seemed to disappear, one by one. When I didn't hear them calling at night, during September and October, I knew definitely that they hadn't survived those first perilous months on their own.

Young foxes do a lot of this night calling. Unless it's just that they're bursting with vitality, I don't know what the reason is. But their night call, given on the dead run, is a downright eerie sound; eerie and wild and what-on-earth-is-*that?* Drawn out and somewhat like the call of the red-throated loon, you hear it go floating across a dark field or along a ridgeline at the speed of a skimming bird—so fast that most people won't believe that it's a fox. It certainly comes near being that "disembodied voice" the poet spoke of.

But my trim, pretty vixen survived. When the first snows came and I was censusing the rabbits over on her range, I ran across her trail frequently, and the mousing swamp was a network of her dainty, straight-in-line tracks. As I've said, foxes are great mousers. That's their specialty, their main diet. I have field data indicating that ten mice per night is minimum for a fox. That means they destroy several thousand mice a year, and considering the damage that *Microtus* can do to a pasturage, the person who cleans the foxes off his place without compelling reason isn't playing it smart.

A little after the turn of the year the vixen was joined by a dog fox for a period of about two weeks. Again and again Smoke and I came across their tracks leading along together, through mile after mile of the winter-stilled woods and barren fields. Then, through the rest of January and February the vixen ranged alone again.

Coming home one twilight in March, Smoke and I happened to pass within a few hundred feet of the whelping den of the previous summer, and the vixen started to circle us out in the owl dusk and gave us a

Subway Frustration

By Henna Arond Zacks

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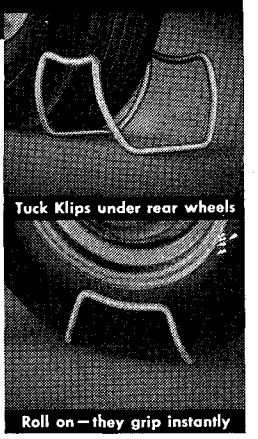

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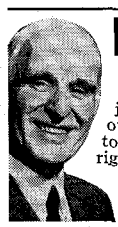

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ticking off. They seldom do this with humans in the daytime, but at twilight or after night they invariably do it. They'll come out and meet you as much as a thousand feet from the whelping den and circle around you in the dark, with a spate of throaty little barks, howls, moans and a sequence that sounds exactly like a man gagging. It's a scary business if you don't know what it is, but it turns a bit pathetic when you know they're merely trying, in the only way they have, to keep you away from their home and bairns.

When our vixen let loose her little volleys at Smoke and me, we swung over past her whelping den to see if she was using it again. I didn't have to look at the tracks all around. Smoke took a whiff at the entrance and then stood there with his ears cocked, listening, wagging his tail, and I knew he was hearing the mewing of newborn cubs back in that lay-up chamber. *Here*, I thought, *is where we go again.*

And go again we did. Every day that I couldn't go out with him, Smoke would wend his way across the valley and put in a couple or three hours lying in the sedge—asleep usually, as before.

In about a month the cubs, five of them this time, began coming out on warm sunny days. I wanted one the worst old way, but was planning to be in the North for a couple of months later on, and my housekeeper took a dim view of looking after a "wild animal." But the den was a favorable one to watch, and I got in several sessions with a mounted 24-power glass from a small rise just across the swamp. Besides the informational value of studying a fox family under absolutely natural conditions, a litter of fox cubs puts on a wonderful show. If they aren't pouncing on crickets and grasshoppers or tumbling around in play, they are stalking imaginary prey, nibbling at green stuff, like sorrel or clover, or staging one of their innumerable little spit fights.

Then, one evening, Smoke came home limping in a foreleg and chewed up a bit otherwise. It was plain that he'd been in a dog fight, and I concluded that he'd had a run-in with a pair of vicious dogs which belonged to the farmer down-valley and which roamed the countryside doing such things as nosing out rabbit nests, killing small game, occasionally killing a fawn. When I went over to the den the next morning, everything seemed as usual, the five cubs playing in the sun, the vixen eying me from the woods. There were no signs of a fight, but I knew in my bones that those two dogs had tried to molest the den, and Smoke had tied into them.

I had already figured that the cubs of the previous year had fallen victims to the guns and traps of the gentleman down-valley, and now I began to understand a couple of other puzzles. The vixen had been afraid of those dogs, instinctively afraid of that whole range down there, and that was why she hadn't moved her cubs down to that better cover when Smoke kept hanging around.

And Smoke, knowing that the dogs often roamed up along that ridge, had been aware that they presented a danger to those little Flashes and Swiftys over there and so had assumed a loose sort of guardianship over the den.

After that first skirmish with the two roaming dogs, things turned peaceful again over on the hillside. In fact, Smoke and I had several good belly-laughs over there. I was doing some ground-hog study that spring, mostly analyzing stomach contents for an economic appraisal of the woodchuck, and sometimes I would take a ground-hog carcass to the fox den, lay it near the entrance and then get back and watch, with Smoke.

The cubs, weaned by now, would smell the fresh meat and come boiling out of the den and straightaway they would stage the dizziest, wickedest, noisiest free-for-all fight you ever laid eyes on. Fox cubs are the sassiest, fightingest little imps in all outdoors. They fight incessantly when there's nothing to fight about, and when you put down some fresh meat and they come piling out, there's blood on the moon. With diminutive yips, yowls, snarls, hisses and barks, they sail headlong into one another, everybody biting everybody else, and all you can see is a half bushel of legs, heads and fuzzy bodies, all in a state of violent agitation. I've seen these roundhouse battles last ten minutes and wind up a hundred feet down the hill.

When Smoke wasn't over there, the vixen stayed close to the den and kept a watchful eye over her bairns. This sentry-go of a vixen fox is one of the prettiest sights in nature—the cubs tumbling around, chasing butterflies, fighting, watching a passing buzzard with the curiosity of innocent childhood, while the vixen lies on a nearby rock and watches out for enemies or walks around proudly through her sassy little flock. Proudly? You can see pride in her manner, in every move she makes.

Then one evening, Smoke failed to come in at dinnertime. As the night wore on and no Smoke, I began to get worried about him, and I was very much relieved, a little after midnight, to hear his familiar scratch and "Woof" at the back door. I think he must have come home earlier, but hung around out in the little grove, afraid I'd give him a talking to for fighting, as I usually did.

For he had been in a nasty battle and was a sorry sight—his ears slashed, his hide full of briers and thorns, his fur blood-soaked, his legs badly bitten and swollen. I fixed him up the best I could, gave him a sedative and early the next morning took him to the veterinarian, who sewed him up and attended to his smaller wounds. Being very fond of Smoke, the vet took him to his own home for a day or two of special attention.

Back home, I went across to the fox den to see what had happened. Before I got there I saw the buzzards circling. A hundred feet below the den two of the cubs lay dead in the grass and pennyroyal. The vixen had carried a third cub, probably with a little life in it still, back to the den, but it had died and she had laid it on the apron of dirt.

Just out the hillside from the two dead cubs one of the roaming dogs, its throat torn out, had staggered into some briers and toppled over.

The story, as I reconstructed it, was that the two dogs had caught the cubs off base, down the hill slope, and made a swoop at them. Either Smoke had been asleep up in the sedge or was just leaving to come home; otherwise he would certainly have stood the dogs off till the cubs got back to the den. But he did get into the picture in time to save two of them. The one dog, a black-and-tan mongrel slightly smaller than himself, he had killed on the spot. The other dog, a big, heavy Chow —— Later that day I drove around to the farm down-valley, on some pretext, and learned that the Chow had managed to crawl back home, but he was slashed and torn and the farmer had shot him.

It would be pleasant to report that after Smoke's valiant defense of her cubs the vixen realized he was a friend and became more companionable. Alas, that wasn't the case. In her eyes, Smoke was there at the time her cubs got killed, had been a part of that disaster and so was a part of the killing. When he got out and around again and ambled over there, she gave him the usual chewing out. If anything, a little worse than usual.

The gentleman down-valley moved away that summer, and the farmer who supplanted him promptly destroyed the box traps and other gear and treated his wildlife decently. So the two young foxes survived the summer, the two that Smoke had saved. When fall came, Smoke and I would sit out on the front porch at night and hear their eerie barking over on the ridge, and I know Smoke was wishing they'd come on over and associate with him a bit, as Flash and Swifty used to do.

Sierras

By Ethel Jacobson

Bare and bleak,
Each soaring peak
And jagged line
Of anticline
Is fixed and cold
In the tortuous mold
Of some primeval
Earth upheaval.

Harsh the face
Where glaciers trace
In slow assault
Each rift and fault.
Yet, heart and bone,
I must be stone—
To know so austere
A kinship here.

Communism is Their Religion

(Continued from Page 27)

gather, much less dance and sing, so close to the very heart of power and the fountainhead of fear.

That first party carried right on into full daylight. At the second party, the next night, there were twice as many boys and girls on Red Square. The second party was almost as much fun, though it lacked a little of the glorious spontaneity of the first. It was a little less decorous too—the singing was louder, the dancing a bit more dashing. A few extra-daring boys and girls sat right on the low granite wall that encircles the tomb of Lenin and Stalin, and shouted jokes at the frozen-faced guards. Some red-capped militia—the ordinary cops—showed up and scolded the boys and girls. But they shouted jokes at the cops too—one boy even gave tongue to a loud and unmistakable Bronx cheer—and the discomfiture of the cops only added to the fun.

Every boy and girl in Moscow between the ages of fifteen and twenty must have been on Red Square the third night. Plans had obviously been laid for a real whoop-de-do. A big group of boys struggled up the hill lugging all the instruments of a brass band, and they set up the instruments right in front of the tomb.

But the third of the three Red Square parties ended almost as soon as it had begun. This time a number of hard-faced men in neat uniforms and blue caps showed up. The blue cap is worn by the uniformed branch of the MVD, the political police. As far as I could see, the men in the blue caps never laid a hand on anyone. They simply threaded in and out among the crowd, saying a word here and there, killing the party as effectively as an aggressive bore kills a dinner party. The brass band never played a note—the last sad postscript to the dead party was the sight of the boys lugging their heavy instruments down the hill again. That was the end of the Red Square parties.

The small episode of the Red Square parties tells a good deal, it seems to me, about the nature of the change which has taken place in the Soviet Union. It is easy to reconstruct how the parties started and why they ended. The new Soviet rulers have initiated a campaign to popularize the Kremlin, patterned rather closely on an American publicity campaign. Face powder, perfume, soft drinks and the like have been named in honor of the Kremlin, and no effort has been spared to "sell" the place which was so recently the symbol of mystery and terror, as a popular tourist attraction.

The motive has been, obviously, to popularize the new occupants of the Kremlin, along with the place itself. As part of the pro-Kremlin campaign, the word was undoubtedly passed down through the Communist Youth apparatus that dancing on Red Square would not only be permitted but smiled upon. But then the Red Square parties proved altogether too successful, and looked like getting out of hand. So on the third night the blue caps showed up, and that was that.

The blue caps will always show up, and that will always be that, whenever the Russian people show any sign whatever of getting out of hand, even in the innocent manner of the boys and girls on Red Square. No Soviet regime will tolerate for an instant the faintest suggestion of a challenge to the authority of the state. Moreover, any challenge, real or fancied, will be handled as expeditiously and probably even as easily as the blue caps handled the boys and girls on Red Square. In this regard, there has been no change at all.

Yet there has been a change in the Soviet Union all the same—otherwise the Red Square parties could not have happened in the first place. One brilliant Western student of Soviet affairs has described the change rather irreverently by saying that "the new boys are just cleaning up all the messes Stalin left on the carpet." To put it another way, ever since Stalin's death Russia's new rulers have been shucking off the profitless irrationalities of the Stalin era.

The terror of Stalin's last years, which culminated in the doctors' plot and which would certainly have led on to another blood bath had Stalin lived, was an irrational terror. It did not strengthen, but weakened, the state and the regime. It was irrational because Stalin himself, who became, as he aged, increasingly paranoiac in his hatreds, fears and suspicions, was irrational.

The new rulers of Russia, however blood-stained their personal histories, are wholly rational men. Indeed, despite the baggy pants which have amused and the toothy smiles which have deceived the West, they are very clever men. Abroad, their shucking off of the irrational has taken many forms, from the liquidation of the unprofitable quarrel with Tito to the astute use of obsolete Soviet arms to forward Soviet objectives. Within the Soviet Union the return to reason has been marked by a muting of the irrational Stalinist terror,

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accompanied by a sharp downgrading of the secret police.

The downgrading began, of course, with the arrest of MVD chief Lavrenti Beria. The MVD is now headed by a career cop, Serov, who is not a member of the all-powerful Presidium, and who is responsible to the Presidium as a group, rather than to any individual member. This is an important change. An even more important change is the Presidium decision forbidding the MVD to arrest any Communist Party member without prior approval from his local party committee—the ordinary non-party citizen is, of course, still subject to secret and capricious arrest.

This decision has given the Communist Party, and especially party boss Nikita Khrushchev, the undoubted whip hand over the MVD, and thus the internal balance of power has been altered. At the same time, the dead Beria has proved a useful scapegoat to deflect from the present rulers the blame for past infamies. Beria is a popular villain—for, after all, he was a villain.

The downgrading of the secret police and the muting of the terror have been accompanied by a slow but steady improvement in the standard of living. "Things are better now" is a phrase you often hear in the Soviet Union, and it is true, despite the deadly drabness of Soviet life. The new regime, in a fumbling way, is even trying to lift a little the gray puritanism of the Stalin years. Awkward attempts are being made to give life, at least for the privileged managerial class, a little color. The night club complete with a blonde and waiters in tuxedos, which was recently opened in Moscow, would have been as unimaginable in Stalin's last terrible years as the dancing in Red Square.

These are genuine changes. But they stop short at a given point. An American in Russia soon finds out where that point is, as far as he himself is concerned. In Stalin's last years the rare American in Moscow was a walking death's-head, a leper to be shunned at all costs. Now the visiting American finds himself downright popular, although a little after the fashion of the two-headed cow at the circus. The three or four Americans who went to the Red Square parties, for example, were a sort of side show. When they got tired of dancing or singing, the young Russians would gather about us, asking halting questions about jazz or automobiles or peace or life in the United States or just staring and giggling. Talking to or giggling at an American is now known to be entirely safe, as long as the talking or giggling goes on in a public place. But even now, no sensible Soviet citizen will invite an American to his apartment or meet him privately, unless the meeting has been officially arranged and approved.

A Russian, in short, can now talk with an American, but he cannot possibly become a real friend of an American. In the same way, although the secret police have been downgraded politically, the immense MVD apparatus still exists, and it is still a chief instrument of state power. And though the Soviet citizenry can now buy some refrigerators and baby carriages and the like—at breath-taking prices—the proportion of the total national effort devoted to arms production is still just as high as in Stalin's day.

Stalin's successors have certainly gained from this shucking off of the irrational terror and profitless miseries of Stalin's regime, for the new regime is now very solidly entrenched, whatever the fate of individuals may be. But what do the changes mean to us?

There are certain changes which would mean a great deal to us. It would mean a great deal, for example, if Soviet citizens were granted the right of dissent and a real voice in their government. It would mean even more if the Soviet Government abandoned the destruction of our political and economic system as a primary national objective. This kind of basic change would in turn permit a basic change in the relationship between East and West, between Russia and the United States.

But this kind of change will not happen. We should stop, once and for all, thinking or hoping that it might happen. It cannot happen as long as communism is the state religion of the Soviet Union.

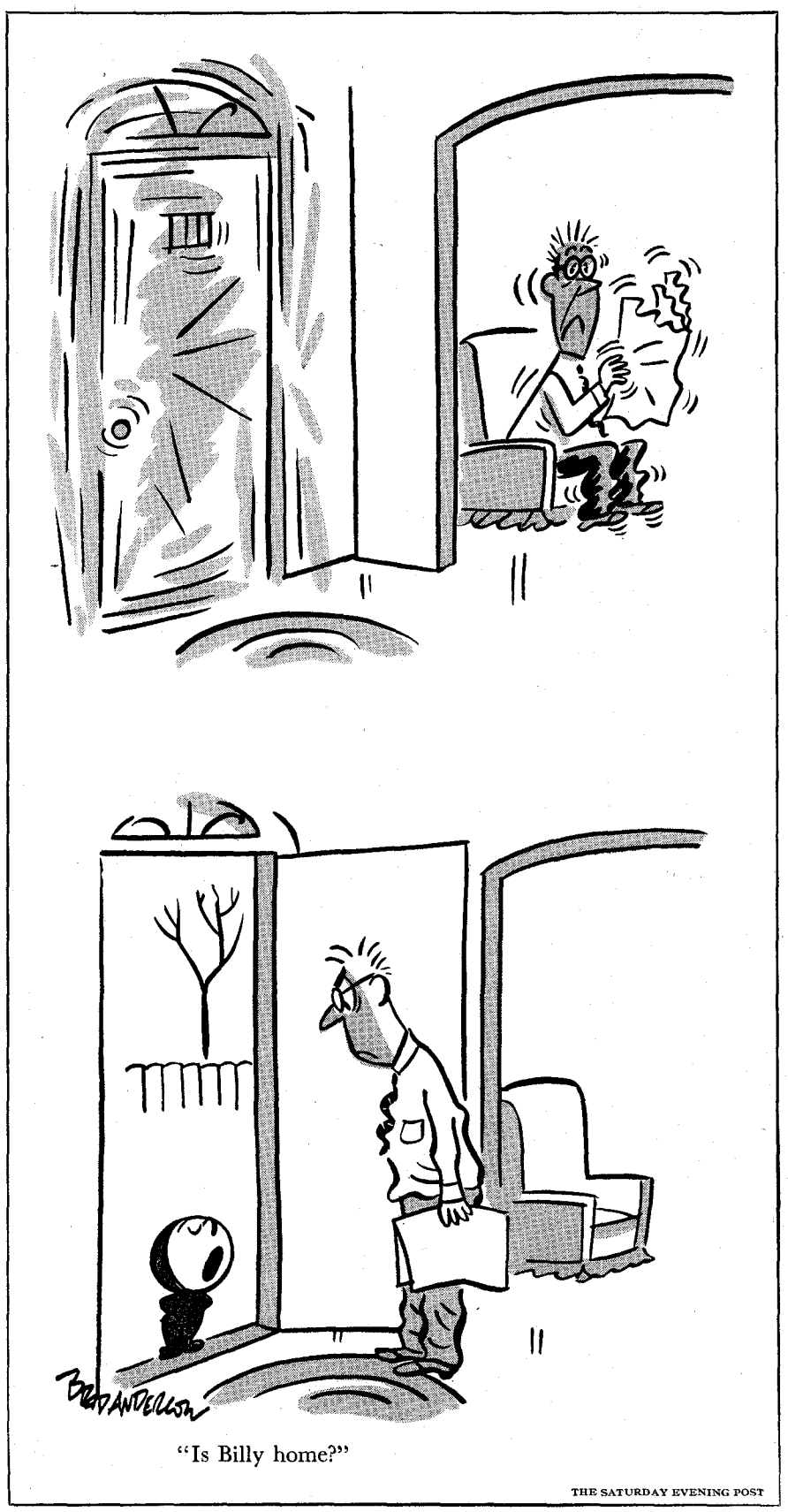
In a previous article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST I described the striking phenomenon of Soviet smugness—the Soviet citizen's sense of the inevitable rightness and superiority of all things Soviet. The smugness of the exploited Soviet citizenry is one of the Soviet system's most important achievements. The explanation of the achievement largely lies in the way communism has been made over into a state religion.

It is a tired old cliché, of course, that there is a strong element of pseudo religion in communism. But like many tired old clichés, this one happens to be true. I began to realize how communism—or "the science of Marxism-Leninism," as the Soviets call it—had been transformed into a state religion, one day when I was wandering about in Kiev, the big, handsomely situated capital of the Ukraine.

Victor, my interpreter, was off somewhere haggling about the next step in our journey—endless haggling is required to get anything done in Russia. So I went wandering off by myself, and when I came to a big public building, I wandered in. It turned out to be the Lenin Museum of Kiev.

Inside, the churchlike atmosphere was immediately perceptible—all was marble and whispering reverence. Men removed their hats, and little groups of boys and girls, dressed for the occasion, walked on tiptoe, with solemn faces. The whole huge building was devoted to a visual, carefully edited version of Lenin's life, vast room after vast room devoted to every period of his history. There was the garret in which he spent his boyhood, complete with chamberpot and tear in the coverlet. There were the French lessons he did at school—"*Je vais, tu vas, il va,*" in a spidery, childish hand. There was Lenin's camp site when he was in hiding in Finland, with an ax, a rake with most of the teeth missing, and an old stained kettle suspended over two sticks. Finally, there was the room of Lenin's death, the last room of all. It was really rather impressive—Lenin's death mask was in the center of a huge, flag-draped, altarlike structure which dominated the great room. A half-dozen girls in pigtails went before me into the room. They did not cross themselves before the altar, but without exception they made a little bobbing bow, an obeisance, before they passed on out of the building.

All nations revere the illustrious dead—there is an atmosphere of solemnity at Mount Vernon or in the Lincoln Memorial. But this was different. I did not realize how different until I got back to Moscow and in an idle moment visited the Lenin Museum there. I was amazed. Everything was precisely the same—the pot, the French lesson, the rake with the same teeth missing, the kettle with the same stains, the death room, and the girls with their hair in braids making the same small obeisance before the death altar.



"Is Billy home?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

There are Lenin museums all over the country, each complete with pot, lessons, ax, rake, kettle and other sacred objects. Iconolatry, the worship of sacred objects, is squarely in the Russian tradition. In Moscow I bought a book called In the Lenin Museum, a poetical effusion which is circulated in enormous numbers to Soviet children. A few verses, in the official English translation, suggest how the Soviet state religion satisfies the Russian instinct to worship sacred objects, or icons:

A scythe, a rake, an ax, and last,
An old and battered oar. . . .
How many snows since then have passed?
How many rains did pour?

By now, the kettle which was his
For boiling's hardly fit;
But oh, my friends, how grand it is
To simply look at it!

How dear to us each single thing
Which in the showcase stands!
What memories the objects bring
He once held in his hands!

A pen . . . his hand once held that pen
To sign a new decree.
His watch . . . it told the hour when
At council he must be. . . .

We swear to live as honestly
As Comrade Lenin did,
And serve our native land as he,
Our dearest leader, bid.

To follow him in thought and deed,
To follow faithfully,
To follow our dear party's lead—
No road so straight can be.

The idea, obviously, is that little Ivan, having been taught to regard Lenin's kettle or pen as a sacred object, will still "follow our dear party's lead" when he becomes big Ivan. Such are the uses to which the Soviets have put the natural Slavic instinct for iconolatry.

Of all the new icons, by far the most holy are those two unpleasant objects in the tomb on Red Square—the preserved corpses of Lenin and Stalin, known in irreverent Western circles in Moscow as the "Gruesome Twosome." The corpses are surely the most macabre objects in the civilized world, more especially because, if you look at them closely, it becomes horribly obvious that the heads and hands have

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been cut off and preserved—except for the heads and hands, the corpses are visibly dummies.

Yet the Gruesome Twosome have a genuine fascination for the Russian people. Day after day they line up in their thousands, to follow the prescribed ritual—shuffling up the hill toward Red Square and the tomb, following white lines painted on the cobbles, past the stiff sentries at the entrance, down deep into the dark, mysterious cavity under the tomb; then a brief, reverent, half-fearful glance at the dimly lit, waxy figures, and up again at last into the light.

The Gruesome Twosome are also squarely in the Slavic tradition, for the Slavs are necrolaters as well as iconolaters. In the rabbit warren of catacombs under the Kiev Cathedral, for example, there are dozens of preserved corpses of medieval holy men, magnificently clothed, their leathery yellow faces sunken and fleshless, but still recognizably human.

When I went down into the Kiev catacombs with Victor, my interpreter, I was annoyed with him. He had been laughing in an indulgent way at some old kerchiefed peasant women—there were no young ones—who had crowded round a bearded church dignitary outside the cathedral to kiss his ring. Laughing at other people's religion is surely in very bad taste. Down in the catacombs I got my revenge. I found two corpses lying in state side by side, and nudged Victor and said, "Remind you of anything?"

Victor got the point right away, and he looked at me angrily, shaking his head. In his eyes, I had been guilty of very bad taste. I had been laughing at his religion.

The Marxist-Leninist state religion is, I am certain, a vitally important element in the power of the Soviet state—far more so than is generally recognized in the West. The czars were spiritual as well as temporal heads of Russian orthodoxy, and this was an important element in their power. But their position as chief interpreters and high priests of the state religion is even more important to Russia's present rulers.

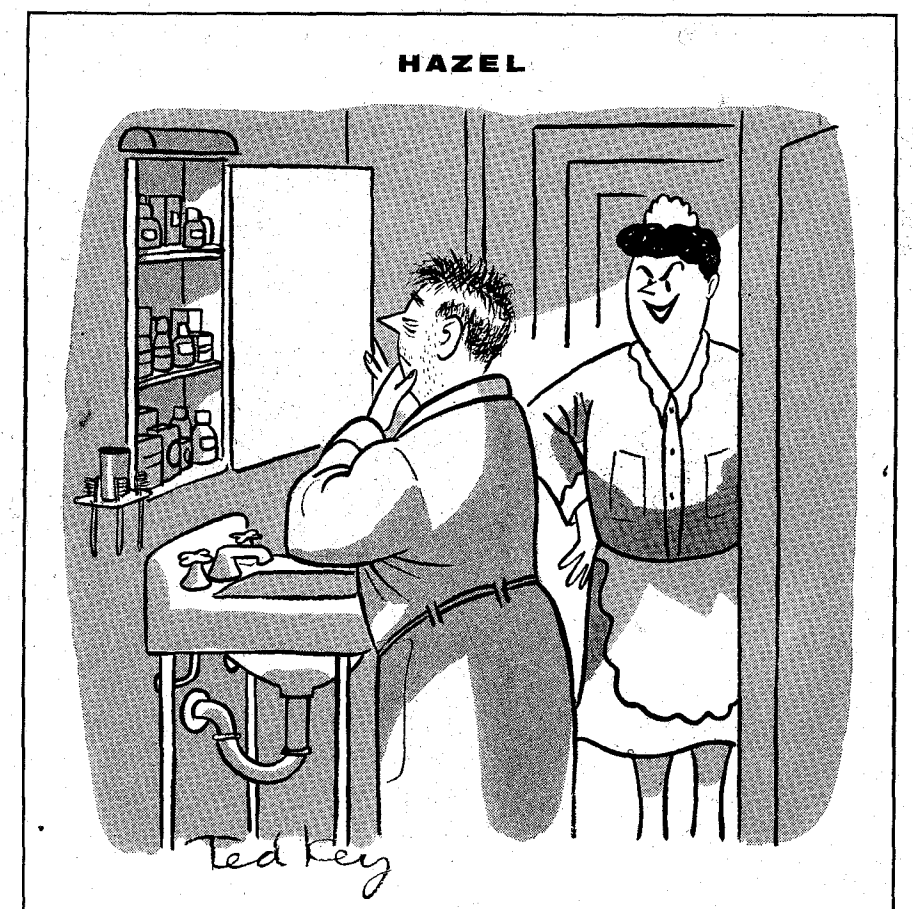
Indeed, one must go back to the sun-worshiping Incas, whose state was perhaps the most ruthlessly authoritarian in history, for so complete an identification of state power and religious authority. There is even a small but striking parallel between the gold earplugs of the Incas and the gold teeth of the Soviets. In ancient Peru, only the high priests, who derived their authority from the sun, were permitted to wear golden earplugs—silver earplugs sufficed for lesser mortals. In the Soviet Union, the wearing of gold false teeth is a certain sign that the wearer is a member of the high priesthood of the Soviet bureaucracy—lesser bureaucrats wear stainless-steel teeth.

Like the Incas, the Soviet rulers use the state religion to precondition their subjects to an automatic response. Take, for example, the sad warning Victor gave me. As my interpreter, Victor was, naturally, the Soviet citizen I got to know best. He was—why is it so difficult to write in the present tense about someone you have left behind in the Soviet Union?—a most likable fellow as long as we stayed off politics. He was not a regular Intourist interpreter; he said he made his living writing for magazines like Krokodil and The Literary Gazette. He was highly intelligent, and—like many intelligent Russians—remarkably well informed in the areas in which he had been permitted to inform himself. He had read a lot of American writing—fiction like The Grapes of Wrath, and nonfiction by American "progressives" or fellow travelers. As far as I could make out, he had never read anything at all that depicted the United States in a favorable light.

We argued interminably—he was no mean antagonist—and when I thought I had him backed into a corner, he would quote the Marxist-Leninist holy books at me with the same air of finality as a fundamentalist quoting Holy Scripture. I remember once, for example, attacking him on the subject of Lenin's will—Lenin is supposed to have left a will warning the comrades against allowing Stalin too much power, on the grounds that Stalin was too ruthless, too rough.

"Yes," said Victor, "Stalin dealt with this accusation of being too rough at a party congress. 'It is said I am too rough,' Comrade Stalin told the congress. 'It is true I am rough. I am rough with the enemies of communism, and I shall always be rough with the enemies of communism.'"

This rang a little bell in my mind. "Why," I said, "that's almost exactly what Joe McCarthy says every time he opens his big mouth—that, sure, he's rough, he's rough with the commies and always will be rough with the commies."



"We are serving—if you'll pardon the expression—lunch."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Like most Russians, Victor had a vague picture of McCarthy as the spokesman of the "reactionary Wall Street imperialists." But he had finally accepted the fact that, journalistic running dog of the imperialists though I might be—for Pravda has so described this reporter and his partner—I was no supporter of the senator from Wisconsin.

He looked thoughtful for a moment, and then he said, "My friend, I fear you are in personal danger. Lenin predicted that, before the final victory of socialism over reaction, the struggle between them would cause the bourgeois liberals like yourself to be destroyed with great violence and bloodshed. Therefore you are in great danger."

I smiled, but he was dead serious. He looked at me, the unfortunate bourgeois condemned by the inexorable forces of history, with real concern. What impressed me most about this small episode was the profound conviction Victor clearly felt. Because Lenin had predicted it, it must be true—my doom was sealed.

For the simpler people in the lower strata of Soviet society, the Marxist-Leninist pseudo religion provides a needed substitute for the old displaced religion, at the same time conditioning them to unquestioning obedience. The young girls with their hair in braids whom I saw making their obeisance before Lenin's death altar will no doubt grow up with as simple a faith as the old peasant women kissing the bearded dignitary's ring.

But for the more intelligent Soviet citizens, like Victor, Marxism-Leninism also provides a needed strait jacket in which their thinking is strictly confined. Soviet citizens are certainly capable of hating their rulers—there is even a popular play in Moscow which has as one of its main themes the secret hatred of the citizenry for Beria. But the conditioning in the state religion is so intense that it is almost impossible for the citizen to hate the state itself, simply because it is impossible for an educated Soviet citizen to think in other than Marxist-Leninist terms.

Thus any kind of organized anticommunist movement in the Soviet Union—at least in peacetime—may be ruled out. By the same token, the kind of basic change in the Soviet system which would permit a basic change in the relationship between East and West may be ruled out too.

One absolute requirement of the Marxist-Leninist state religion is a system of dictatorship—euphemistically called "the dictatorship of the proletariat"—in which there can be no right of dissent. Another absolute requirement is total hostility to "capitalist-imperialist"—which means noncommunist—states. Men may come and men may go, a Malenkov may be disgraced or a Beria shot through the back of the head, but whoever claws his way to the top in the Kremlin, these absolute requirements of the state religion will unquestionably be met. Thus it is as certain as such things can be that there will be no real settlement between East and West, and that the tragic tension in which we have lived for so long must be accepted as a permanent condition of life.

These are obvious conclusions, but they need restating at a time when many people believe that all that is necessary for a real East-West settlement is a little good will. Yet, although we must accept tension as a permanent condition of life, we need not despair.

A few weeks in the Soviet Union teach the visitor a lot of things. They teach him, for example, that the Russians are neither miserable slaves nor faceless supermen, but human beings. I remember one of those little incidents that happened in the Soviet Union, which seem perfectly natural at the time and yet are met with impolite skepticism when they are recounted at home. The incident occurred at the air show at which the Red Air Force annually displays its might. I went to the show with a fellow American transient in the National Hotel, a World War II vintage reserve colonel who was in Moscow on business. When we arrived at the show, the colonel's unerring eye for terrain selected a high ridge, far from the area appointed for Western visitors, as the best observation post.

The colonel had with him an elaborate stereoscopic camera, which was forbidden, and he used it very freely to photograph the newest Soviet jets, which was most certainly forbidden. He had already taken a couple of dozen pictures when a stern-faced, chunky man in a blue cap materialized beside us and muttered something in Russian. The colonel smiled pleasantly at him, held out the camera to him, and said in the easy, confident, commanding tone of the well-trained officer, "Here, hold this while I change the film."

The man in the blue cap took the camera and held it meekly while the colonel changed the film. When the colonel took it back and went right on shooting pictures of jets, the MVD man shuffled uncertainly off, looking dazed.

Perhaps there is a lesson for our diplomats in the colonel's way of handling the man in the blue cap. At any rate, the incident suggests that even the dread MVD is humanly fallible

The new rulers in the Kremlin are certainly clever men, and because they are also rational men, they are in some ways more dangerous than the irrational old tyrant, Stalin. But just because they are rational, they do genuinely want to avoid risking the ultimate horror of nuclear war. And anyone who has seen them at first hand at one of the numerous receptions in the Western embassies in Moscow, guzzling champagne and grinning and giggling like schoolboys at a grownup party, can have no doubt that they, too, are human beings, as fallible in their way as the man in the blue hat.

In a sense, indeed, they are more fallible than most human beings, simply because they are themselves preconditioned by the state religion, and must plan and act according to its rigid dictates. It has already failed them more than once—when the great American depression refused to develop on schedule, for example, or when the decadent capitalists broke all the rules by reacting to the Korean aggression. But the Russian rulers, to use Khrushchev's colorful phrase, can no more escape the rigidities of Marxism-Leninism than a shrimp can learn to whistle.

By every standard we in the West respect, whether of freedom or beauty or simple human comfort, communism is a tragic failure. You need hardly spend two hours in the Soviet Union to be utterly sure of that. Yet there remains one chance for the Soviet rulers to achieve their goal of spreading their Marxist-Leninist religion over the whole world. Their one chance is that the West, and the United States as leader of the West, should become flabby and careless, indifferent to the needs of the less fortunate and too self-regarding to make the sacrifices which strength demands. If that happens, the dark, drab, dull grayness of the Soviets' pseudo religion will spread through the world. But surely it need not happen.

Editors' Note: This is the second of two articles.

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Mrs. C. H. Holtermann of Staten Island, N. Y.

"It's nice to be a grandmother—even 3000 miles away"

Here is what Mrs. C. H. Holtermann of Staten Island, New York, says:

"Not long ago I received a telephone call from San Marino, Cal. It was my son and daughter-in-law and my five grandchildren. They all sent their greetings.

"The youngest, a baby girl, laughed and I could hear her as distinctly as if she were at my side.

"When a tiny voice can travel 3000 miles and be heard so plainly, it is next to a miracle.

"You know, it's nice to be a grandmother—even 3000 miles away."

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Boston to Philadelphia	70¢
Atlanta to Cincinnati	85¢
Dallas to Denver	$1.10
San Marino, Cal., to New York	$2.00

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the 10% federal excise tax.

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

Her son

His wife

Gail

Henry

Dianne

Sheri

Heidi

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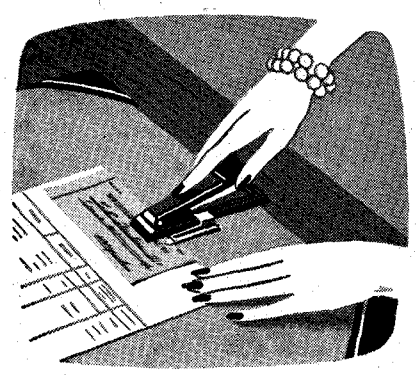
AT HOME

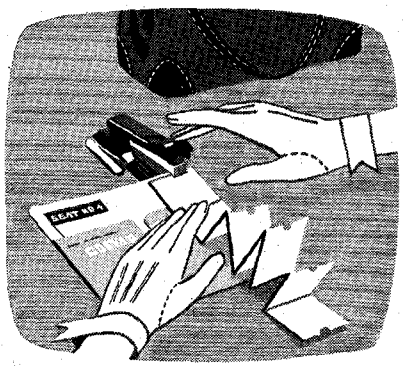
A Bostitch stapler's neat and quick.
It fastens things with just a click!

AT WORK

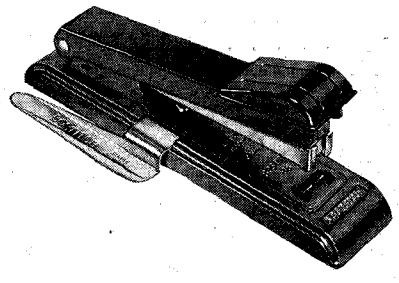


There's nothing like it, have no doubt.
The B-8-R whisks staples *out!*

OR AWAY



It's smart to slip one in your grip.
You'll find it handy on your trip!



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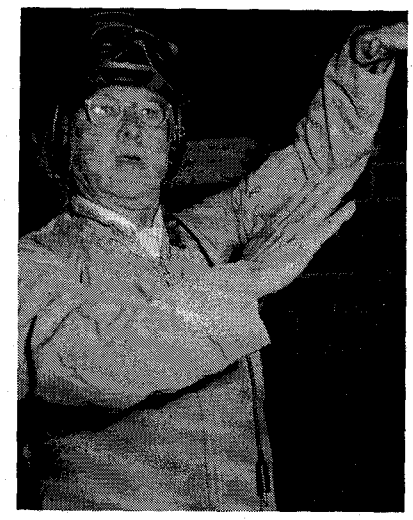


Gardner, after flying 600 m.p.h.

Erle Stanley Gardner, one of the busiest men you ever heard of, was asked if he had been loafing lately. The composer of the Perry Mason mystery on page 47 writes books not only very well but very frequently; and, apparently simultaneously, he keeps dashing all over the U.S. crusading for wise administration of criminal justice and for a popular understanding of the problems of crime prevention. So this gives him a lot of spare time, and here are *some* of the things he has done with that in the past two or three months:

Item: Some Texas citizens who have set up a foundation to aid law enforcement invited Gardner to fly around the country with them studying enforcement procedures. Part of the results: Gardner was made an assistant attorney general of Texas, an honorary citizen of the state, given a Texas Rangers badge, and he taught himself to drawl, which must have been quite a strain on a citizen of California.

Item: Gardner and some other representative Americans were invited by the Secretary of Defense to a Joint Civilian Orientation Conference, to see what the Defense Department is up to. So Gardner went down in submarines, up in helicopters, through the blue in 600 m.p.h. jets, overland in tanks, and was closely present at firepower demonstrations and amphibious assaults. Donning a parachute, he went aloft with paratroopers, but did not jump; however, he did make a 250-foot drop from a controlled tower just to get the flavor of the thing. At the end of the conference he seemed in excellent health. In a letter to Maj. Paul Rapp, conference director, he remarked, "We've got to have military firepower and civilian firepower working in unison." So now he's crusading for a better-informed and more energetic civilian support of our military program.

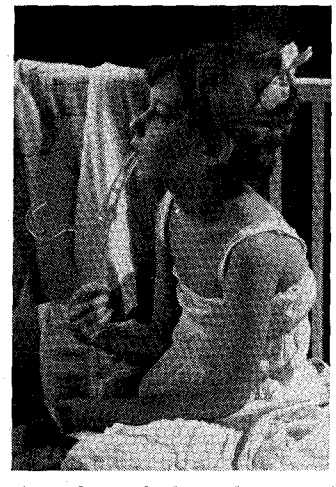
Item: He covered a recent widely publicized murder trial in California as special writer for the San Francisco Examiner.

Item: He did a period of special work at the Fresno Police Academy—he is the only person not on the regular Fresno force who has a patrolman's numbered badge.

Item: He got the news that a puppy dog, which his granddaughter was allowed to go and pick out for herself recently, is definitely turning out to be a St. Bernard.

Item: Probably he used some of the rest of the time to eat and sleep.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:
"My Child Lives Again"



A mother tells how she rescued her daughter from a dim, silent world of emotional disorder—after the doctors gave her up.

The Man Who Settled Down in Two States

Author exercises linotype machine.

A current Post first-timer, L. R. Batman, of page 24, is either a Californian or an Oregonian, and you go ahead and make up your own mind. A reasonable length of time after being born in Oregon, he invaded California to enter Stanford University. He worked his way through as a night linotype operator at the University Press; then he acquired a wife and presently two sons, bought a weekly newspaper, the Niles, California, Township Register, and lived happily for about ten years after. However, at that juncture, being upset about the way California small towns were overgrowing into big cities, he sold his paper, invaded Oregon, bought a new paper, the Central Oregonian in Prineville, and was dismayed because everybody who noted his California license plate seemed to view him with deep suspicion. "I got an Oregon license as soon as I could," he relates, "and thenceforth considered California an evil word."

Thenceforth lasted two years. Being by that time upset about the amount of snow in Oregon, Batman sold his paper, reinvaded California, and is now looking for a weekly newspaper. What he is upset about now is that everybody who notes his Oregon license plate grabs him and scolds him for living anywhere but in California. Mrs. Batman—of whom the author comments, "She's a newspaperman too"—observes, "I guess the only place for a Californian like my husband is right here in California."

Like Father, Like Daughter

When Wyatt Blassingame returned to his Florida home after studying the great Henry Partin cattle ranch for page 40, he told his family how even the very young Partin children mounted horses and took part expertly in roundups and rodeos; and Blassingame's thirteen-year-old daughter, April, who had never mounted a horse, was enchanted. April then went away to a vacation camp, and soon she wrote her father, "Guess what? Yesterday I fell off a horse. I was trying to canner." After elaborately describing her fall, April concluded, with a slight change of spelling, "Even if it kills me, I will learn to caner." Her next letter cried happily, "I won the blue ribbon in the beginners' class at the horse show! I still can't kanter." Blassingame says that the minute April got home, he put a spelling book in her hand and took the above snapshot.

Relatively speaking, April spells very well. Often her father, while authoring, has an awful time finding a word in the dictionary. So would you if you had no idea how to spell it.

A New Contributor From Several Places

British novelist Kem Bennett (new with us on page 20) and his lady and two youngsters live in Cornwall, but this snapshot was made in Spain where they recently lived for six months. Wanderlust bit them, Bennett explains. It must have been quite a deep wound, for on returning to Cornwall he writes that they have decided to move to Sussex.

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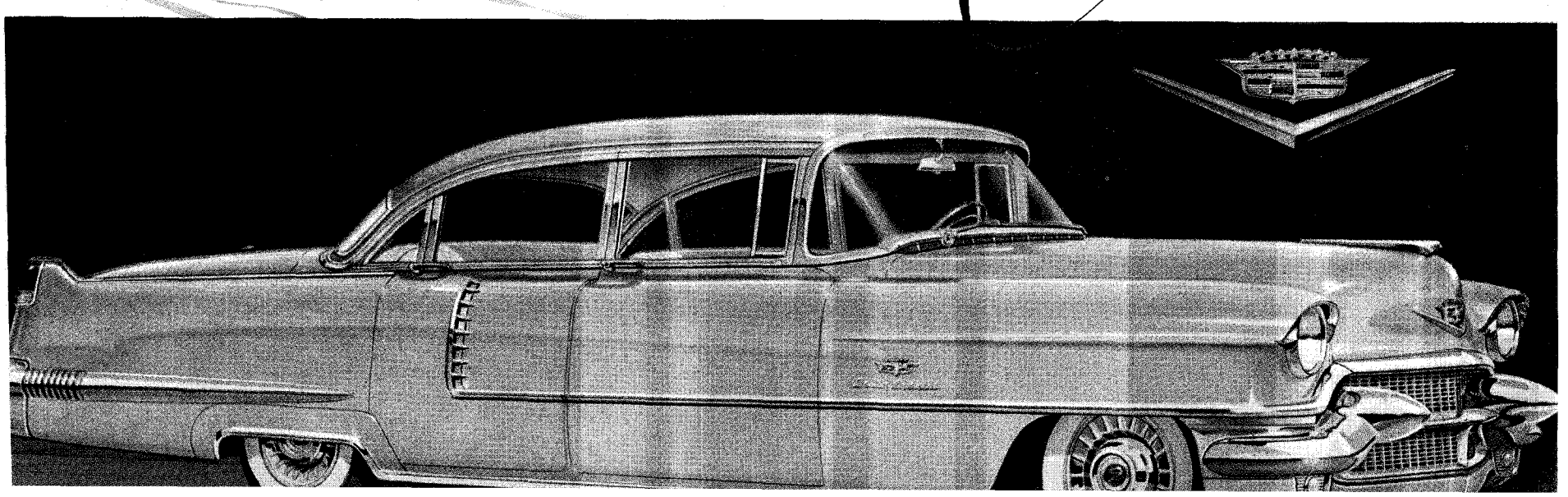
Cadillac



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